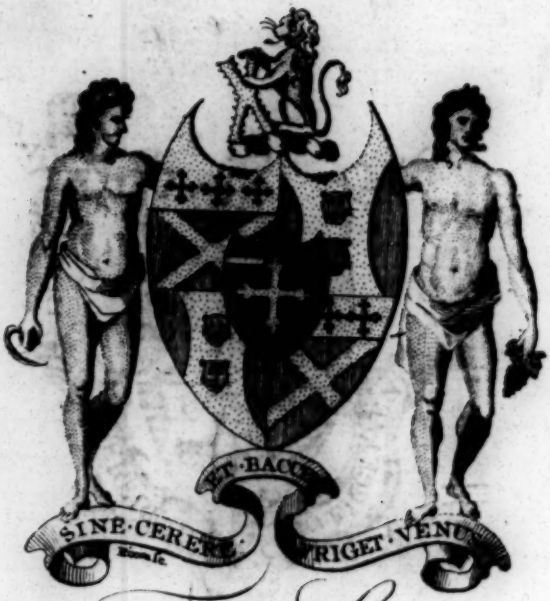
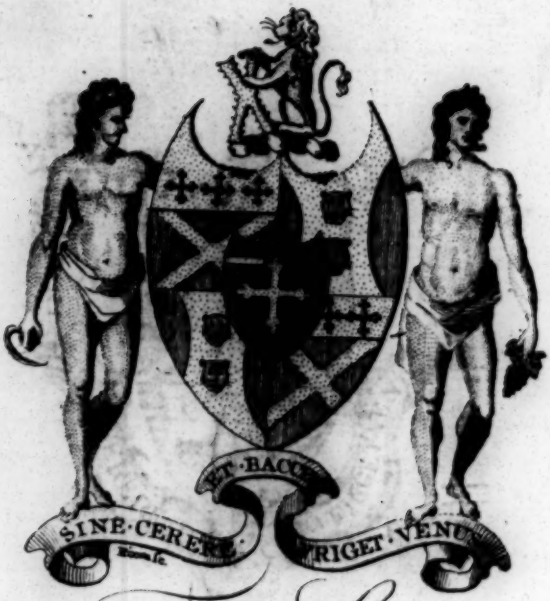


Francis Longe,

SPIXWORTH PARK,

NORFOLK.



Francis Longe,

SPIXWORTH PARK,

NORFOLK.

Dalmecy

Sp XXII 449837

THE

English Lovers,

OR, A

GIRLE Worth Gold.

BOTH PARTS,

So often Acted with General applause; now newly formed

INTO

A ROMANCE.

By the accurate Pen of *I. D* Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Kirkman*, and *Henry Marsh* at the *Princes Armes* in *Chancery-lane*. 1662.

TO THE

Truly Vertuous Lady,

The Lady

ELIZABETH BLOUNDEL.

Madam.

THIS not the Ambition I have to let the World know how much I honour your Virtues, that emboldens me to make this preſent Dedication; but to let You ſee that I would in ſome part correſpond with the many obligations, thoſe of Your Worthy Family,

have thrown upon me,
which lie like ſo many
burthens upon my Soul
and make the very Fa-
vours themſelves a Tor-
ment, whilſt I behold my
ſelf to have without me
rit received them, and t
bee without Abilitie
Rightly to acknowledg
them.

I cannot I muſt confe
but bluſh, to bring ſo poo
and unworthy a Gift t
kiſſe your *Ladiſhips* fai
Hands: But I know you
Generoſity will eaſil
find an excuſe for m
boldnes

boldneſs, and not counterpoiſe my weak Abilities with your ſuperexcellent Worth and deſerts.

If not *Madam*, let me make this excuſe for my ſelf, That whileſt the poorneſs of my Fortunes ſtruggle with the gratificatory motions of my Soul; I remain ſo oppreſſed under the weight of thoſe favours, that ſeem to participate Divinity whileſt conferred without intereſt, that I ſhould think my ſelf guilty of

the blackeſt injuſtice and ingratitude, if ſhould not at leaſt acknowledg thoſe debts, which I cannot diſcharge.

This *Madam* has begot in me that preſumption, to lay this piece at your feet, that I might have opportunity to confeſs the infinity of thoſe favours I have received, & to tell both your Ladyſhip and the whole world that they are ingraven in my heart, with an Indelible Character.

Let your goodneſs then accept

accept of this poor expreſſion of my thanks, which however mean in it ſelf, pleaſe too look upon, as proceeding from a heart deſires to be gratefull, and excuſe me if I enter not into a praiſe of your Virtues, leſt I leſſen them. For certainly nothing can proceed worthy ſo noble a Perſon from the Pen of

Madam,

Your Ladyſhips

Moſt unworthy, but moſt obſequious Servant

John Dauncey.

TO THE READER.

Every age *hath it's ſeveral* humours *and* times *like men, their ſundry* conſtitutions; *That which might be approved of in the* bluſtring *Storms of Wars, when the* contentious *Drums and Trumpet ſound* allarms *to the field, would ſeem* harſh *and* diſpleaſant *in the calm, and gentle quiet of a* ſaluriferous *Peace, when the* pleaſant *groves are filled, not with* deſtructive *Arms, but the* ſweet *and* winning *embraces of Lovers.*

Yet is there nothing more difficult *then in any time to* pleaſe *all men, for in the* ſereneſt *calms there are ſome* turbulent *Spirits. The* World *was never nor ever will be free from* Criticks; *whoſe* envenomed *Souls will throw dirt upon that which only for* humour *ſake they cannot* diſapprove, *what is their* arrogance *or* folly, *they will have counted their judgement; and think themſelves* wiſe enough, *if they can but find fault with any thing of another mans.*

To the Reader.

I cannot doubt but this Book will fall under that Epidemical *fate, but if it do, the Author has the confidence to laugh at ſuch carping* Momus's, *as ſhall to* harſhly *cenſure it. I confeſs, I would not willingly have what was my* paſtime, *prove my* diſgrace; *yet I muſt* arm *my ſelf with the ſame* patience, *that far more worthy Authors have been forced to make uſe of.*

If I meet with any ingenious Reader, I know they will be ſo generous as not to cenſure *raſhly; If with others, they will but make themſelves the Subject of my* ſcorne *and* laughter, *whileſt they endeavour to make me ſo of theirs.*

I. D.

To

To his Worthy Friend the Author upon his Ingenious ROMANCE.

And what in so short time attempt again
The several hazards of the dangerous Main?
Your last brave (a) *voyage did bring back the jarrs*
And various turns of our destructive warrs.
In this you both your self and us do ease
With the Calm pleasures of delightful pease:
And recreating with your sweet delayes
Our pleased fancies in a harmless Maze,
That no dire monstrous objects doth contain,
(*Like that wherein* Creet's Minotaure *did raign*)
You with well-worded rational plots *do show*
(*What books should*) profit *and* contentement *too.*
Sharp-witted Horace *did discern* (*he said*)
Both vice *and* virtue *more deciphered,*
To th' life by Homer's *well advised quil*
Then by learn'd (b) Cranter, *or* Crisippus *skill.*
Wise Heliodorus *would not slight* (*fame sayes*)
Or throw aside those well deserved Bayes
In his maturer Age; which were acquir'd
In his young years, when him his Muse inspir'd,
Though the severer Church's misguided zeal
Did not it's disaproving thoughts conceal; (c)

(*a*) His History of the late Times. (b) Two stoick Philosophers. (c) His History of *Theagenes* & *Caraclea.*

But

But, (if hee'd not diſown his youthful trick)
Threaten'd to take away his Biſhoprick.
Impartial Wits *have thought (and truly too)*
Heroick Poems *and* Romances *ſhow*
Reſplendent vertue, and deformed vice
In their moſt nat'ral Colours; make's diſpiſe
Foul Luſt; adore pure, incorrupted Love;
Do to great actions valiant Spirits move;
Do by their ſeveral, rare deſigns us tell,
And facitly inform what's ill, what's well.

William Smith.

To

To his much Respected Friend Mr. Iohn Dauncey, *in praise of his excellent Romance, called the English* Lovers.

RIch Soul of wit and language, thy high strains
So plunge and puzzel unrefined brain,
That their illiterate Spirits do not know
How much to thy ingenious Pen they owe:
Should my Presumptuous Muse attempt to raise
Trophyes to thee, she might as well go blaze
Bright Planets with base Colours, or display
The Worlds Creation in a Puppet play.
Let this suffice what Calumnies may chance
To blur thy fame, they spring from Ignorance.
When old *Orpheus* drew the Beasts along,
By, Sweet Rhetrick of his learned tongue.
'T was Deafness made the Adder sin; and this
Caus'd him; who should have hum'd the Poet, hiss.

L. G.

To

To his Friend the Author, upon his excellent Romance, called the English Lovers.

HOw am I ſtruck with wonder and amaez'
Like one, who at ſome Miracle doth gaze
Viewing this piece? whoſe language is ſo ſweet,
It makes dull proſe run in Heroick feete.
Yet haſt not thou like other wits o'th age
Robb'd French, Italian, brought upon the ſtage
Old things new vampt, this we may truly call
For words, and plot thy own Original:
Had I for this but skill enough to praiſe,
I'le Rob *Apollo*, but thou ſhouldſt have bayes
To Crown thy Brows, nor ſhould the Sifters nine
If from their Heads I ſnatch't a wreath repine.
Go on thou Muſes darling in this ſtrain,
And let us meet thy Genious once again
In ſuch another, And wee'l debtors be
Not to *Apollo* ſelf, but only thee.

Iohn Sandys.

To

To his Ingenious Friend the Author, upon his Engliſh Lovers.

OUr late confuſed times were much averſe
To what ingenious was or good, perverſe,
Preciſe, illiterate Fools that look't a ſquint
On what had any thing of learning in't;
The Muſes hung their heads, for in thoſe dayes,
Good Bullets were in more requeſt then bayes.
But now the tide is turn'd; ſharp wit again,
Good playes, pure fancy, and Romances raign,
And this revived and refined Age
Behold the ſlighted, long unpractiſed ſtage
Enjoy it's ancient Splender; then be kinde
To wit, for fear you in ſhort time do finde
Dull ſtupid Ignorance again affright,
The Muſes with another tedious night.
And think thoſe worthily deſerve the Bay's,
VVho wit from ignorance light from darkneſs raiſe.

I. O.

The

The Bookſeller *to the* Reader.

THat which the French and Spaniſh long did (boaſt
VVas no where to be found but on their Coaſt.
VVell writ Romances, now weer'e confident,
In our own Mother language to preſent.
And Gentle Reader in as good adreſs
As e're our Neighbour did, and with no leſs
Excelling, Plot fancy and language too,
Engliſh or Forraigners ere could vaunt to (do
And yet our modeſty will make us vail
To worthy *Sidney*, nor can we bear ſail
Againſt theſe fam'd Dramatick's, one paſt age
VVas bleſt with *Johnſon*, who ſo grac't the ſtage,
The thrice renowned *Shakeſpear*, and the rare
Ingenous *Fletcher*. Theſe paſt envy are
Much more paſt imitation only we
VVould ſecond be o'th firſt, laſt of the three.

Fra. Kirkman.

THE

THE ENGLISH LOVERS: Or the Mirror of Constancy.

The first Booke.

SCarce had the Sun broken and dissipated the darkenesse of the preceding stormy and blustering night, when *Sigr. Georgio Spinola* (Son to the Ancient Senator, *Francisco Spinola*, of whose vertues and greatnesse few can be ignorant, who have either heard of *Flanders* or *Ostend*) according to his wonted custom, taking the

opportunity of the pleaſant coolneſſe of the morning, a happineſſe and bleſſing in thoſe hot and ſcortching Countries, was walked along the Sea-Coaſt ſome pretty diſtance of his Fathers Palace which ſtood upon the *Riviera*, and not much more then ſix miles from *Genoua*, a City whoſe famous and magnificent ſtructures makes her exalt her head above the proudeſt in *Italy*, wherein diverſity of cogitations viewd & admiring where the Rouling Seas which diſturbed by the laſt nights winds were not yet pacified, he might as the waves advanced themſelves eſpie ſomthing tumbling and toſſing towards the ſhore, and by the reflection of the morning beams ſee ſomwhat gliſten, which yet atfirſt by reaſon of the great diſtance of the object, he rather thought a fancy of his deluded imagination then any reallity, but at length the force of the waves driving it neerer, he might eaſily perceive that it was a man, with a naked Sword in his hand, whom the cruelty of the Seas had deprived of all hopes or ſhelter, but only what the Maſt he beſtred could afford him; no ſooner was generous *Spinola* ſatisfied with the certainty of what he firſt doubted, but his magnanimous ſoul pittying the diſtreſſe of him he knew not, he with the wings of compaſſion flies towards *Lizari* (for there ſtood the Palace of his renowned Anceſtors) and with all poſſible ſpeed manning out a *Felucca* ventures himſelfe in perſon in that rough and boyſtrous Sea to ſave the miſerable ſtranger to whom otherwiſe no hope of life could

could be left, whilſt either want of ſtrength longer to ſuſtain himſelfe upon his rouling Barque, muſt render him a prey to the mercileſſe Seas, or a more cruell death certainly befall him, if by the violence of the waves he ſhould be thrown head-long among the ſharp and obdurate Rocks. But the quick ſpeed of of the worthy *Spinola* prevented his ruine, for though having arrived him, he found him utterly ſpent with endeavouring to keep himſelfe firme upon his skittiſh, though inanimate Cowrſes, inſomuch that his Sword which he at firſt brandiſhed above his head with an unexpreſſible gallantry, growing too weighty for his weak and tired Arm, hung down in the Sea, as as if it would be revenged on that which would prove the devourer of its Maſter, yet he came time enough to ſee ſome hopes that his almoſt departed ſpirits might again by ſome cheriſhing be revived, and therefore taking him into his *Fellucca*, and there diſpoſing his ſpeechleſſe Corps with the greateſt eaſe ſo ſmall a Boat would afford, he now made as much haſt to ſhore as he had before done to Sea, fearing leaſt his goodneſſe ſhould want the deſired effect, and the Gentleman (for ſo he perceived him to be both by his aire and habit) for want of thoſe Cordials which the ſhore might ſupply him with, yeild up his tired ſpirit; but the ſtranger whoſe ſpeechleſneſſe proceeded meerly from the benumedneſs of his ſenſes (having now been three dayes in the water) was ſoon by the warmth of thoſe cloaths where-

with the compaſſionate *Spinola* had cauſed him to be covered, revived, when looking about and finding himſelfe ſtill at Sea, but not ſo ſolitary as before, he amazedly demanded where he was, and how he came there; to which the courteous *Spinola* told him in what manner he had eſpied him floating upon the Main, withall freely profering what ever civilities lay in his reach either by his power in the Country, or otherwiſe aſſuring him he ſhould be honoured if he would pleaſe to command him; in the mean time deſiring that till he ſhould regain that ſtrength which he muſt of neceſſity have loſt by being driven up and down the Ocean, he would accept of what entertainment his Fathers Palace would afford; for (continued the generous *Spinola*) though I very well know both by your countenance and habit that you are an *Engliſh Man*, and am not ignorant of the great ſtops that thoſe of your Nation have by their valour and magnanimity put to the progreſſe of my Fathers glory and fortunes in the *Nether-lands*, beſides that the intimate friendſhip between us and his moſt Potent Catholick Majeſty againſt whom your Virgin Queen hath to the wonder of the World ſo long and ſo proſperouſly maintained a War, ſhould incite us to a diſaffection of you, yet you ſhall find I hope that generoſity in our ſpirits, as ſhall perſwade you that neither envy, affection, nor intereſt, can ſway us to the leaſt forfeiture of thoſe rules of charity which injoyn us to ſuccor and relieve the diſtreſſed

ſtreſſed, eſpecially when we find ſuch perſons caſt into the depth of miſeries who leaſt of all deſerved any, in which number ſaid he (making a congue) I doubt not but you may be enrolled; The *Engliſh* ſtranger was very much perplexed what anſwer to returne ſo much civility which made him for ſome time ſilent, till at length making a due acknowledgment of the vaſtneſſe of his obligations, proteſting that as by the ſaving of his life it was indebted to him, ſo it ſhould be for ever at his command and ſervice; withall hoping that fortune would in time be ſo favourable to him as to put him into a capacity by ſome perſonal ſervice to expreſſe the gratitude of his ſoul, which by words he ſhould never be able to do; ſcarce had he finiſhed to ſpeak when the *Fellucca* came to land, where too ſervants ſtood ready with a Sedan to conduct the *Engliſh* ſtranger to *Spinola*'s Palace; whither come, he was immediately carried into one of the moſt ſumptuous Chambers of it; and ſumptuous Chambers there were both for building and furuiture, as any Court in *Europe* could boaſt of; the ſquare of the Palace it ſelfe being ſupported by one hundred and fifty Pillars of pure *Carara* Marble, the Court Yard adorned with four moſt ſtately Fountains or Waterworks, and the Palace every where imbelliſhed by the great number of curious and ancient Statues.

But neither the ſtatelineſſe of the place, the great care which was taken of him whereby he

in ſhort time recovered perfect health, nor the daily converſation of *Spinola*, who extreamly delighted in his company, could at all divert the *Engliſh* Stranger from his melancholly thoughts, which appeared more tranſparent every day then other to great wonder of the worthy *Spinola*, who endeavoured by all means poſſible to baniſh from him his ſolitary penſiveneſſe by inventing new ſports and paſtimes to recreate both his body and mind, but all his endeavours proved in vain; for the more he ſtrove to make him merry, the ſadder ſtill grew, inſomuch that had not gratitude obliged him, he would have ſhun'd the company of his preſerver, as his did that of all others.

Often had the good and generous *Spinola* deſired his unknown Gueſt to impart unto him the cauſe of this his melancholly, but was ever put off with excuſes and deſires that he would not put him to the remembrance of ſo diſmal a ſtory, till at length they two being according to the cuſtom walking in a private Garden, *Spinola* more earneſtly then ever preſſed him to reveal that which could poſſeſſe him with ſo great a trouble and dejection of ſpirit, proteſting that as he had been inſtrumental once in the ſaving of his life, ſo he would devote his life or what ever might be more dear to him to procure a remedy for his ſolitary diſeaſe, for whilſt that continued he ſtill ſeemed dead to him, promiſing that in requital he would relate to him the ſtory of his

life,

life, which he would find not to have been free from misfortunes, though perhaps they were ſuch as were not fit to be weighed in the ſcale with his.

The ſtranger endeavoured by all means poſſible to excuſe the relation of his miſeries, but being again and again importuned by him to whom he owed his life as his preſerver, he could no longer deny to ſatisfie the deſires of his generous friend, and therefore retiring into a pleaſant Arbour which ſtood at the end of the Walks, he thus began.

The Loves of

Capt. Goodlake AND MARIANA.

MOſt Noble Friend and generous Preſerver, when you ſhall have heard through how many various changes and chances of fortune I have run, you will think, conſidering my age, that every minute of my time (my childhood only excepted) had been a new & diſtinct misfortune: My birth you already know to have been in the Kingdom of *England*, a Kingdom ſufficiently famous throughout all

the World, both for its outward force and inward plenty, which as you say, has miraculously for so many years maintained a War against the most Potent Catholique King, and still in all attempts made upon that mighty Monarch gained the upper hand; but because this Kingdom is besides the annexion of *Ireland* and *Wales* in her selfe divided into severall Shires or Counties, many of which have formerly beeu particular Kingdoms; 'twill be convenient to give you an account of the exact place of my Nativity. Know then noble Sir, that I was borne nigh unto the famous City of *Sarum* in the County of *Sommerset*, in which Shire my Father enjoyed a yearly Revenue of neer fifteen hundred pounds *per annum*; his name was *Goodlake*, my Mothers *Seymour*, which of the two I must needs confesse is the more noble and ancient name; my Father had besides my selfe three Sons and two Daughters, of all which I was the youngest, and so like to enjoy the least part of my Fathers wealth, though during his life he was not at all sparing in giving me as liberal education as my Brothers; of whom he took so great care that he thought it not sufficient to have them endowed with learning except they were likewise adorned with all qualities necessary to make a perfect and compleat Gentleman, such he thought Fencing, riding the great Horse, and other active Exercises which might make them fit upon occasion to serve their Country; nor was he sparing in his cost to learn them Dancing

cing, singing, and other lesse usefull exercises, as things fitting to distinguish them from the vulgar.

My Father died about that time that I arrived to seventeen years of age, leaving me besides those Gentleman-like qualities that might make me fit to gain a livelyhood and honour in forreign Countries, but a small parcell of his estate, yet such as with moderation I might have lived upon, but it was hard for me who had been highly bred during my fathers life to conform my self now to a pension, and so small a one too as threescore Marks a year was, so that before two years were expired I was indebted twice as much as my annuity came to, which made me begin to perceive that whilst I took those courses I headlong pursued my ruine, my debts begun to be dayly called for, which if I paid I must leave my selfe uncapable to subsist, and if not run the hazzard of being imprisoned. Feare of this last made me finding delayes to increase the danger, on a suddain to make a contract with my elder Brother, and to sell him my annuity, whereby I not only paid my debts but had a considerable sum of money in my purse with which I was resolved to prove my utmost fortunes.

And hoping that I might have the same good hap which oftentimes befals younger Brothers who have nothing but their gentility to maintain them, that is by gaining the favours of yong Ladies whose plentifull portions might better be given to supply the wants of such persons, whom

whom the ill Laws, or rather the ill cuſtomes of *England* had made poor, then added to the better fortunes of thoſe who already abounded with ſuperfluity of worldly riches. I put on a reſolution to caſt in my lot among others, and cloathing my ſelf in a garb much above my ſlender fortunes, by degrees I got into the acquaintance of many Ladies, among whom I reſolved to chooſe one, both of whoſe Perſon and portion I could approve, and in ſhort time pitched upon the beauteous *Mariana*, Joynt heireſs with her Siſter of the great eſtate of Sir *Robert Mollineaux*, a Family famous in the Weſtern parts of *England*: I confeſſe at firſt the greatneſſe of her beauty, parts, and riches did ſomewhat daunt me, who knew my ſelf ſo far beneath her in all. At thoſe words the worthy *Spinola* interrupted him by ſaying noble friend, though by what your ſelf report, I dare believe your eſtate much inferiour to that of your beauteous Miſtreſſe, yet I muſt needs ſay that I find this by that ſmall experience I have had of your converſation, that no Woman could be poſſeſſor of ſo much virtue, whereof you deſerved not to be Patron, and I ſeriouſly proteſt that were I to be Judge, I durſt affirm that for parts and Perſon, you merit the greateſt Princeſs in Chriſtendome. The Captain returned him a civill thanks for his ſo good an opinion of him, but withall told him that what he ſpoke were but *Hyperbolies*, and far above his merit, but to continue my ſad ſtory, (ſaid he, (which I only relate as an introduction to a ſadder) I being reſolved

reſolved in my former determinations, addreſt my ſelfe unto her in the moſt humble manner, either my learning, *Genius*, or condition could furniſh me with, but ere I had three times converſed with her, ſuch was the goodneſſe of her nature, that I found that ſhe who had captivated me, was become my vaſſal, nor were my viſits more pleaſing to me, then they were acceptable to her; in ſum, we paſt a contract, appointed our day of marriage, and the place where we ſhould the morning before meet, for ſhe was under the tuition of a rigid Unkle her Guardian, who would by no meanes have conſented to match her with a Perſon of ſo low and meane an eſtate as I was of.

Could I tell you, noble fr end, what inexpreſſable paſſions of joy my ſoule was poſſeſt with at this happy ſucceſſe! I thought every minute a year, nay an age, till the prefixed time approached; but alas how ſoon were my contents blaſted? from what great hope did I on the ſuddain fall? both our loves and contract, were by her treacherous Chambermaid diſcovered to her Unkle, who yet like a ſubtle and revengefull Fox concealed his knowledge of it, til at the very time when I hoped to have met my beloved Miſtreſſe at the Woodſide, nigh her Unkles houſe, I and my two friends who accompanied me, were ſet upon by ſeven Villains, who lay there by his appointment to deſtroy me; I confeſſe I was then raw and unexperienced in fights, but the conſideration of the buſineſſe I went about made me reſolute, and I

think

think it would have added to my courage, had I known the design, as I only thought them Thieves; In short this storm was soon dissipated, for almost at the first my two generous friends gallantly assisting me, we might behold three of the slaves trampled under the feet of our Horses, two others wounded, and ready to surrender themselves to our mercy, whilst their two remaining Companions escaped, and took shelter in the wood, those two whom we had taken, began with pittifull moanes to beg our mercy, telling by whom they had been set on, and withall relating the story of my misfortune. Gods! into what an extasy of passion did I fall at their relation, though their swords could not force me from my Horse, their piercing words effected it, for I immediatly fell into a swound, and my poor Beast sensible of the weight of my sorrowes, seemed likewise to yeild and fall with me, whilst one of my friends guarding the two Prisoners, the other endeavoured to bring me again to life, which performed, they joyntly strove to comfort me with all the perswasive arguments that either love or friendship could furnish them with, that there could be no doubt of *Mariana*'s love and constancy to me, and whilst that endured I had no reason to despaire. That her Unkles violent hatred to me would rather make firme, then abate her love: That if he kept her immured from my sight, (as twas to be supposed he would doe) it would but set her wits at work how to find meanes to escape him. That they would

would alwayes be as ready as they now had been to venture their lives and fortunes to accompliſh my deſires. That therefore I ſhould ſet my heart at reſt, and conſider with them for our preſent ſafety, the way to which we all concluded to be the carrying of our two Priſoners to the next Juſtice, which we did, and they without heſitating, confeſſing what they had before told, were committed to Goale, but ſoon after by the power of *Mariana*'s Unkle releaſed, whilſt I lay yet open to his further revenge.

In the meane time I made all poſſible enquiry (but very privately) after my *Mariana*, ſeeming publickly to diſown any intention I ever had of courting her, and at length found that by the cruelty of her Unkle ſhe was indeed chamber'd up, and ſo many ſpies ſet upon her, that it was impoſſible for me either to viſit or convey a letter to her; yet at length by the help of a Lady, who often uſed to viſit her, I adventured to ſend her a letter, an anſwer to which I three dayes expected, but inſtead of that came the following Challenge.

To Mr.

To Mr. Edward Goodlake.

SIR, *That I know you a Gentleman I confesse, I should otherwise have taken a more suitable course to have ere this chastised your boldness in attempting courtship to a Person so far above your birth and fortunes, yet were you in those equal to your faire* Mariana, *I must let you know that she must and shall be mine, which since she will not be during your life, your death must make her so. Meet me therefore (with your second) to morrow morning on the backside of the* East Wood, *at least to show that you may make you worthy so noble a Lady.*

Hatton.

This

This unexpected Challenge moſt extreamly ſurprized me, but I was much more amazed when I found it ſubſcribed by one of my deareſt friends, who had before aſſiſted me in my former attempt to ſteale away the faire *Mariana*, and who very well knew that I was contracted to her, I began to muſe with my ſelfe how this might come about, but the Gentleman that brought it, put me out thoſe dumps by deſiring my ſpeedy anſwer, which I told him I would find either a friend or a ſervant of my own to carry, with which he returned to his friend, and I immediately went to ſeek out Mr. *Spencer*, the other Gentleman whoſe courage had ſaved me from being aſſaſinated by thoſe Villaines which *Mariana*'s Unkle had ſet by the Woods ſide to deprive me of my life, but alas! now I expected a ſecond help from this my worthy friend, (on whom indeed the chiefe part of my ſtory will depend) I found him ſick of a violent feaver, and he altogether unable to help me, yet ſuch was my paſſion that I could not refrain to ſhow him *Hatton*'s Challenge; Heavens! into what extremity of frenzy did he fall into at the reading it? he in fury leapes out of his Bed, and proteſts that neither ſickneſs nor death it ſelfe ſhould hinder him from aſſiſting me to revenge ſuch abominable treachery; Nor could I without the help of his Phyſitian perſwade him to return to his reſt, and not goe immediately with me to ſeek out the perjured Villaines, (for ſo he ſtiled him) but at length overſwayed by my arguments, and by the

the Physitians: That by it before the next morning he would absolutely endanger the loss of his life, and then I should not only be destitute of his help, but likewise loose my dearest friend, he was content to desist, but withall telling me that she did not doubt but the justnesse of my quarrell would make me able of my selfe to revenge such damned infidelity, that though he knew *Hatton* to be sufficiently valiant yet his treachery would cowardize his soul, and therefore I should not feare to attempt him single, that he had for many yeares been an intimate friend of *Hatton*'s, but never knew him guilty of any falcenes till now, which he (as well as I) had the charity to believe, proceeded rather from the inticements of *Mariana*'s Unkle then his own spirit, hardly had he finished to speak to me when *Hatton* stept into the Chamber, but seeing me there before him, retired with as much hast as he had entred with, only saying as he past out, that he wondred he had received no answer from me, which I told him he should not much longer wait for, nor did he, for immediately I took Pen, Ink, and Paper, and by *Spencer*'s advice, writ him as followeth.

For Mi

For Mr. George Hatton.

SIR,

THough I am now become your enemy, (for what reaſons I know not) yet our former friendſhip might have engaged you to have declared in more civil language, I know not what pretences you may have to the beauteous Mariana, *but you cannot but know that ſhe is mine by Contract, nor have I (I think) given you any occaſion to believe that I will let what Heaven hath beſtowed upon me, be ſnatched away without indangering of my life, or forcing that Perſon, be he who he wil that ſhall treacherouſly endeavour to deprive me of my only Happineſſe; I ſhall not faile therefore* Sir *to meet you at the appointed place, though*

without a ſecond, for I am unwilling to engage friends in a buſineſſe in which none but my ſelf is concerned, though I could wiſh you would rather diſclaime your unjuſt purſuite, and let us meet as we uſed to doe, ——— *friends.* Goodlake.

This having ſealed, I poſted away to him by Mr. *Spencer*'s Page, who immediately returned with an anſwer, that he was content to meet me ſingle, and withall brought along with him a Ribband, which we gueſſed to be the length of his ſword, and I found it to be the juſt meaſure of mine. That night *Spencer* engaged me by all the loves between us, not to depart from him, till the morning I went to fight, ſo we paſſed away the moſt part of the night in diſcourſes of *Hatton*'s baſeneſſe, but concluding that the greatneſſe of his eſtate had moved *Mariana*'s Unkle to proffer her in marriage to him, and that her beauty and riches had been the motives to make him accept of the proffer. In the morning about five a clock I took a ſolemne leave of my deare friend, not knowing but it might be the laſt, (though that miſery was reſerved to a more unfortunate hour) who having poured forth his prayers for my good ſucceſſe, which (ſayes he) I doe not doubt will attend the juſtneſſe of your cauſe, bid me adieu, and

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I fearing leaſt I had overſlipped ſome minutes of the time, made haſt to the appointed place, where I found my adverſary ready to receive me, We both without ſpeaking began to ſtrip of our Doublets, and being now ready to encounter each other, he firſt broke ſilence, telling me that if I would reſigne up to him my intereſt in the beauteous *Mariana*, and ſet her free from all promiſes and contracts, I might live; otherwiſe his ſword ſhould force her from my heart: to which I replyed, That he could not but know that I prized the enjoyment of my deare *Mariana* (for mine ſaid I) I will in deſpight of you call her) far above my life, and therefore any propoſition of parting with her rather then my deareſt blood was vaine and irrational, that I might with more reaſon perſwade him to relinquiſh purſuite of that to which he had nor could pretend any right to: To this he made no other reply, but that we came not then thither to talk but doe, and therewith made a deſperate paſſe at me, but it was my fortune to put by his point, and before he could recover himſelfe to give him a mortal thruſt into the right ſide, at which he fell, ſaying no more then goe now and enjoy the price of my blood thy *Mari-a-na*-- I muſt confeſſe I was ſorry when I ſaw him fall, for I would not willingly have killed kim, hoping he might yet have been perſwaded to deſiſt further purſuite of his love, and have proved as true a friend as at firſt he had been, but ſeeing that his wound was paſt remedy, 'twas in vaine for

me to ſtay and lament him, but rather ſtudy my own ſafety, having therefore wrapped his body in his Cloake, I took my Horſe from the hedge where I had tyed him, and with all ſpeed galloped to tell *Spencer* what I had done, he at firſt expreſſed a great deale of ſorrow for the ſo ſuddaine death of one that was once his friend, but you tell me no more (ſayes he) then what I expected, and think he deſerved, ſo that we have more reaſon to lament his folly then his death, but however (continued he) the ſtrict Lawes lately made againſt duelling will hardly admit of ſuch defenſory excuſes, and though he might fall juſtly by your ſword, yet the power of his friends will endanger your life, let me therefore adviſe you to make all poſſible ſpeed out of *England*, and becauſe I know not how your ſlender fortunes may have furniſht you, let me beg of you to accept this (taking down a little Cabinet from the Beds head, and giving it me) as token of my love, which if I live and have the happineſſe to know where you reſide, I ſhall be moſt highly obliged if you admit me to ſupply farther, otherwiſe, if I dye I ſhall dedicate ſome of my laſt breath to the remembrance of our friendſhip, I could not tell what to anſwer to ſo noble and generous a friend, but diſtilling ſome teares out of griefe, that I was forced to depart from him, I let him by thoſe ſilent ſhowres know how much I prized his goodneſſe, and that the gratitude of my ſoule was greater then my tongue could expreſſe, having therefore kiſſed him again and

again

againe, and poured forth ten thouſand Prayers for his health, as he did for my good ſucceſſe; we ſorrowfully bid farewell, and I taking Horſe rid with all ſpeed poſſible to the Sea Coaſt, where finding a Ship going with freſh ſupplyes of proviſions to the *Engliſh*-Souldiers in *Holland* I embarqued my ſelfe on her, and in ſeven days we came to *Vliſhing*, whence I travel'd to the *Hague*, and there changing my name to *Love-ill* liſted my ſelfe a Souldier, to recount to you Noble *Spinola* any paſſages of this war, were but to give you a dark and blind repetition of a thing which your ſelfe already know moſt perfectly: I confeſſed (ſaid *Spinola*) I have from my Father and other friends, beſides ſome ſmal experience of my own, received an exact relation of thoſe wars, nor muſt I now forget that I have often heard him mention you as a Perſon, who of all the *Engliſh* Captaines, behaved your ſelfe with moſt courage and nobleneſſe; I confeſſe (continued *Goodlake*) I was in a ſmall time of being there, more by the partiall favour of the *Engliſh* Generall, then any deſert of mine, commiſſioned Captain of a Foot Company, and ſuch a Company as had they had a Captaine equall, either in Courage or experience to the meaneſt of them, might have performed wonders. But to return to my ſaid ſtory, my deare *Mariana* ſadly lamented my loſſe and abſence, and would her ſelfe, had ſhe not been ſo narrowly watched by her Uncle, have adventured to have found me, but yet was ſhe not by reaſon of my abſence ſo cloſely reſtrained

ſtrained from her liberty as formerly, ſo that we found wayes, by meanes of my dear friend *Spencer* to keep a correſpondence, for the generous *Spencer* ſtill continued his nobleneſſe to me in that high degree, that he not only ſeveveral times ſent me ſupplyes of money, but had expended great ſums, and ſpent his whole ſtock of Intereſt at Court in endeavouring to procure me a pardon from the Queen, but it could not be blamed, nor would (ſuch was the power of my adverſaries friends) ever have been granted, had not my fortune, and the reſolution and courage of my Company, rather then any perſonal valour of mine, allotted me to be the firſt, that upon ſtorming the *Brill*, entered the Cittadell, I have (ſaid *Spinola* interrupting him) heard many gallant Perſons deſcant upon that action, and they have generally concluded it an act rather of deſperation then prudence, there being little to be ſaid in juſtification of it, but only that it proſpered; I ſpeak not this, continued *Spinola*, of your particular aſſault, (for that being purſuant to command, demonſtrated you truly valiant) but to the action in general; 'Tis very true, (ſaid *Goodlake*) it was ſo eſteemed by many underſtanding Souldiers, but however it might be in it ſelfe, ſure I am it proved fortunate to me, for by it I got that pardon, which for ſo many yeares before I had ſued for in vaine; You may eaſily imagine my deare friend, that I had after ſeven or eight yeares baniſhment a great deſire to ſee again my native Country, but a far greater

er to ſee my beloved *Mariana* (who ſtill for my ſake continued a Virgin) and my deare friend *Spencer*; I therefore having with very ſmall intreaty obtained leave of the Generall, to paſſe over to *England*, imbarqued my ſelfe at *Rotterdam*, and *Favente Neptuno* arrived in two dayes at *Dover*, where my earneſt deſire to ſee my friends, made me ſtay no longer then I could provide my ſelfe with Horſes to poſt towards them, which diligent care ſoon found, and unwearied ſpeed made me the next day in the evening, to arrive at the Houſe of my generous and noble friend *Spencer*, where without further Ceremonies I entred, and ſurprized him in a ſad and ſerious diſcourſe with his Siſter, and ſome other Ladies, but little did I think that that griefe which I ſaw, had overſhadowed their viſages, did ſo much concern me, my deare *Spencer* immediately came running towards me and imbracing and kiſſing me ten thouſand times congratulated my ſafe arrival, at length to my Native ſoile and friends, but yet me thought that his countenance was ſomewhat clouded, and not ſo ſerene and complacent as I had formerly known it, beſides I obſerved that there were, whilſt I was renewing (as it were) my friendſhip with *Spencer*, ſtrange whiſprings among the Ladies, and that their former bemoanings were turned into a dumb ſilence, me thought this boaded ſomething extraordinary but what to think I could not tell, nor did I at all imagine that it had ſo neerly concerned me, till having ſaluted the Ladies, I deſired them

them to make me partaker of their ſorrows, by knowing the cauſe of them, alas Sir, ſaid one of them, our ſorrow (if there be any here whoſe lookes or other jeſture may make you deem them ſorrowful) is no other then what is cauſed either by the dulneſſe of the weather, or ſome unknown reaſon which we cannot be ſenſible of, Alas Madam, ſaid I, your goodneſſe muſt pardon me, if I doe yet believe, that ſo great a dejection of ſpirit, (as I perceive in this whole company) muſt neceſſarily proceed from ſome greater occaſion then the dulneſſe of the weather, which to me ſeemes pleaſant, unleſſe (ſaid I) I be that unknown reaſon from whence it doth proceed, and turning thereupon to Mr. *Spencer*, whoſe viſage teſtified more diſcontent then any other; I told him, that he had not formerly uſed to receive me with ſuch a ſhow of griefe and ſadneſſe, and therefore deſired him to let me know the occaſion, for otherwiſe I ſhould be inforced to believe that ſome malicious Perſon had ſcandalized me to him, and poſſeſſed him with ſuch things as might make him think I had juſtly forfeited his former friendſhip which if ſo, I deſired to know my crime and accuſers, that I might confeſſe and crave pardon, or right my ſelfe; Hereupon with many vows he proteſted there was no ſuch thing, that I was as high in his good opinion, and that he eſteemed my friendſhip as much if not more, as ever that his preſent melancholy and dejectedneſſe proceeded from he knew not what inward cauſe which had likewiſe poured its influence upon

upon the whole Company, This though it little ſatisfied me, yet I was forced to conform my humour to theirs, for I could not perſwade them from you, and indeed I who had the moſt reaſon to be ſad knew no cauſe for it, till Bed-time being come my deare *Spencer* accompanying me to my Chamber, I began more ſeriouſly to examine why he who was alwayes wont to be of a joviall temper, had now ſo utterly baniſht mirth from his ſoule, eſpecially at my arrivall, Oh my deare friend (ſaid he fetching withall a deep ſigh) ſince I muſt tell you the cauſe which I would not doe, did I not know you a Perſon who could abſolutely command your paſſions; know that the very ſight of you encreaſed my ſorrow, for your ſake did I firſt conceive it, and you are the only Perſon in the World it moſt concernes. I was ſomewhat ſtartled to heare him ſay ſo, and what is it (ſaid I in ſome paſſion) can make me ſo miſerable that you ſhould thus have cauſe to grieve for me? is *Mariana* turn'd inconſtant? and hath ſhe now I am come home fraught with full hopes to enjoy her, plighted her faith unto another? It cannot ſure be, oh no, (replyed he) ſhe continued conſtant to you even to her laſt; to her laſt? (ſaid I) and is ſhe then dead? oh Heavens! what curſed ſtars was I born under, thus to conſpire to make me miſerable for ever? Well *Mariana* ſince after ſo many delayes I cannot enjoy thee living, I will follow thee to death; and therewith drew my ſword, intending to have peirced my boſome, but was hindred

dred by my too pittifull friend; and what (ſays he) though *Mariana* was (whilſt living) your only comfort, what comfort will it be to you to follow her in death, where you can have no further hopes of converſing, whilſt her conſtant and innocent ſoule is fled to Heaven, when yours, blackt with that hideous crime of ſelfe murder, muſt neceſſarily be hurried to a blacker region. Live, live, and live, ſo that ſince the fates have denyed you to enjoy each other here, you may enjoy eternal Society hereafter, I could not tell how or what to anſwer him, but throwing my ſelfe into the Bed, I lay there (and *Spencer* by me) for he would not truſt me alone lamenting my miſery, in ſuch ſort, that before morning I had contracted a moſt violent burning Feaver, which I wiſhed heartily might have carried me to my grave, and it had anſwered my hopes (notwithſtanding all the care of Phyſitians) had not the ſweet converſe of the generous *Spencer* been more effectuall then all their Potions, here it was (during my ſickneſſe) that he and I contracted an indiſſoluble knot of friendſhip, ſo firme that nothing but a moſt cruell and perverſe fate could have ever parted us; Juſt at thoſe words, came a ſervant to acquaint *Spinola* that a Meſſenger from the Senate attended to ſpeak with him, which he deſired to do with all ſpeed, the buſineſſe as he ſaid being of great importance, He therefore craving excuſe of Captain *Goodlake* for his forced abſence, with promiſe immediatly to return, went into his Palace where in the great Hall he found

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the Meſſenger attending him, who brought him not only letters but an expreſſe command to repaire immediatly to *Genoua*, having diſpatched the Meſſenger, and peruſed his letters, he returnes into the Arbour to Captain *Goodlake*, whom he findes ſitting with his eyes fixed on the ground according to his accuſtomary melancholy poſture, but raiſing himſelfe up at his approach, was about to continue his ſtory when he was ſtopt by *Spinola*'s telling him, that at the earneſt entreaty of the *Mantuan* Embaſſadors the Duke and Senate of *Genoua* had granted one thouſand Horſe, and two thouſand Foot to the Duke of *Mantua* to aſſiſt him in his preſent wars againſt his too potent enemy the Duke of *Ferrara*, whereof they had thought fit, for what deſerts of his he knew not to nominate him General, to which charge he was ordered immediatly to repaire; That though he durſt not preſume to deſire his Company in thoſe Wars, yet he would willingly to gain it, could he be diſpenced with by the Senate, ſurrender to him his place of Generall, and accompany him in what inferiour rank he ſhould think him worthy of, but ſince the place of General was conferred on him by the Senate (who uſed not to entruſt any ſtrangers with the chiefe command of their Forces) and could not therefore be diſpoſed of by him, yet he deſired that if his ſpirit inclined him yet to the Wars, he would be pleaſed to accept of being Lieutenant Generall of his Horſe, and next Perſon in command to himſelfe; The offer was ſo generous that Captain

tain *Goodlake* could not refuſe it, though he would not at firſt ſeem to accept it, but rather deſired he might attend him as a private Perſon till overcome by *Spinola*'s importunities, he undertook the charge, though as he told him that being a ſtranger he could not but expect the envy and hatred of many gallant Perſons of his Nation who might themſelves juſtly aſpire to that employment, and think themſelves wronged if a ſtranger were therein preferred before them; To which *Spinola* replyed that he doubted not but to find ſuch gallant behaviour in him, as would make him above the envy of the proudeſt *Genoueſe*, *Goodlake* thanked him for his good opinion of him, but the buſineſſe requiring haſt, they left off farther complements, and the Captain being furniſhed with Horſe and attendants by the generous *Spinola*, they ſet forward together towards *Genoua*, but in their way, and not halfe a mile from the City, they might ſee their ſmall Army both Horſe and Foot ready drawn up to attend the coming of their Commander, who having firſt well viewed them, and then recommended *Goodlake* as a Perſon whom he had thought fit to appoint their Lieutenant Generall, and they upon his commendations received him with great applauſe, he ordered them to march and take up their quarters towards the borders of *Mantua's* Country, and himſelfe in two dayes time following them overtook them at *Friuli*, a little Town in that Dukes Territory, not ten miles from which bet ween four and five thouſand

ſand *Savoyards* (who were come to the aſſiſtance of the Duke of *Ferrara*, and had by treachery taken a Caſtle belonging to the *Flaminij* a noble Family of the *Mantoveſes*) were encamped, upon theſe by the advice of *Goodlake*, the noble *Spinola* reſolves to give the firſt aſſault, and therefore advancing from *Friuli* in the dark of the night lodges his Army within a mile of the enemy, intending about break of day to fall in upon them at unawares, but they having advice by their Scouts, had drawn out into an advantagious ground ready to receive them, yet that not at all abated *Spinola's* courage, but having given the charge of the right wing of Horſe to *Goodlake*, and of the left to *Segr. Alexandro Juſtiniani*, himſelfe commanding the body, began the fight about break of day, which continued doubtfull (the *Savoyards* being more in number then the *Genoveſes*) for about two houres, till Captain *Goodlake* firſt, and after him *Juſtiniani* having broken both the wings of Horſe, the battell clearly ſhowed it ſelfe on the *Genoveſes* ſide, for Captain *Goodlake* having left ſufficient numbers to purſue the enemies ſcattered left wing, and make good what he had gained with a ſelect party of Horſe, came flying to the ſuccour of the noble *Spinola*, who was ſomewhat oppreſſed, for the *Savoy* infantry being both more numerous and better experienced Souldiers then the *Genoveſe* had gained ground of them from the very beginniug of the fight, and were now ready to put them to a totall rout, when Captain *Goodlake* falling into the reare of the

the enemies infantry turned the ſcale ſo, that thoſe who before were ready to fly were now purſuers for the *Savoyards*; Seeing themſelves deſerted by their own Horſe on both ſides, were no longer able to bear the brunt, but confuſedly breaking their ranks, either ran away or yeilded themſelves to mercy; Yet a ſmall party of them reſolutely maintained the Field till *Juſtiniani* coming in likewiſe with a party of Horſe, and they now ſeeing nothing but the viſage of ghaſtly deaths, preſented, threw down their armes, and cryed for quarter. Thus was the whole force of *Savoy*, which came to the aſſiſtance of the Duke of *Ferrara*, either totally diſperſed or taken Priſoners, and the generous *Spinola* having loaded Captain *Goodlake* and *Juſtiniani* with the honour of that dayes victory to purſue his good fortune, immediatly advanced with his Army to the Seige of the Caſtle of *Flaminii*, a place accounted almoſt impregnable both for its ſituation and fortification, and won only by the *Savoyards* golden bullets, ſhot into the purſe of the treacherous Governour, before it he ſits down, reſolving that if he could not by force yet by ſtarving he would gain it before he parted, but gallant *Goodlake* not approving ſuch delatory proceedings (things naturall to the *Italian*) with much intreaty perſwaded him to play his batteries, though againſt the opinion of moſt Commanders in the Army, who alledged that it was impoſſible with *Baſiliſco's*, much leſs with their ſmall artillery to move thoſe impenitrable wals, that

that ſhould they make a breach, yet there was ſo great a power in the Caſtle both of officers Souldiers fled in the late defeate, that it would be impoſſible to aſſault it, or having aſſaulted to carry it; That their own numbers within would ſoon conſume them, and give them an eaſy victory, but *Spinola* waved all the reaſons of his other Commanders to comply with the Councel of his Engliſh Lieutenant General, who uſed no other argument to perſwade him then that by how much greater the danger, by ſo much more glorious would the conqueſt be, ſo the Artillery inceſſantly played upon the Caſtle for two dayes and nights, which not only terrified the Defendants, but about the evening of the ſecond day made a conſiderable breach in the wall, which the next morning Captain *Goodlake* with a choice party aſſaulted, and after two repulſes from his reſolute enemies entred, and left room for the reſt of the Army to follow him, who rather expected to have ranſomed his body to burial, then to have followed his ſteps ſo eaſily into a place by them thought impregnable. Here it was that *Spinola* being received in at the Caſtle Gates, began with aſtoniſhment to admire *Goodlake*'s valour, and to tell him that whatever honour the *Genoveſes* had gained by theſe exploits, ought juſtly to be transferred upon him, and therefore deſired him to accept of the government of that Caſtle which being a frontier, could not be put into more truſty and valiant hands, but *Goodlake* taking little notice of his extravagant praiſes,

(as

(as he call'd them) desired first to be excused from that employment, as delighting more in field actions, then to be immur'd between walls: He then presented him the Prisoners he had taken in the Castle, desiring his mercy for them, and that they might have liberty to return to their own Country; to which *Spinola* replyed, That though it was not the usuall custome of the *Italians* to be so mercifull to their enemies, yet for his sake (whom he found endowed with as much compassion as valour) he was ready to yeild to their release, and therefore he commanded that they might have liberty to depart; but complements being passed over, care was taken to refortifie the Garrison, during which time *Spinola* received Orders from the Duke of *Mantua* to lodge there with his Army, because he had received advice, that the Duke of *Savoy* was with all speed raising a second Army to regaine that honour which the first had lost, that he thought no Men were fitter to combate the second then those who had been victorious over the first, that for his own Forces he thought them of strength enough to engage *Ferrara*'s Duke. This idleness, though it displeased *Spinola*, robbing him as he thought of some glory, yet was pleasant to him againe, because he had now the oppertunity to desire *Goodlake* to continue the story of his misfortunes which he readily assented to; and pursued thus.

The Loves of SPENCER AND The Magnanimous Maid.

MOST noble friend, what I before told you of my ſelfe in particular, was only as an Introduction to the ſtory of a Perſon whoſe ſtrange variety of fortunes, will certainly both delight and afflict you, it is the worthy *Spencer*, whom I'me ſure you remember to have often heard me mention in the relation of my private misfortunes, as my deareſt friend, a Perſon he was born of a noble Family, and enjoyed an eſtate ſuitable to his blood, nor were his qualities any other then ſuch as might make him eſteemed by all, his friendſhip indeed was the only thing that revived my ſpirits, which would elce certainly have droopt for the loſſe my beloved *Mariana*, he often proteſting that he would be another *Mariana* to me, and that it ſhould be my fault if ever our friendſhips were ſevered or diſturbed; who would not have rejoyced in ſo noble a friend, or who would not lament the loſſe of him, oh heavens! the very thoughts of it confound my ſenſes; (at theſe words he ſeemed to be in a great con-

fusion, which made the generous *Spinola* desist from interrupting him in breathing forth his passion, till again recollecting himselfe he continued) The time of my recovery after my violent Feaver for the losse of my deare *Mariana*, was at the same instant, that an Army was levying to make assault upon *Fiall*, in which (when the thrice noble Earle of *Essex* was declared General) many of the Gentry of *England* listed themselves as *Reformadoes* to accompany so gallant and worthy a Person: I have indeed heard much (said the generous *Spinola* interrupting him) of the prowesse and valour of that renowned Person, which makes it a riddle both to me, and indeed to all the World, how he should since by the malice of his enemies be reduced to so much misfortune, 'tis very true, continued *Goodlake*, and I have often heard the *Queen's* judgment highly taxed in throwing him so easily from her favour, but he was then (continued he) in his glory, and accounted so gallant a pattern for the *English* youth, both of the Gentry and Nobility to follow, that they strove to emulate one another who should show himselfe most ready to serve him, amongst the rest my noble friend *Spencer* engaged himself to wait upon him in this gallant enterprise, and that intimate friendship which we had now contracted, made me rather chuse to quit my command in the low Countries, then my friend whom I was resolved nothing but death should rob me of; nor was he conscious of lesse resolutions on his part, but being acquainted with my

my determination to accompany him with moſt affectionate embraces told me, that he ſhould be by me of all Men moſt happy, having ſo faithfull and truſty a friend to be a Spectator and guide of his actions, which would provoke him to thoſe noble attempts which want of skil and experience might otherwiſe detain him from; I returned him a thanks ſuitable to the honour he did me in thoſe expreſſions, withall deſiring him that we might make all ſpeed poſſible to *Plymouth*, for there the whole Fleet was to randevouze, leaſt by delay (the confluence of the Gentry to attend upon the Generall in this voyage being ſo great) we ſhould be deprived of thoſe accomodations, which otherwiſe we might enjoy, he highly approved my motion, ſo in three dayes having provided our ſelves of all neceſſaries fitting, we ſet forward, but at our arrivall at *Plymouth* found not the Fleet in ſo great readineſſe as we expected, but that we might have taken more time to have given *Conge* to our friends and acquaintance, yet being now there we thought it a vanity to return, leaſt ſo many Ceremonies with them might in the end hinder us of our intended voyage, ſo in that Town we provided our ſelves with ſuch lodging as we could get, reſolving with patience to attend the motion of the Fleet, whilſt in the mean time the fame of a moſt beauteous Virgin, who though but of mean Parents, being but a *Tanners* Daughter of *Somerſetſhire*, and at preſent Servant at a Tavern in that City) was for her excellent and moſt

bewitching features, but above all for her swee
and modeſt carriage, which ſeemed to ſho
ſomewhat of nobleneſſe in her beyond her birt
or preſent condition, ſtiled the glory of th
Weſt) invited us (out of curioſity to ſee her
to goe and repaſt our ſelves one afternoon a
her Maſters houſe, whether the fame drew ma
ny more Cuſtomers then we, I confeſſe at th
firſt report of her (which was to all Mens ſeem
ing given ſomwhat extravagantly) I did believe
her faire, but not ſuch a wonder of beauty a
ſhe was repreſented, but when I came to ſee
her, me thought ſhe had ſomewhat in her that
reſembled my dead *Mariana*, and ſo far exceed
ed the report I had heard of her, that had not
the remembrance of her reſtrained me, I had
certainly been taken with her, but the ſnare I
eſcaped my deare friend *Spencer* fell into, for
having by ſome experience made proofe of the
ſweetneſſe of her diſpoſition, obſerved her
noble yet modeſt carriage, he was ſo paſſionatly
affected with her, that nothing but enjoyment
could ſatisfie his deſires, for they were not yet
come to that pitch of love as to think of mar-
rying one ſo much beneath him both in birth
and fortunes; You will wonder noble friends
that I trouble your eares with this relation of a
Perſon of ſo low condition, but when you ſhall
have heard the full progreſſe of their loves, you
will find that which will both delight and con-
tent you; no meanes did my deare *Spencer*
leave unaſſayed by promiſes, gifts, courtſhips,
or whatever elſe can or might endeare Man to

Woman,

Woman, to accompliſh his deſires; but ſo impregnable did he find the rock of her chaſtity, though ſhe ſeemed likewiſe to expreſſe a very great affection for him, but that with ſuch a modeſty as became her birth and the difference of their fortunes; In ſumm after he had made a tedious triall of her honeſty, and endeavoured but all in vaine to blaſt her honour, he reſolves with himſelfe to marry her, and to me imparts his reſolutions, I was ſurprized to hear him ſpeak ſo much below himſelfe, and what then ſaid I, will you now leave this glorious enterprize wherin you have engaged your ſelfe, and whereon your eternall honour may depend to tye your ſelfe here at home to a Perſon ſo much beneath you in birth and fortunes, a *Tanners* Daughter, a Tavern Servant, one who perhaps only ſenſible of the paſſion wherein you burn for her, counterfeits a chaſtity to you whilſt in this publique place ſhe proſtitutes her ſelfe to others, Doe not (ſayes he in extremity of paſſion) prophane ſo much goodneſſe, my very ſoule tels me ſhe is all virtue, nor can I think but my gifts and promiſes which I believe have been greater then any others would tempt her were her ſpotleſſe virtue to be corrupted, In ſum ſayes he, ſhould the General himſelfe but tell me ſhe were vicious, I would make him feel the point of my ſword, which I ſhall as readily draw in defence of her honour, as of my own life; therefore by the inviolable friendſhip contracted between us let me beg you to deſiſt, from further mentioning her birth, or blemiſh-

ing her fame, for my eares are not capable o
hearing any other ſound, then that ſhe is fair
and virtuous; to which I (ſeeing him ſo reſo-
lute) replyed, that what I ſpake, was but th
advice of a true and cordial friend, who prize
his honour as my own, but ſince I found him ſ
abſolutely determined in his love to *Beſſe Brid-
ges*, (for ſo was that faire Maid called) I woul
not only deſiſt to perſwade him from it, bu
aſſiſt him what I could in it, but withall adviſin
to make ſome farther tryal of her, and not poin
blanck to marry her, for he might eaſily be ſen-
ſible how great a blemiſh it would be to his ho-
nour, if ſhe ſhould afterwards be found tainted
He was ſo rejoyced to heare theſe comfortable
words of mine, (for ſo he termed them) tha
clapping his armes about my neck, and kiſſing
me, oh now ſayes he, I know thou art my frien
indeed, but how is it poſſible (ſayes he) that
can make tryall of her farther, the Fleet being
almoſt ready to depart, and no excuſe can I i
honour make to ſtay here when they are gone
you muſt venture that Sir, (ſaid I) it may b
before the departure of the Fleet ſomewha
may happen, which may give you occaſion both
to make tryall of her love and honeſty, bu
little did I think when I ſpake thoſe words, tha
ſuch a fatall oceaſion would happen indeed, a
there did ſoon after, for my *Spencer* continuing
his wonted viſits to his beloved *Elizabeth*, i
happened one day that ſome Gallants deſiring
the ſight of her, (for as I told you Sir before
'twas her fame drew Company to the Houſe)
and

and ſhe not being permitted by *Spencer* to go to them, they with a boiſtrous rudeneſſe, not only forced into our room, but in a moſt uncivill manner began to abuſe her mean birth and preſent ſtate, which ſo inraged her *Spencer*, that by a deſperate thruſt he deprived one of them of the further uſe of his tongue, for having now uſed it ſo laviſhly, his two friends ſeeing him fall eaſily, gave us way to make an eſcape to our lodging, which was pretty private, whether being come, *Spencer* in an exceſſe of paſſion throwes himſelf upon the Bed, laments his hard fortune, curſes his ſtars, and in a deſperate manner, would have attempted his own death, had not I prevented him, yet could not all the arguments I could uſe, aſſwage his extream griefe, for how (ſayes he) can you ſpeak me a word of comfort, who am reduced to this miſerable condition, for my inconſiderate raſhneſſe has not only burdned me with the black ſtain and guilt of murder, and hath laid me open to an ignominious death, but that which above all grieves me, forces me to loſe the preſence of a love ſo faire, ſo ſweet, ſo good, ſo chaſt, ſo virtuous that the World cannot parallel her, oh *Goodlake* tell me not then of comfort; Alas Sir (ſaid I) 'tis true you have laid your ſelfe open to all theſe inconveniences, but yet the way ſhun them or at leaſt remedy them is not this, immoderate griefe, if you ſtay here the law as you ſay will very ſpeedily purſue you, and what comfort will it be for you to ſee me dye with you, could I dye for you, I ſhould let the World and you know

know and see how willingly and undauntedly I would sacrifice my life for so good a friend, come Sir cheare up your spirits, there may yet be remedies to all these miseries, fly and secure your selfe; Fly and secure my selfe (said he) why that is my greatest misery that I must be forced to do so, and leave my love behind me; That may be but for a short time (said I) remember that others (my selfe) have been made subject to the same frownes of adverse fortune, let those arguments of yours which were too powerfull for me to gainsay the flying from my deare *Mariana*, now prevaile with you, besides (said I) you have now an occasion offered to make tryall of your Loves fidelity, and whether she be worthy those attributes which you are pleased to give her. And art thou still doubtfull of her virtue? (said he, raising himselfe from the Bed) thou shall see me make such tryall of her constancy, as shall make thee declare her worthy not only of mine, but of the love of the greatest Prince in *Europe*, but alas! (continued he) how do we feed our selves with fancies? how is it possible that we should either speak with, or send to her, for that trouble not your selfe, (said I) but give me your ring and I will undertake to rid you of that care, he immediatly slipt it of his finger, and I having before sent his Boy for one Mr. *Forset*, a Gentleman of whose approved fidelity I had often had experience in the *Netherlands*, he just at that instant entred the Chamber, to whom I gave a full relation of our sad disaster, intreating him first

firſt to provide the beſt Horſes he could procure in the Town, and having left them at an appointed place in the Roade to *Foy*, a Haven Town in the weſt of *England*, where one ſquadron of our Fleet lay under the command of that famous Cavalier Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, to go with that Ring to *Beſſe Bridges*, and acquaint her that the owner of it expected her at the place appointed where we would not faile to meet her in the dusk of the evening which then approached; He performed all things according to our wiſh, for when we came thither we found Horſes ready both for our ſelves and our men, and ſcarce had we lookt upon them, but in came *Forſet* & *Beſſe Bridges* loaden with gold, for ſo noble a ſpirit had this virtuous Maid far above her birth, and education, that ſhe did not only deſert her Lover in this his extreame neceſſity, but likewiſe brought him fifty pieces out of her own ſtock (beſides one hundred which he had left in her cuſtody) fearing leaſt (being far from his Friends and Country) he might be ſurprized and taken before he could ſend for money to facilitate his eſcape, we left the two Lovers to take their leaves, which was done with that affection as thoſe who are true Lovers indeed, are only able to be judges of, and *Spencer* having returned (her with many applauſes of her fidelity, and vowes never to be any others then hers) both her fifty pound given her the hundred pound ſhe had in cuſtody, conſigned over to her his Trunks with things of very rich value, and allotted her a Houſe in *Foy* part of his

his poſſeſſions to live in till his return, but eſpecially recommending his picture to her which ſhe vow'd to keep during her life, and given her a ſtrict charge, that as ſhe had hitherto maintained her ſelfe chaſt and vertuous in deſpite of the ſcandals, and to the envy of the World, ſo ſhe would for the future conſerve her honour as a jewell more precious then beauty or riches, took a ſad farewell of her. And we immediatly Horſing, rad with all ſpeed poſſible to *Foy*, where we arrived next morning early, juſt at the nick of time that the Fleet had order to ſaile, ſo immediatly getting aboard the Admirall, we to our thinking bid adieu to the *Engliſh* ſhore, for longer time then we were abſent from it, for we were by an unhappy accident foreed again to viſit it ſooner then we thought for, our Squadron having joyned with the reſt of the Fleet, had ſcarce got forty leagues from our beloved Country, when a hideous and dreadfull tempeſt from the Northweſt aſſayled us with ſo much fury, that we were not able to beare up our ſayles againſt it, whilſt a thick and black miſt ſurrounded us, taking away all light, but what the terrible flaſhes of lightning afforded, the Sky with horrible thunder, and the troubled Sea with boiſtrous whirling ſtorms beating the billows againſt the Ship with dreadfull noyſe, wrought ſo fearfully for the ſpace of four dayes, that the very Marriners themſelves were abaſhed, the Souldiers affrighted, and the Fleet diſperſed, not without very great danger recovered the Coaſt, where being come, though

others

others were glad of their ſafety, yet *Spencer* grew melancholly, fearing the danger he was in, ſhould he be diſcovered, but fortune was ſo favourable unto us, that our Ship could not reach *Plimouth*, ſo we put into *Falmouth* the very uttermoſt part of *England*, yet not very far diſtant from *Foy*, where *Spencer* had injoyned his beloved *Beſſe Bridges* to reſide in an Houſe of his own, for no ſmall parcell of his eſtate lay thereabouts, yet though he was ſo nigh he durſt not adventure either to goe or ſend to her, leaſt ſome ſiniſter accident might diſcover him (for it was given out that he had deſerted the Fleet and was fled another way) and ſo his covetiſe to have but one ſhort ſight of her, might deprive him both of her and his life together, yet ſhe hearing of the Fleet, being driven back, and that the Ship which only ſhe and *Forcet* knew, he was imbarqued upon, was put into *Falmouth*, not being able to reſtrain her paſſion, was more adventurous then he, but withall cautious, and therefore recommended to the care of *Forcet* (whom ſhe knew faithfull) a few lines to this purpoſe.

The

The Unworthy

Bess Bridges

To the worthy and Noble

SPENCER.

THough I dare not call that passion which your so often professed affection to me hath made me burn withall, Love, *whilst I know such a disparity of our births and fortunes, yet your obligations to me are so great that they enforce me to think my selfe bound to acknowledge it a duty I ow to your worth and goodnesse, which no danger or hazard whilst not yours shall restrain me from*

from tendring; accept but it and the continual Oraiſons *by me poured up for your ſafety, as a token of the gratitude I ow your bounties, and it ſhall be not only a ſatisfaction but a glory to hir whoſe life and death are in your hand and at your ſervice.*

Forcet having received this Letter from her with further inſtructions what he ſhould ſay, fled on the wings of friendſhip to *Falmouth*, and in leſſe then a dayes time got aboard our Ship; ſhould I tell you (noble *Spinola*) with what joy he was received by *Spencer*, or with what affection he enquired after the health of his beloved Miſtreſſe, you would think I hyperbolized, for it certainly exceeded all paſſions that the moſt inſnared Lover was ever yet ſenſible of, but being briefly informed by him of all things to his utmoſt content, he addreſſed himſelfe to returne an anſwer to her Letter, which he did in theſe words.

SPEN-

SPENCER,
To the
Glory of the West.

HOW ever worthy I may seem to you, yet I find my selfe so much unworthy to be accounted so, by so much beauty and vertue, that I dare not accept of any such thing as you stile Duty, *for I shall never live happy till you change that (to me) harsh dialect, and call your passion Wit; I find in me to be sincere Love, which if you will but once professe to preserve with so assured a constancy as I vow to you, I shall not onely think that my* Tutelar Angell *and Guardian of my safety, but esteem my selfe of all men most blessed.*

Having

Having recommended this *Letter* with innumerable loves to his dear Mistresse to *Foreet*, and taken *Conge* of him, he retired himselfe to to his Cabbin, and spent the most part of that night in melancholly cogitations and lamentations of his misery that he was forced to depart from one who so much loved him and was so much beloved of him; when the next morning those thoughts were broke off by the noyse the Mariners made, which gave him and me notice the Fleet was again departing, wherefore getting up, we found our selves already under sail with a prosperous gale, which for some dayes we were favoured with, but being come into the Bay of *Biscaia* were the second time encountred with a violent storm, though not so terrible as the first, yet by it we lost the main yard of our ship which forced *Rawleigh* with his Squadron to stay behind the General, and thereby loose him the opportunity of burning the Spanish Fleet in *Faroll*, but having mended our yard, we made all possible speed we could after *Essex* who had steered his course to *Fiall*, but coming there before him, and being distressed for fresh water, perceiving likewise from aboard ship that the inhabitants were packing up their goods to flie, and that the Haven was commodious to land in, without staying longer for the General we landed four miles from the Town, and having routed a party of *Spaniards* which came thither to oppose us, we entered the City, which we found destitute of inhabitants; I should not trouble

you

you Sir with a relation of this enterprize which was so publickly known, if it were not to him to you that this very action did contribute much to the fall of that Gallant *Essex*, who being seduced by some evill Counsell as to believe that *Rawleigh* had made this attempt only to rob him of his glory, and accused that he had in contempt of him and his authority broken the discipline war by landing without the consent of the Commander in chief, which *Essex* greedy of glory, and sensible of ambitious mind and ill affection towards him, easily believed, and though he were one of the three Commanders of the Fleet, publickly checked him and cashired several Captaines his friends and favorites, whereby he contracted to himselfe an enemy, who had not the least hand in his ruine and destruction: This Town we kept neer upon two moneths, *Spencer* beginning by action and absence to shake off his Love Melancholly, so that we jovially passed away the dayes, till about the time of our departure there happened an accident which of all but one that I ever felt most afflicted me, as we were walking together without the walls of the Town, we espied two Captains earnestly disputing & each challenging the other to have basely rob'd him of his honor got in the skirmish with the *Spaniards*, when my dear friend *Spencer* perceiving that from words, they began to draw their swords, ran in unto them, and by perswasions endeavoured to draw them from such rash encounters, telling them that

before

before they yet went home they might chance find enemies enough to imploy their valors on, and not destructively weild their swords to one anothers ruine; That that which they accounted courage, was nothing but a desperate folly, fitter to be practised by Beasts than Men; but they being deaf to all wholsom perswasions, and not at all giving ear to what he advised them, began desperately to foine at one another, when *Spencer* extending his piety so far, as to endeavour the parting of them, received a wound (to all our apprehensions) and his own too) mortal; I was enraged to see that he should so suffer for his too much goodness, and was ready to have revenged his wrong, had he not charged me by all ties of friendship to desist from any such attempt, and withall advised the two Captains to take care of their own safety, which generous offer of his they (having first expressed their sorrow, for having unwillingly abused his too noble spirit) accepted, and left me alone with my (to my best apprehension) dying friend, who I endeavoured by all means to comfort in this his last condition; nor was he of himself uncomfortlesse, but rather seeming not at all dejected, bid welcom to his death, which he confessed a just revenge of his having so rashly and suddainly slaine the Gentleman at *Plymouth*; this was the sum of his discourse to himself whilest I was busied in binding up his wound, which bled so fast, that I was fearfull that if perchance the wound might happen not to be mortal, yet

the too violent effusion of blood might depriv
him of his life, and so it almost had, for no
withstanding my endeavours (which thou
they were the utmost I could do, were b
poor in themselves) he was in a manner abs
lutely fainted away before I could get any a
sistance to help me carry him to the tow
but at length before he was quite spent, ther
came in three or four Souldiers, running no
so much to assist him as to seize me for his mur
der, for they no sooner arrived at us, but the
began violently to lay hands upon me, so th
to have freed my selfe from their causele
gripes, I had like to have committed that up
some of them which I was falsly supposed
have done upon *Spencer*, and their rudene
(for so I interpreted that) had assuredly be
the cause of my sending some of them to the
eternal mansion, had not one who seemed
have some influences over the rest, commande
them to desist from further oppressing me, a
withall told me that my opposing my selfe
gainst their numbers, would not only prove
piece of desperation rather than vallor, b
would likewise increase my guilt; I forced hi
to stop at that word guilt, for I wondered
must confesse extreamly what he meant by
and therefore earnestly pressed him to tell m
from whence such discourses might proceed
from whence (said he) can you imagine, b
from the death of that Gentleman (pointing t
Spencer;) I was more amazed then before t
hear him lay so, yet had lesse cause; for I no
suppos

ſuppoſed that the two Captains fearing leaſt I ſhould not be ſo generous as to make good my *Spencers* promiſe to them, and ingagement of me not to reveal them, had reſolved (hoping him abſolutely dead) by this ſtratagem to take away my life, and ſo the better acqnit themſelves; in which imaginations I had almoſt broken that tie of friendſhip wherein *Spencer* had bound me not to diſcloſe them, and revealed them as the actors of that Tragedy, but recollecting my ſelf, and obſerving that the Gentleman had taken notice of my diſcompoſure, and ſtill expected what anſwer I would make to his charge; I told him, That by what he had ſaid, I might eaſily gueſſe that they were come thither to apprehend me for the ſuppoſed murder of that Gentleman, that I was very well content to yeild my ſelfe his priſoner, though I were innocent of the leaſt thought of ſuch an action, which without the proſecution of the Law I ſhould ſufficiently demonſtrate by putting in execution my reſolve not long to outlive him, That I had yet ſome hopes that his wound was not mortal, but that the great effuſion of blood had brought him into that weak condition, out of which ſome care might perhaps bring him at leaſt for ſo long time as that he might clear me, for though (ſaid I) I am reſolved to follow him in death, I would not willingly do it with the aſperſion of being his murderer; and therefore I craved the aſſiſtance of ſome of thoſe that attended him to carry the body of my dear friend into the town,

where we might have the help of some Surgi-on, not only to bring him again to those senses which he had lost with excesse of bleeding, but likewise to give judgment upon the wound, and if possible effect his cure: The Gentleman very readily assented to what I desired, and having commanded some of those that were there, to take up the body with all tenderness possible, and others to guard me (though I tould him it was unnecessary, for I would not flie from the body of my so dear friend, unless it were to find out some death) we soon reached the town, and as soon after by the help of a Chyrurgion belonging to a Merchants ship then in the Road, my dear friend recovered his senses, and lifting up his eyes (not knowing well where he was) he was a good while silent, till espying me; And art thou there my dear *Goodlake* (said he) have the fates been so happy then as to permit me once again to see thee before I die? then are my joyes compleat, and I shall willingly yeild my selfe into the jaws of death, if that cruell Tyrant will but give me so much time as to lay some commands upon you, which I shall injoyn you to be true to; these words and his relation that endeavouring to part two persons strangers to him, he by chance from one of their swords received that fatal wound, acquitted me in all mens judgements, so the guard was dismissed, but the Gentleman who commanded them would have stayed longer, had not there at that instant come in a messenger, who acquaint-

ed

ed him that al perſons whatſoever belonging to the Fleet, were by the General commanded immediately to repair to their ſeveral ſhips upon pain of death, for the Fleet was even ready to ſet ſail, whereupon having wiſhed me all happineſſe, and *Spencer* the recovery of his health, he took his leave, and I having waited on him forth, and returned him a due thanks for his civility, made haſt in again to enjoy alone the company of my dear friend, whom I found in a manner even ready to give up the ghoſt, his faintneſſe having again ſeized him, yet at ſight of me he ſeemed ſomwhat comforted, and rearing himſelfe up in the bed, told me that he had ſeveral commands to lay upon me, which he would conjure me by all the ties of friendſhip, by all the obligations he had upon me, by his laſt dying words punctually to obey; O Lord! ſir, (ſaid I) think not that I have or can have any power to obey any command whatſoever, except it be to follow you in death; but why ſhould I talk of death ſince there is yet hopes that you may live, and I live happy in the enjoyment of your friendſhip; flatter not your ſelfe (ſaid he) with any ſuch vain thoughts, for I find death to have even already ſeazed me, but let me command you live, that ſince I muſt die I may reſt in peace; ſince then (repli'd I) you think my life neceſſary to the quiet and reſt of your ſoul, I ſhall endeavour to live, if it be but ſo long as till I fulfilled your injunctions, which be they what they will, I here proteſt by thoſe indiſſoluble

bonds of friendſhip which have been ſo often confirmed betwixt us inviolably to perform; here I ſtopped, expecting what he would enjoyn me, but he firſt deſired me to take out of his pocket a bundle of Papers wrapt up in a ſcroule of parchment, in which ſayes he you will find my laſt Will and Teſtament; I according to his deſire took out the bundle and, having found it out, what is your further command concerning this (ſaid I) That Will (ſaid he I confirme my laſt, therein thou wilt find that I have divided my whole eſtate between thee my dear friend, and my beloved *Beſſ Bridges*, but with this proviſo, that if thou ſhalt find her in the leaſt tainted, or to have falſified that faith wherewith ſhe made her ſelf mine, that five hundred pound *per annum* which I had reſolved to eſtate her in, let me beg of thee likewiſe to accept, and in requital of it to obey theſe eaſie commands; Firſt, That thou wilt reſtore this Ring to my beloved *Beſſe*, the laſt pledge ſhe gave me of her faith, which if ſhe have kept intire, 'will rejoyce her heart, and eaſe it ſomewhat of griefe for my death, if not, 'twill be a ſtrong witneſſe againſt her to condemn her as the moſt light, inconſtant, and very woman, in the world; ſecondly, That if thou ſhalt find that ſhe hath either broke her faith, or forfeited her honour, thou wilt not fail to take from her my picture, which how unworthy ſoever, is too good to be enjoyed or breathed on by one unchaſt; and thirdly, that thou wouldeſt make what haſt poſſible

thou

thou canſt to the ſhip, leaſt thou loſe the opportunity of this paſſage, and leave me to my fate, farewell; Farewell? (ſaid I) O ye Heavens! and is *Spencer* then ſo unkind as to command me from him? this command doth more afflict me then when he bid me live; for without his preſence I am but dead in my own conceit, but to be forced from him when he is even ready to render his ſoul to heaven, is worſe then death! either (ſaid I) command me not from you, or command me not to live: If (ſaid *Spencer*) the peace of my mind were not concerned in your abſence, I ſhould be as unwilling to be deprived of you, as you ſeem willing to die for my ſake; but ſince neither my dying deſires, nor our former ties of friendſhip can work upon you to leave me, I muſt reſt content, and as well as I can, pacifie my ſpirits: Nay, now (ſaid I) you are unjuſt, if my earneſt love made me ſpeak ſomewhat diſguſtfull, what reaſon have you to blame me? I will go, but who ſhall then cloſe up your dying eyes? who ſhall ſee you interred? what friend ſhall weep a tear upon your funerall hearſe? muſt it be added to the reſt of my torments, that I cannot perform the laſt duty of a friend to you? for that (ſaid he) trouble not your ſelfe, and ad not your afflictions to the heap of my miſeries, you are not the firſt that has loſt a friend, but the firſt (repli'd I) that ever loſt ſo faithfull a friend, farewell, for I cannot ſtay here and obey your commands, farewell; that word parted us, for ſince his

injunctions were ſo abſolute, I thought it would but ad to his griefe, and perhaps haſten hisdeath to ſtay longer, ſo having with a heavy heart given the Surgion charge of him, and left him a ſufficient number of crowns, I haſtened on ſhip-board, having no deſire now to live, but to obey his commands; being arrived on ſhip-board and under ſaile, we might hear the Great Bell of the City toul, which was as it were a ſad Omen of that newes I after heard, and which made me inquiſitive into the cauſe of ſome Mariners, who having ſtaid too late, purſued the Fleet in a ſwift *Fellucca*, at length overtook us, who told me what my own fears predicted, that it was for one *Spencer* a Gentleman, and well known in the Fleet, who was juſt at their leaving the town, dead of a mortal wound; all theſe circumſtances confirmed it was my dear friend, nor could I refrain ſo much my paſſions, but that overwhelmed with grief, I fell down upon the Deck, and had not the great care of my friends and acquaintance again revived me, I had been made incapable of ever performing the injunctions of my dead friend, yet what with their perſwaſions and the comfort I had of having ſome ſervice to performe to his memory, I aſſwaged my grief, and began to bethink my ſelfe how I might carefully obſerve his commands, they were outwardly eaſie, but whoſoever conſiders how cloſe women are in their actions, will judge it a hard task to prove them unchaſt, yet at length I bethought my ſelf that Mr. *Forcet* the perſon who

who assisted us in our escape from *Plimouth*, might very possibly give me an account of the since carriage and deportment of *Bess Bridges*; he having expressed to me his intention of residing at *Foy*, where this Magnanimous Maid (for so when you have heard her gallant deportment, you will think her worthy to be called) was by her lover enjoyned to live; to him therefore at my arrival (which was after a very short and prosperous voyage) I addressed my selfe, and easily perswaded him to give me the following Relation.

The Con-

The Continuation of the

STORY

OF THE

Magnanimous Maid.

COuld I dear friend (said he) summon up all those rhetoricall Epithites, which have by the most famous and renowned wits been given to virtue or chastity, I might undertake before I entred into a story of her carriage and demenour since your absence, and the absence of your worthy friend *Spencer*, to give you a character of this unparaleld Maid, but since that is impossible for me, ile give you leave to judg by her actions how much she deserves applause above the thought of Man or reach of eloquence; No sooner had she recovered from the swound which she fell into at parting from her beloved *Spencer*, but she began to repeat what he had left her in charge, and first said she virtue and chastity, did then my *Spencer* doubt or mistrust me, oh no, 'twas love, 'twas love, and care of me (said she correcting her selfe) that made him give

give me that counſell, elſe why ſhould he be ſo anxious and carefull for my being, and ſurely would have been ſo for my wel-being, my living chaſt and virtuous, had it been in his power, to me then that remaines which when I forgoe, or make forfeite of my honour or faith to him plighted, let me not be thought unworthy of my *Spencer*, but to live upon the Earth, here ſhe began again to lament her misfortune, which had made her ſo miſerable as to be deprived of her *Spencer*, when ſhe had but juſt been made ſenſible of his ardent love and affection to her, and had aſſuredly fell into a ſecond ſwound, had not I endeavoured by all poſſible arguments to comfort her, and divert thoſe thoughts, by putting her in mind of his charge, for her ſpeedy removall to *Foy*, which ſhe delayed no longer then the ſucceeding day, when making even accounts with her Maſter, and taking care to pack up thoſe goods which were left her by Maſter *Spencer*, (but eſpecially taking care to preſerve his picture, which ſhe kiſſed ten thouſand times, with as much affection as if it had not been the dull repreſentation, but her reall living love,) ſhe in very few dayes removed from *Plymouth*, and in as few more was ſetled at the *Windmill* in *Foy*, whither her fame ſpread all over *England*, drew her ſuch cuſtome that ſhe was the envy of all thoſe of her Trade, I wonder (ſaid *Spinola* interrupting his valiant Lord Generall) that Maſter *Spencer* being ſo much inamoured of her beauty and virtues, having an eſtate ſo great, and being a Gentleman

of

of ſuch quality, did not rather provide a private appartment, or habitation like a Gentlewoman, or at leaſt a Perſon he thought worthy his affection, rather then expoſe her again to the publick temptation of the World: (Your Objection anſwered) Captain *Goodlake* is no more then what I expected, and what I my ſelf had very often made to himſelfe, but could never get any farther reaſon of that action from him, then that thereby he ſhould make the greater tryall of her virtues: but in my judgment (replyed *Spinola*) the tryall was too hazardous of a Perſon whom he ſo intirely affected; You ſay true, (ſaid *Goodlake*) but there is no diſputing the reaſons of paſt actions, eſpecially ſuch as ſpring from the private boſomes of particular Perſonages, but (continued he) to proceed in *Forſet*'s relation, amongſt theſe many Gueſts; (ſaid he) there could not want ſome who would prove Suitors to ſuch an excellent face, eſpecially when they perceived that it was likewiſe embelliſhed with virtue, and that ſet forth by no deſpicable eſtate, which the ſtock left her by Maſter *Spencer* had in ſmall time acquired, amongſt the reſt there was one Maſter *Hopton*, a Gentleman of a very good Family, and great revenue in that Country, who for a long time laboured in her love, nor was he wanting to endeavour to force her to an acceptance of ſuch preſents as he would dayly ſend, but ſuch was the nobleneſſe of her mind, that ſhe would not accept of the price, where ſhe could not make good the bargain expected,

love,

love, Nay ſo generous was ſhe, that (contrary to the common humour of that Sex, who love not only to have many Suitors, but to lull them ſtill on in hopes of their deſires) ſhe not permitting the poor Gentleman to languiſh in vain expectations of what he could never obtain, he had no ſooner diſcovered his paſſion, but ſhe plainly told him, that her love was not hers to give, being already diſpoſed to one, with whom ſhould ſhe break her faith, ſhe had juſt reaſon to ſuſpect ſhe ſhould not only be abhorred by all Perſons whatſoever, but eſpecially by him who ſo earneſtly ſolicited her to it, yet this anſwer did not at all ſatisfy my young Gallant, who with no leſſe eagerneſs then before ſtil purſued his ſuite, till finding by her continuall repulſes there was left no hopes of victory, he reſolved upon travell, as the fitteſt cure for his loveſick mind, ſhould I (ſaid *Forſet*) give you a particular account of all her Suitors, I ſhould make the relation tedious, and ſpend as much time in it, as there was ſpent in their ſeverall actions, I ſhall therefore only particularize two more.

But as Captain *Goodlake* was going forward in this ſtory came a Meſſenger in, whoſe countenance betrayed the haſt of what he had to deliver, yet ſo much breath had he loſt by his violent running, mixt with feare, that a good while it was before the illuſtrious *Spinola* could make him deliver his meſſage, which at length they underſtood to be cauſed by a ſuddain incurſion of about five thouſand *Savoyards* upon the Camp, for the Duke of *Savoy* incenſed at

the

the last defeat of his Forces, had with all possible speed raised another Army, and commanded them to march night and day, till they revenged their rout, and regained the honour lost by their Countrymen, these expresse Orders joyned with the vigilancy of their Generall made them fly with such speed that they even like *Cæsar* outwent the report of their coming, and (still in their way recruting themselves with such as either fled from the other Battell, or whom the charity of *Spinola*, at Captain *Goodlake*'s request had released at the storm of the Castle) they were come within view of the *Genovese* Camp before they had (such was their security, and the negligence of the Scouts) any notice or advice of their coming, which suddain surprize had so much disordered them, that without speedy help they must necessarily fall into an inevitable ruine, this news extreamly startled the two valiant Captaines, but not at all abated their wonted courage, nor lessened in them the care to assist their distressed Camp, wherefore *Spinola* drawing out a selected party of Foot out of the Garrison, and *Goodlake* the like of Horse, they seemed to fly to the assistance of their friends, spurred on not only by their own innate valour, but by the earnest desire they had still to maintain, and keep alive that honour, which by the last *Campagna* they had so happily given birth to; Scarce were they come within sight of their almost scattered Troops, but their Souldiers having advice that their Generals were posting to their relieſe, began

to

to encourage their fellows, and gathering together into ſeverall cloſe battalious, firſt put a ſtand, to the purſuing fury of the *Savoyards*, this unexpected fight made their Commanders ſpur on more eagerly to the reliefe of thoſe Souldiers, who ſo valiantly maintained their grounds and their Countrys honour, whilſt the *Savoyards* angry to ſee a ſtop put to their full hopes, and almoſt aſſurance of an abſolute victory, preſſed with more fury upon their Enemies, whoſe preſent valour they accounted but like the blaze of a dying Taper before its extinction, and indeed ſo it had proved, (notwithſtanding the great care and valour of *Juſtiniano*, who reſolutely adventured his Perſon amongſt the thickeſt and moſt daring of his enemies, thereby to double the courage of his almoſt wearied Souldiers) had not *Spinola* and *Goodlake* come in with their opportune aſſiſtance, the firſt that arrived was *Goodlake*, who having wheeled about, fell into the Enemies Flank with ſuch a brave reſolution, that at the firſt charge he put them into diſorder, but ſuch was their courage that (notwithſtanding his advantage here, and that *Spinola* with his freſh ſupply of gallant infantry the *Savoyards* were forced to give ſome ground) ſpurred on with their confidence of victory that rather renewing then abating their fury, they continued the battell till the darkneſſe of the night parted both Armies, and forced them to an unvoluntary retreat on both ſides, the *Genoveſes* being forced notwithſtanding their gallant reſiſtance,

to

to yeild so much of the victory to their enemies as to give them leave to passe freely into the Territories of the Duke of *Mantua*, and joyne with the *Ferrarian* Forces, which more grieved the generous *Spinola*, valiant *Goodlake*, and the noble *Justiniano*, then the wounds they had received in the battell, but finding it in vain to repine at their ill fortune, they thought it fitter to retire to the Castle to consult of Deeds then to rest there by helplesse words to bemoane their ill successe.

THE END

Of the First Part of the First Book.

THE ENGLISH LOVERS: A ROMANCE.

The Second Book.

STrange was the passion that possessed the generous *Philocles* for the last days oversight, and willingly would he have thrown by all thoughts of redressing it, to have prosecuted his revenge on those by whose neglect it sprung, had not *Goodlake* perswaded him that it was now no time to think of punishments, but rather to consult of some means to redeem not the loss of honor, for he was sensible of no such thing, whilest though the enemy had gained the pass, they yet stood upon equal terms with them, but the regaining the advantage they had got, which might by a speedy pursuit easily be done, and they yet either driven out of the *Mantouese* Territories, or utterly cut off; that the whole Army seemed to him guilty of the yesterdays neglect, and though some might seem more concerned then others, and according to the strict rule of Martial disci-

pline, might deſerve a ſevere puniſhment: yet in this pinch of neceſſary ſervice required from them, it would ſeem a great deal better to paſs it by, they now wanting rather encouragements to ſpur them on, then puniſhments of ſome few, to damp the courage of the reſt. That he might eaſily diſcern by the Armies courage, and reſolute endeavors by force, to regain what by want of care they had loſt, that they were ſo really ſorry for their negligence, that they were willing to expiate that crime with their bloods. That therefore he ſhould lay aſide all thoughts of rigor, and (only by ſome words making them aſhamed of their fault) by a free pardon beget in them in a deſire of amendment. Though the worthy *Spinola* was very ſenſible that this advice of his Lieutenant Generals was moſt ſeaſonable, yet whether ſwayed by his paſſion, or out of inbred hate to that family, he would not reſt ſatisfied till a Captain of the houſe of the *Grimaldi*'s (who having that night the charge of the watch, was therefore thought moſt culpable) was called to anſwer the ſurprize, and aſſuredly his death had onely ſufficed to expiate his neglect, had not thoſe great ſervices he had often performed, the murmurs of the Soldiers, and *Goodlakes* perſwaſions, overſwaied *Spinola*'s intentions, who finding that his death would probably breed a mutiny, or worſe diſcontents in the Army, though it would better ſuit with his honor and *Grandezza*, to give that life freely, which he could not take away with ſafety, and therefore having firſt at large laid down the penal-

penalties due to those neglects, whereof he had confessed himself guilty; he concluded, that though the world might very well believe that the enmities between their families, might make him rejoyce at so just an occasion offered, to take away the life of one of the *Grimaldi's*, yet no thoughts of private enmity, or revenge, could restrain him from giving due honor and respect to his very enemies, that his former services sounded so loud in his ears, that for their sake he was content to remit the present forfeit of his life, not doubting but he would by future services so redeem the fault, that his Country should think him deserving of the pardon. The Captain returned him a thankful answer, but in such doubtful terms, that he might easily guess that he thought his life more due to the love of the Soldiery, then to *Spinola's* curtesie, concluding his Speech more clearly, by telling him, that he hoped his Country should never have occasion to think either him, or any of his Family, unworthy of life, whilest though they never had the happiness to arrive to that height of command, which some of other Familes, perhaps less worthy, had been entrusted with; yet none should be more ready then they to sacrifice their utmost abilities to its service.

Spinola, though he knew these words were levell'd at him, yet so brideled his passion, that returning him no other answer, then that he did not doubt but the Duke and Senate were well satisfied with the worth of those whom they employed, that though they could not advance

every man who deserved it to a supream command, yet their favor would shine no less clear upon that Captain, who faithfully discharged his trust as upon their General himself; that it argued some thing of self-guiltiness, at least self-conceit, to arrogate to ones self a reward of imagined merits; that for his, he wished they might prove so clear, that the Senate might think him fit to confer upon him the Generalship of their Army, which when so, he should willingly resign it; and therewith dismissing him to his charge, he gave order that the Army should immediately be put in a posture to pursue their enemy, and if possibly, hinder their conjunction with the Forces of *Ferrara*; his commands were immediately obeyed, and the whole body both of horse and foot were in very few hours upon their march after their foes, but with very small hopes of reaching them, for finding their Army extreamly broken, they adventured not to stand another shock, but in the dead of the night were marched away with an incredible speed, intending to joyn with the Duke of *Ferrara*, who then with a potent Army faced the *Mantouese*; their flight more animated the generous *Spinola*, and his whole Army, who now looking upon them as conquered, and pursued, fled with the wings of revenge to arrive at an easie slaughter; but they were deceived in their expectations, for after two days march, they had advice that the enemies Army, being increased with the addition of two thousand *Ferrareses*, was turning back to encounter them; nor long had

had they received this news, but a meſſenger arrived, who all bloody and trembling, related to them the cauſe of their enemies advance towards them, which they were before almoſt incredible of, his very countenance betrayed the ill news he brought, nor need *Spinola* ask him what it was, for with a kinde of ſtammering he began to tell him, That the Armies of the two Dukes having ſeveral days faced each other, the ſoldiers of either ſide by continual skirmiſhes ſtill provoking their enemies to the battel, at length by a joynt conſent, drew out their forces, and on the ſpacious plains of *Miraneula*, began ſo terrible a battel, that the Sun, though but newly riſen from his watry bed, not daring to look upon ſuch ghaſtly deaths as each ſide ſtrove to give the other, crouded himſelf under the blackeſt and moſt diſmal clouds, whileſt the two hoſts with various fortune diſputed the victory, till about the time when the Sun having arrived to his greateſt height, began again to decline; Fortune ſeemed moſt to favor us, for the right wing of the enemy was abſolutely defeated, and their main battel began to give ground, ſo that we were in a maner aſſured of victory; our ſhouts of joy ecchoing our confidence to the skies, but alas! Fortune did onely flatter us, for what we gained on one ſide, we loſt on the other, for our right wing began apparently to give ground, and by the valor of one ſole ſtranger was in a maner defeated. Gods! with what fury did he pierce our Squadrons? his victorious ſword like an overthrowing thunder-

bolt tumbling down all before it? how did he make our greateſt ſpirits bow, as if death and deſtruction had been entailed on his arm, yet could not touch his body? In ſum, notwithſtanding the valiant *Lorenzo* poſted with a freſh ſupply of horſe, to the aſſiſtance of our all-moſt ſcattered wing, as if his indefatigable arm knew no wearineſs, he flew like lightning amongſt our braveſt troops, and ſeconded by a ſelect party (and who would refuſe to follow ſo gallant a Commander?) quickly forced them to accompany their before-wearied fellows in a ſhameful flight. This ſucceſs put a new courage into their Main battel, ſo that again regaining their ground, they maintained a ſharp fight with us, yet ſomething doubtful, till the valiant ſtranger, having left ſufficient numbers to purſue our defeated right wing, attacqued us with his Troops, which ſtruck ſuch a pannick fear into the coward heart of our ſoldiers, that if hell with all its terrors had aſſaulted them, it could not more have appaled their daſtard ſpirits; for as if they knew no reſiſtance for his victorious arm, they immediately threw down their Arms, and with all ſpeed fled towards *Mirandola*; the victorious enemy ſpurred on by revenge, ſtill purſuing and ſacrificing to *Bellona* thouſands of their coward-ſouls.

Captain *Goodlake* all the while the meſſenger was making this relation, was meditating who this mirror of courage ſhould be, and no longer able to reſtrain his deſire of knowing him, here interrupted him, by demanding if he knew

of

of what Country the valiant ſtranger was? Sir, anſwered the meſſenger, I know him no farther then by the effects of his valor, which were ſo prodigious, that it makes me believe thoſe which I formerly thought fables of the antient *Hero's* might be truths, and that ſome of their noble ſouls might be tranſmugrated into this mans body; Heavens how did our beſt Commanders yield up their ſouls when ever his ſword was pleaſed to command them; the valiant *Lorenzo* that famous ſoldier, *Petruchio*, *Horatio*, *Alonzo*, and the too young and too valiant *Schiarra*, were all made dead Trophies of his living valor. And is *Schiarra* then dead? ſaid *Spinola*, interrupting him; he is, ſaid the meſſenger, and with him dead all our hopes of courage, or goodneſs. He was indeed a perſon (ſaid *Spinola*, turning to Captain *Goodlake*) to whom the graces ſeem'd to ſtrive, which ſhould be moſt prodigal of their bounties, a youth beloved both of Gods and men, affable, courteous, noble, generous, valiant, and no way deſerving ſo hard a fate; but how did the noble Duke eſcape, ſaid he to the meſſenger, or is he dead? or rather fallen into the hands of his triumphant enemies, tell us, that we may hear all our miſeries together? The Gods have yet preſerved the noble Duke, replied the meſſenger, yet to trie the fortune of another day, if he can but again rally up his ſcattered forces, which we have ſome hopes may be done, for as yet the whole left wing of our horſe remains entire, who onely now watch an opportunity to joyn again to the reſt of his

ſcattered Army; and though the ſlaughter was great on our ſide, yet was not the victory cheap on the enemies, for the greateſt part of their right wing was cut off, or taken priſoners, and no ſmall number fell in their Main battel; our Muſters at preſent in *Mirandola* amount to about ſeven thouſand foot, and two thouſand horſe, ſo that were your Army joyned with ours, and our left wing come up, we might preſume, notwithſtanding their conjunction with the *Savoyards*, again to take the field.

At theſe words there came in one of the Scouts to acquaint the General that the *Savoyards*, ſtrengthened with two thouſand *Ferrareſe*, were now within three leagues of him, and made all poſſible ſpeed to arrive him before night, whereupon laying aſide all other affairs, he immediately called a Counſel of War, to conſult what was fitteſt to be done, ſome adviſed that the beſt courſe was to make a ſwift retreat to the Caſtle of the *Flaminii*, and there ſtrongly encamp themſelves till they could get relief, it being impoſſible that with half the number of their enemies (for they were no more) they ſhould be able to ſtand out an encounter; but both the generous *Spinola*, and Captain *Goodlake*, were of a contrary judgement, and rather inclined to fight them, which opinion of theirs being ſeconded by the valiant ſoldiery, who filled the skies with loud exclamations, that they would never flie them were they thrice as many, that they would never doubt of victory, whileſt their valiant General, and Lieutenant

General

General were with them, and that therefore they ſhould not ſtay their coming, but advance; theſe Ecchoes, I ſay, of the ſoldiers, to the votes of *Spinola*, and *Goodlake*, made thoſe who before were for a retreat, quickly change their mindes and conſent to a battel; ſo the Army diſlodged, and about the time that the Sun had made two hours deſcent towards the Weſtern Ocean, attacqued their enemies, who confident in their numbers, and looking upon this encounter of the *Genoueſes* as an act rather of furie and deſperation, then wiſdom and valor, aſſured themſelves of an abſolute victory, and had already divided among themſelves the *Genoueſe* Nobles, and proportioned their Ranſoms; but had they not been ſo confident of a conqueſt, they might perhaps have conquered, whileſt their thoughts of its certainty utterly loſt it, for both the Commanders and common Soldiers, aſſured in their numbers, neglecting their orders, ran themſelves into inevitable ruine, which yet they perceived not till they ſaw themſelves utterly deſerted by their horſe, (whom the valiant *Goodlake* on the one ſide, and the Illuſtrious *Pallavicini* on the other, (for the gallant *Juſtiniano* loſt his life at the firſt charge) had utterly routed) when the main body of Infantry drew up cloſer together, reſolving either to gain the victory, or to ſell their lives at a dear rate, in recompence of their folly; this laſt indeed they effected, for they maintained the fight till near Sun-ſet, though galled on both ſides by the enemies horſe, with an infinite ſlaughter of their enemies,

enemies, to whoſe ſwords they were no leſs made ſacrifices, till at length wearied out, and hemmed in on all ſides, two thouſand three hundred, the remains of four thouſand Infantry, yielded themſelves to the mercy of the Conquerors.

This Victory put the *Mantuan* affairs again into a gallant poſture, the news of it much rejoiced the Duke, who was then anew compleating his before-broken Army at *Mirandola*; but more was he rejoiced at the arrival of the generous *Spinola* there, whom he received withal imaginable pomp and ſplendor, and he having firſt preſented the priſoners taken in the laſt conflict, next recommended unto him his valiant Lieutenant General *Goodlake*, as a perſon to whom, though a ſtranger, he ought all his preſent happineſs; the Duke amazed at his great Obligations, to one whom he had never yet ſeen, immediately ſent for him, and he as readily obeyed his ſummons; when being come into the preſence, where the Duke ſat in his Chair of Eſtate, having made his obeiſance, he kneeled down, but his Highneſs not permitting that Ceremony, fit onely for Subjects, to one to whom he acknowledged himſelf beholding both for his life and Dukedom, riſing from his Chair, and taking him into his embraces, told him, that he underſtood by the generous *Spinola*, that he was the perſon to whoſe gallantry he was indebted for all his good Fortunes, that his Obligations were ſo much the greater by how much they proceeded from a perſon whom he had no

way

way obliged; that for the future, he would endeavor with all possible address to quit the score of his debts, which were so many and so great, that it was impossible that a short time should finde out a proportionable recompence; that he would therefore make it his future study, and that now he did not doubt to vie Forces and valor to his enemy of *Ferrara*, since as well as he had a Stranger, and a valiant Stranger to be his Champion. Captain *Goodlake* endeavored to return a suitable answer to his over-civil reception of him (for so he stiled it) by telling him that the Noble *Spinola* had wronged both himself and him, the first by robbing himself of that honor which was onely due to his worth, and the second by attributing to him things far above his deserts; that if he had done any acceptable service to his Highness, 'twas sufficiently recompenced in being accepted, & that he should alwayes account it the greatest honor could accrue to him to spend his life in so just a cause as his. Many complements of the like nature passed till such time as the Duke thought it fit time to conduct these two gallant Commanders to their appartment, which he did himself in person, leaving them into a room richly hung with Arras, and fit for the entertainment of so Noble Guests, where leaving them alone; Captain *Goodlake* perceived that a strange and unusual melancholy had seized upon the worthy *Spinola*, and that he whose comportment used to be always pleasant and Debonaire, was now dull and heavy, he would not presently trouble him

him to demand the reaſon of it, hoping it was but ſome ſudden fit which ſoon would be paſt over, but finding it to continue, and rather augment then decreaſe, he interrupted his fixt cogitations, by telling him, That he was not ſenſible of any accident which had happened, which might deſerve of him ſo great a dejection, or if there were, that he could not but imagine that his friendſhip to him was leſſened, whileſt he kept from him the cauſe of his ſorrow, who had made him partaker of all his griefs. The Noble *Spinola* at theſe words awaked as it were out of a dream, looking ſtedfaſtly upon him, replied; My griefs are now, dear friend, made in ſome meaſure parralel with thine, for I have loſt a friend whom I prized above my very ſoul, my dear friend *Schiarra*. *Schiarra*, replied *Goodlake*, was that generous youth whom the meſſenger, who brought us advice of the Dukes defeat, reported to be ſlain by the hands of the Stranger, who in *Ferrara*'s cauſe performed ſuch wonders, ſo much your friend as to deſerve ſuch ſorrow? Our friendſhip, replied *Spinola*, was ſo firm, that nothing but death and envious fate could have ſeparated, or broken it. I confeſs, ſaid *Goodlake*, I perceived at the firſt relation of the news, that your countenance ſtrangely altered, though I could not then gueſs the cauſe of it; but ſince you have been pleaſed to make me, I know not whether I may ſay happy or unhappy in its knowledge, let me further conjure you by thoſe noble favors you have already done me, to give a relation of that perſon, for I know

he

he muſt have been one in all things worthy, who could from you merit ſo entire a friendſhip. Though it will but be a renewing of the memory of my ſorrows, replied *Spinola*, I have been ſo much obliged to you for the relation of your own, and ſome part of the Fortunes of the generous *Spencer*, that I cannot deny you this requeſt, and perhaps it may prove a diſburdner of my ſorrows to impart them.

The Loves of *Schiarra* and *Florelia*.

KNow then noble friend (continued *Spinola*) that when I arrived to about the third Luſtre, my Uncle *Ambrogio Spinola*, to whoſe care I was committed by my Father during his abſence in the Netherlands, thought me at an age fit to intruſt me with the ſight of other Countries, as looking upon travel as the enlivener of the ſoul, and ſtirrer up of generous mindes to an emulation of other vertues, and becauſe the glory and ſplendor of *Florence* (by reaſon of the abſolute Government of the *Medici* Dukes of *Tuſcany*) ſeem'd to exceed that of all other *Italian* Cities, he ſent me thither, recommanding me to Signor *Alonzo Schiarra*, an ancient Nobleman of that City, and both a great friend of, and ſomewhat alied unto thoſe of our Family; I was received by him with all poſſible expreſſions of Love and Affection, with proteſtations of having the ſame

care

care of me that he would have of his own and onely Son *Giorgio Schiarra*, a youth of about twelve years of age, of a ſweet and affable nature, comely carriage and behavior, and with all exceeding beautiful, with him I aſſociated my ſelf in learning thoſe exercciſes of riding, fencing, and other qualities and ſtudies which the Nobility of *Italy* do moſt delight in, and generally breed up their ſons, to the better to enable them when they ſhould arrive at riper years to ſerve their Country; ſuch was the delight that we took in each others company, and ſo did our friendſhip flouriſh in thoſe our tender years, that it grew up as it were to an inviolable bond, to the great delight of the old *Alonzo*, who gloried to ſee how we ſtrove more and more to endear our ſelves together, and yet would endeavour to exceed each other in duty and reſpect to him, ſo that he would often ſay, that if we had but both been his children, no Father could have boaſted a happineſs like his; thus we lived together for about three years, and upwards, never parting by our good wills neither night nor day, or if by any chance we were for ſome time forced to be aſunder, that time was either ſpent in dull melancholly, or in pouring forth prayers for each others ſafety; but whileſt we thus lived in all bliſs and content imaginable, adverſe Fortune renewed an old Feud, which had long lain aſleep between the Families of the *Schiarri* and the *Donati*, a Family obſerved to be moſt guilty (though they had leaſt cauſe) of pride of any one

one in *Florence*; the occaſion of the raking up the embers of this long concealed fire, were ſo ſlight, that they are not worth relating, let it ſuffice that it ſoon grew into ſuch a flame, as diſturbed the whole City of *Florence*, and many murders were committed on both ſides, *Almerigho Donati*, ſon to *Lorenzo Donati*, one of the chief of that Family, was the firſt that felt the fury of this difference by the loſs of his life, which was too ſoon revenged upon *Giovanni Schiarra*, a youth in whom all Nobleneſs flow'd, but of too tender years to be made a concern in this bloody difference, who being ſet upon by three of the oppoſite Family, though he bravely defended himſelf, being overpowred, was made a ſacrifice to their revenge. This baſeneſs extreamly heightned the difference, yet it made ſomewhat well for the *Schiarri*, who gained thereby the friendſhip of almoſt the whole City, for they generally condemned the *Donati* for committing ſo horrid and unworthy a murther, upon the perſon of one ſo young and tender, that he ſcarce yet knew the handling of offenſive Arms; in ſum, ſcarce a day paſſed but either wounds or deaths given or taken; yet my *Schiarra* and I paſſed unaffronted, which proceeded not from any want of malice in the *Donati* to him, for they particularly coveted his death as the ſon, and onely ſon of one of the chiefeſt of their enemy family; but becauſe they knew that our friendſhip was ſuch (and ſeldom or never did we walk aſunder) that it was impoſſible for them to engage him, and not endanger

ger me, and very ſenſible they were that ſhould I have miſcarried by their ſwords, my Father would either by Embaſſie have procured, or by war have forced the Grand Duke to have executed a ſevere vengeance on my murtherers; nor was the old *Alonzo Schiarra* inſenſible that it was out of fear of me, for thoſe reaſons before recited, that his ſon paſſed unaſſaulted, and therefore he took ſpecial care that he walked not out ſingle, nor indeed in any company but mine; but he might have ſpared thoſe thoughts, for ſuch was the ſweet harmony we found in one anothers ſociety, that all others, except our ſelves, ſeemed a jarring diſcord; and yet it happened one morning that I being ſomewhat indiſpoſed, and keeping my bed, he accompanied me in my chamber, till about ten a clock, when I falling into an eaſie ſlumber, led by I know not what evil Angel, he adventured to go abroad into the *Piazza*; ſcarce was he gone but I awaked, and calling for him, a ſervant told me that he was newly gone forth, I ſtarted to hear him ſay ſo, for me thought his very words were like the paſſing Bell which rang out any friends funeral, I leapt out of bed, and put on my cloaths with a propicious ſpeed, made all haſte towards the *Piazza*, where I found that true which my fears had boded to me, for juſt at the corner of the ſtreet that entred upon the place, I eſpied him valiantly defending himſelf againſt two of the *Donati*, I flew with all poſſible ſpeed to the place, but juſt as I arrived to his aſſiſtance, I had occaſion given me to think that all help of mine

was

was too late, for brandiſhing my ſword at one of of them, I had no ſooner ſaid, And will the *Donati* never forget to be treacherous? but he fell at my feet, fainting rather through effuſion of blood, then for any dangerous or mortal wound received; but ſeeing him fall I ſtopped my ſpeech, and deſperately ran at one of his Aſſailants, whom I made meaſure out his length on the earth, to accompany my dear friend, whileſt the other truſted to his feet for his ſafety, nor need he have ran overſwiftly, for my care of *Schiarra* would not permit me to purſue him: but coming to my friend, who lay ſtretched out upon the ground, I perceived in him very few ſymptomes of life, yet I thought it more convenient to cheriſh ſome hopes that he might recover, and by them encourage my ſelf to have his wounds quickly recommended to the Surgions care, then delay time by an unprofitable grief, the onely way utterly to looſe him; and therefore having got the aſſiſtance of ſome Citizens thereabouts, we carried him home in a chair, the Surgions whom I had ſent for, overtaking us, who after they had laid him with the greateſt eaſe they could upon the bed, began to uſe thoſe arts they thought moſt fit to return him to life, which in half an hours time they effected, and in as much more having dreſſed his wounds, aſſured me, that though they were very many, there was not one of them mortal, or dangerous, but that his fainting was onely for loſs of blood, which out of ſo many Orifices muſt needs finde paſſage in abundance, that if

they could now (which they would use all their Arts to do) keep him from falling into a feaver, there could not be the least doubt of his recovery, and that in very few days. I had no sooner received this comfortable news, but I ran with all possible speed to communicate it to the good old *Alonzo*, who overcome with excess of grief, had retired himself into his closet, and would by no perswasions either be drawn thence, or restrained from tearing his gray hairs and reverent beard, and miserably afflicting himself; being come to the door, I knocked at it, and withall told him, that I had brought him news that would rejoyce him; And am I then so miserable, said he, as to hear *Spinola* tell me now of rejoycing? Open the door Sir, said I, and if I do not perform what I have promised, blot me out of the list of your friends; herewith he opened the door, and looking stedfastly upon me, what, says he, my dear *Spinola*, hast thou now to tell me that can make me rejoyce? now that I have lost my son, is it that thou wilt be another *Giorgio* to me? I know thou wilt, and I accept it, but alas! he was my own son, my own flesh and blood, give me leave then to lament him; and herewith he began again to tear his hair and beard, but I stopped his fury, by telling him, Alas Sir! why should you thus cruciate your self for a supposed loss? your Son liveth, and may, I hope, yet live to be as aged as you are now: Fie, fie *Spinola*, said he, think you to make believe these are any other then mockeries? I could never have believed you so cruel,

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did I not see him dead? 'Tis true, replied I, he was both to yours and my appearance dead, but it was onely loss of blood, which was the cause of his fainting, for now his spirits being revived, the Surgions assure me, he will in very few days be easily recovered, none of his wounds being either dangerous, or mortal: If this be true, replied he, how am I blest, and blessed be thou that bring'st me joyful news indeed; and thereupon going to take me about the neck to embrace me, joy had so overpowred his soul, that his spirits failing, he fell into a swound, but soon recovered, when yet he would not believe what I had related to him, till his eyes had confirmed it: to be brief, three weeks time rendred *Schiarra* by the great care and industry of the Surgions, perfectly whole, during which time I never stirred from him, nor indeed durst I stir abroad, the whole Family of the *Donati* having solemnly vowed my death, though they all lost their lives, for the rescue I gave *Schiarra*, and for the wounding their Kinsman, for slain he was not, and now my friend was recovered, we began to consult our own safeties, for we were both equally concerned; the opinion of old *Alonzo* was, that I should return to *Genoua*, where I might presume my self secure, and that to my care he would commit his son, whom he did not doubt I would preserve as my self, till the storms in *Florence* were blown over: I returned him a hearty thanks for the honor he did me in making such a motion, assuring my self that it would be seconded by my dear *Schiarra*, whose

friendſhip and mine had taken ſo deep root, that I was very confident nothing but death, or inevitable neceſſity could ſeparate us; ſo all parties being agreed, we next adviſed how to take our journey with all poſſible privacy, which to effect all things ſucceeded to our wiſh; ſo we departed from *Florence*, taking our leaves of the good old *Alonzo*, who with many tears offered up oraiſons for our ſafety: In four days time we arrived at *Genoua*, where I uſed my utmoſt endeavors to entertain *Schiarra*, according to beſt rules of friendſhip, recommending him to thoſe of my relations, whom I knew the greateſt honorers of worth and vertue, but he would often tell me that my company was the onely ſolace of his ſoul, which I took care he ſhould not want, for I proteſt really that I believe in all the time which we ſpent in *Genoua*, which was near a year, we never were three hours together abſent from one another; our ſports were alike, our ſtudies alike, and as yet we had not been wounded with Loves which might ſeparate and eſtrange our affections. About a twelvemoneth, as I ſaid, being paſt in the pleaſures of *Genoua* and the *Riviera*, I received Letters from my Father, commanding me to attend him at the Leaguer of *Oſtend*, that I might there to the Theory which I had learn'd, add ſome knowledge of the practical part of War; this meſſage extreamly perplexed me, for I was commanded to attend the meſſenger in his return, which was within ſix days, and doing ſo, I was fearful leaſt in that time we ſhould not procure licenſe from

from old *Alonza* to permit my *Schiarra* to accompany me, and though I knew it vvould be as great a trouble to him to part from me, as for me to be deprived of him, yet I was confident without his Fathers licenſe he would not adventure to go, much leſs not ſtay, ſhould he command it: but hoping I might procure ſo much favor from *Alonzo* as to permit him to accompany me in ſo honorable an enterprize, thinking every hours delay a years; I communicated my Letters to *Schiarra*, withall acquainting him with my reſolution to write to his Father, to beg the leave of his further ſociety; for, ſaid I, my dear *Schiarra*, I can as well die as part from thee; He profeſſed the ſame to me, and added, that himſelf too vvould vvrite, and that in ſuch winning terms, that he ſhould not have the power to deny him; I rejoyced to hear him ſay ſo, but, ſaid I, what we do, muſt be done with all expedition, for within ſix days muſt the meſſenger return with an anſwer of thoſe letters he brought from my Father to the Senate, vvith vvhom I am commanded to go: this made him ſenſible of the neceſſity of expedition, ſo we immediately poſted away a meſſenger on purpoſe, with order to make all haſte imaginable, whileſt vve in the mean time provided all things for our journey: but alas! the ſixth day was now come, and our poſt not yet rerurned, nor any news of him, the meſſenger whom I vvas to attend, vvould by no means be perſwaded to ſtay one minute; in this Agony vve knew not vvhat to do, or vvhat courſe to take, at length vve reſolved

ſolved that *Schiarra* ſhould accompany me to the foot of the *Alps*, and if our Poſt overtook him not before that time, or there, without a conceſſion to go further, that then we ſhould part, and patiently endure our hard fortune; ſo we ſet forth, but a tedious and melancholy journey it was, for we in vain every minute expected what yet came not, three dayes we journeyed thus, till we came to the Mountains foot, the place appointed for our taking *congé* of each other, and ſo fearful were we that that adverſe lot would certainly befal us, that we thought the next morning not ſufficient to bid one another adieu, but began as ſoon as we came in to our Inne at night to bethink how we ſhould wean our ſelves one from another; The *Illuſtriſſimo*, whom we attended, perceiving our mutual affection, was highly pleaſed with it, and pitied ſo much our fear'd misfortune, that he, who at *Genoua* refuſed to ſtay a minute, now proffered to wait a whole day there, in hopes our Poſt might in that time arrive, for we had left order at *Genoua* he ſhould follow us thither, we equally ſtrove who ſhould firſt return thanks for this great favor of this *Illuſtriſſimo's*, who kindly accepted it, but by our better fortune we needed not his courteſie, for that night going to bed with ſomewhat more alacrity then formerly, our joys, hopes and fears, kept us ſtill awake, pouring forth Oraiſons for the Poſts arrival before the favorable time of ſtay granted by the *Illuſtriſſimo* were expired, when it happened that whileſt we thus buſying our ſelves, we might

at a great distance hear a horn, which seemed to draw nearer to us; *Schiarra* no longer able to contain his joy, not doubting but that it was a Post sent from *Genoua* with Letters from his Father, immediately lept out of bed, and in all haste putting on his night-Gown, ran down staires to meet the unexpected messenger of his and my bliss, I followed him with all expedition possibly, and coming down into the road, found him just examining of the Post, who gave him an account far beneath his expectations, to wit, that he was come from *Modena*, and was bound in all haste to *Turine*: *Schiarra* was almost angry with himself that he had flattered himself into such mountanious imaginations, which in the end brought forth somewhat less then a Mouse, nothing; and there-withall began to cry out, Oh infortunate *Schiarra!* Nay rather unhappy *Spinola*, said I, when at those words a fellow, who seeing us rise at that unseasonable time of night, and to come out of the Inne into the street, out of meer curiosity had followed, hearing us name our selves, accosted me, and tells me, Truly Sir, if you had now by chance named your self I should have despaired of finding you out, for I had enquired for you of almost every person in the Inne. And what is thy business, said I, that thou wert so inquisitive for me? not dreaming that he had brought such joyful news. Business, said he, I have brought you, Sir, a return of your Letters from *Florence*. From *Florence*, said *Schiarra*, delay not to deliver them Letters, that I may know whether I

am made miſerable or happy, for on them depends my doom; and there-vvith all ſnatching them out of the fellows hands, he ran in, and calling for a candle, breaking off the cover, which was wholly to me, there vvas incloſed one to me, & another to himſelf, mine he flings me, and with fury breaking up his own, one might e're he had read one half of the Letter, perceive by the ſerenity of his countenance, that it brought vvhat his heart deſired; I adventured likewiſe to break up mine, where I found our bleſſings confirmed to the height of our content, and therefore running to him, and embracing him, now, ſaid he, need we not to be beholding to the *Illuſtriſſimo*'s curteſie, ſince we are made free to wait on his commands when he pleaſes: But how ſtrangely fortunate vvere vve, ſaid I, in the approach of the *Modena* Poſt, without whom vve had not found our own meſſenger, vvhoſe good news ſhall never by me paſs unrewarded: Nor by me, ſaid *Schiarra*, vvho muſt, and do hold my ſelf as much obliged by it, and concerned in it, as your ſelf, for now I enjoy you in vvhom are all my joys compleated, and therefore, dear friend, let him accompany us forward in our journey; I readily aſſented, and therewith we thought fit to take ſome two hours repoſe for it; now drew near morning, that vve might be the better able to travel the next day, vvhen vve ſet forth vvith more joy and content then vve had done at any time formerly. To recount unto you the particulars of our journey, vvill be too prolix, it vvill ſuffice to ſay, that

it vvas proſperous, and that in ſix vveeks time from our departure from *Genoua*, we arrived in the Camp before *Oſtend*; here I endeavored to have my Father receive my dear *Schiarra*, vvith the ſame affection that old *Alonzo* had ſhewed me, nor vvas he at all backward in performing my deſires, ſtriving rather to exceed my ſelf in kindneſs: having paſſed the firſt complements of entertainment, we vvent to view the Leaguer, vvhich had now lain two years before that Town, or rather before ſome mounts of earth, for upon vvhat vvas at firſt the Town, our Camp vvas Pitch, and yet a Town held out againſt us; but I am now, dear friend, come to give a relation of thoſe things in vvhich your ſelf, as vvell as I, have been an actor, I ſhall therefore omit all paſſages of that War, as to you tedious and ſuperfluous, and onely tell you, that *Schiarra* did there things vvorthy himſelf and his family, and deſerving my Fathers greateſt friendſhip and affection, vvho rejoyced that I had made choice of ſo Noble and Gallant an Aſſociate; we ſtaid together in the *Netherlands* for ſome years, after the ſurrendring of that once thought invincible Town of *Oſtend*, improving our ſelves as well as vve could in the practice and policy of Arms, in both vvhich, bluſhing I ſpeak it, *Schiarra* ſo far exceeded me, that were it not to do my friend right, I ſhould ſhame to acknowledge it. Your modeſty 'tis Sir, ſaid Captain *Goodlake* interrupting him, that thus extenuates your own deſerts, and your generoſity that amplifies the merits of your friends,

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vvhich how great ſoever, give me leave to think that they could not exceed yours. Flatter me not ſo, ſaid *Spinola*, for of all men breathing you have leaſt occaſion; But, continued he, my Father at length thought fit I ſhould return home, as being arrived at an age fit for Loves, and the care he had to ſee children ſpring from the loyns of me his onely ſon, made him recommend unto me ſeveral Ladies of the *Genoueſe* Nobility, out of vvhom he enjoyned me to take a vvife, yet vvith all telling me, that he would not limit my fancy abſolutely to thoſe, but leave me to chooſe vvhere I pleaſed always, provided that I ſtained not my birth or honor by too inferior a match: ſo *Schiarra* he recommended my ſiſter a Lady (as your eyes have been vvitneſs) of no deſpiſable beauty, aſſuring him that he ſhould be happy if their affections could meet vvith theſe inſtructions; vve took our leaves, and arriving at *Genoua*, dedicated our ſelves to the Courtſhip of Ladies; for my own part, I confeſs, I found in my ſelf little propenſity to marry, yet I obſerved that *Schiarra* ſeemed to bear a kinde of affection to my ſiſter, yet not ſo violent a one as I found aftervvards ſhe bore him, for his was not ſo fixt as appeared afterwards, but that it could ſtray avvay to the Love of another Lady, as it did by the ſtrangeſt accident that you have ever heard, to one, I muſt confeſs, of an excelling beauty, and no way inferior to my ſiſter *Iſabella* in Nobility of birth, or riches; it chanced one day that walking on the banks of the *Riviera*, where

where the Nobility of the City uſe to ſolace themſelves in the cool of the evening in their Coaches, that *Schiarra* miſtaking a Coach, which he thought to belong to one of our peculiar friends, lifted up the curtain, but ſeeing his miſtake, he craved pardon for his unwilling offence, which he thought had been granted, but ſuch was the rage of the Gentleman, who accompanied onely with one Lady was in it, that though at preſent he expreſſed not his diſguſt, yet he awaited his revenge, which my forced departure into the City about ſome urgent occaſions, gave him the better opportunity of effecting, for having traced careleſs *Schiarra* into a private walk, he very rudely conjures him to draw; *Schiarra* was ſo amazed that he could not at firſt finde any anſwer, but that he believed the Gentleman was miſtaken: But the other with a kinde of Spaniſh *Bravado*, anſwers, that he ſhould finde his eyes had found out their true object, and that if he refuſed to draw, he would ſend his coward ſoul to hell. Sir, replied *Schiarra*, you ſeem to be noble, and by your garb ſhould be at leaſt a Gentleman, but you muſt give me leave to admire your judgement, that ſo raſhly ſeeks a quarrel with me, who I am confident never injured you, nor to my knowledge ever ſaw you before, but let me but know the reaſons induce you to it, and you ſhall quickly finde I am no coward; all the reaſon in the world could produce no other anſwer from the furious Gentleman, then that he had offered him an affront, which he was reſolved

ved to revenge, and therefore adviſed him to draw, otherwiſe his ſword ſhould force him; well anſwered *Schiarra*, ſince I muſt of neceſſity make trial of your valor, I ſhall endeavor to make you repent it; and therewithall drawing his ſword, they made two paſſes in vain one againſt the other, but at the third it was *Schiarra*'s fortune, to give him a wound in the ſide, at which iſſued ſuch abundance of blood, that he immediately fell; now Sir, ſaid *Schiarra*, you will be pleaſed to give me a reaſon why you were ſo deſperately and raſhly valiant? Scarce had he ended thoſe words, when he might hear the cries of ſome Lady, piercing his ears, and looking about, might perceive one running towards him, and crying, Oh! for pity ſake ſave my dear *Lorenzo*'s life, or if nothing but blood can ſatisfie your fury, ſacrifice mine in ſtead of his to your victorious arm; ſuch was the amazement of the gallant *Schiarra* at the ſight of her, and ſo much were his ſences captivated at the excelling beauties of her face, and harmony of her voice, that not able to return an anſwer, he ſtood leaning on his ſword, as if her looks had the power of *Meduſas* to turn men into Statues. The Virgin ſtill anxious for her friend, and fearing leſt if her requeſt were not granted ſoon, it would be for ever too late, falling down on her knees, and embracing him, began in a Language which would have charm'd Adders to ſue for the ſaving of his life; Do not noble Sir, ſaid ſhe, let the tears and prayers of an unfortunate Virgin, who never ſued before, be now

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ſpent in vain, but redeem the dear forfeit of my brothers life, or if you yet be ſo cruel that nothing but gore can cancel your anger, here, here ſheath your bright weapon between theſe white breaſts, this blood may ſooner quench your ireful heat! Oh! let me die, ſo he may live! with theſe words the tears ſo faſt trukled down upon her Roſie Cheeks, that it would have made the fierceſt *Scythian* relent and turn pityfull; but *Schiarra* ſtill ſtood mute, as if her ſweet voice had rather been thunder, and ſtruck him dumb, till at length recollecting himſelf, he endeavored to raiſe her from the ground; but ſhe refuſed to riſe, crying, Oh! no Sir, here will I for ever lie proſtrate, till you confirm my boon, and grant *Lorenzo* life: to which *Schiarra* ſeeing ſhe would not riſe, kneeling likewiſe down; replied, Goddeſs, for ſo your celeſtial beauty, and Angelical voice confirm, yea, pardon my inconſiderate rudeneſs (the childe of my aſtoniſhment to look upon ſo divine a preſence) that hath permitted you to kneel and beg that which you may command. I am no Goddeſs, replied ſhe, but a hapleſs Virgin, who here lie proſtrate for my brothers life. How readily Madam, anſwered *Schiarra*, would I grant your boon, but that I fear by it I ſhall be too ſoon exiled from the bleſſing your preſence ſo fully affords me. Will you not then let him live? replied ſhe: Yes Madam, ſaid he, he muſt live ſince you command it, and happy, thrice happy 'tis being vanquiſhed to have ſo fair a ſaver; would Heaven had made his ſword

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my Conqueror, so I might then have deserved so divine a pity; Rise Madam, rise, and receive your brother, but let me now beg one boon of you to know what made him my enemy? It was, said she, your lifting up the curtains of our Coach, which though you excused, he in heat of blood pursued you to seek revenge. 'Twas a mistake Madam, answered *Schiarra*, that made me so discourteous, which I will yet redeem with my life when ever you shall please to command it. 'Tis too great a forfeit Sir, answered she, for so slight an offence, let me now onely beg your help to lift my brother into the Coach, which *Schiarra* readily assented to, though with an inward unwillingness, because he should thereby be deprived of the sight of his Saint: Scarce had he done it, and the Coach departed, but I arrived at the place where this accident had happened, and found *Schiarra* in the same posture which I represented him in at the first sight of the Lady, having on his drawn sword, and fixing his eyes upon the ground, with a countenance sufficiently demonstrating some strange and unusual melancholy had possest him, I wondred to see him stand in that maner, and fearing lest my absence might have endangered him I ran to him, and pulling him by the arm, demanded if he had been assaulted by thieves? He was no less startled at his surprize, then I was to see him in these dumps, and had not his eye been quicker then his hand, he had assuredly sheathed his sword in my bosome, but seeing it was I who had disturbed his serious thoughts:

Yes

Yes my dear *Spinala*, said he, I have met with one who hath robb'd me of one of my choiselt Jewels, I am undone, for ever lost. Fie, said I, this is passion, fancy not to your self a misery when none attends you, what is it thou hast lost? Lost, replied he, I have lost my self, but what is more I have lost you. Me, said I, Hell it self is not capable of robbing me of so high priz'd a friendship, dear friend dally not thus with me. Alas! Alas! said he, Heaven knows I dally not, and that you may know I am serious too, here take my sword, and sacrifice me to your just revenge. I must be sensible of an injury first, said I, for I am confident none but your self can accuse you. True, said he, none but my self and this treacherous heart of mine can be witness against me, I have forfeited all those Obligations of friendship, in which you have bound me, these traitorous eyes of mine have ruined me. Prethee how, said I, undeceive thy self, this cannot be other then a delusion. Would to Heaven, said he, it were so, but let me tell you plainly, and then I am confident you will your self, without my intreaty, be ready to take my sword and make me a just victime to the wrong I have done you. Alas! said I, my dear *Schiarra*, what can it be that can make thee thus to fancy thou hast wronged me? thy soul can never contract a guilt so great but I shall be as ready to pardon it as you have been slow in delivering it. Talk not of pardon, said he, for in confidence that you will revenge it with my blood, I will impart it. 'Tis this assume 'tis this,

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all thoſe ſhows of Love which I have made to your virtuous Siſter are vaniſhed into Air, that bond which ſhould have bound faſt our friendſhips to eternity, is broken, utterly broken, for I now pay my devotions to another Saint. He could not have invented a greater affliction to me then theſe words were, I ſtarted and ſtood as amazed as I found him at firſt, I conſidered the paſſionate affection which my Siſter but few days before expreſſed to me ſhe bore him, and above that the great diſhonor would be done to our Family ſhould ſhe be thus ſlighted, but above all how ill my Father would comport ſuch an affront to have his daughter refuſed, becauſe proffered by him, that in a rage ſnatching his offered ſword from his willing hand; Do but, ſaid I, again confirm this diſloyalty, and you ſhall not need to beg me your Executioner. By the hopes I have, anſwered he, that you will take a juſt revenge upon me, all that I have told you is true, my heart is ſtollen by another. And canſt thou perfidious man, ſaid I, then leave my ſiſter languiſhing, whom thou haſt betrayed into ſo ardent an affection of thee, here take thy ſword and defend thy ſelf. I will receive it, ſaid he, not to make reſiſtance, but in aſſurance that it will provoke you to make me fall by yours, ſtrike then, and let out this treacherous blood. I could willingly, I confeſs, have made him an oblation to my poor Siſters Love, and the honor of our Family, but the ſacred name of friend ſo often vow'd between us, begat a palſie in my blood, and withheld my arm, ſo

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turning from him: no falſe man, ſaid I, I'le not become thy butcher, Heaven ſhall work thy ruine, for be aſſured, who ever thou now makeſt thy Spouſe, will proove a faithleſs Strumpet; At theſe words I was going away, but he called after me, crying, thou lieſt, return, I'le now fight not in my own defence, but hers whom I adore, for know ſhe whom I now love is one whom thou oughtſt not mention unleſs with reverence on thy knees, one whoſe heavenly looks would tempt a Hermit, who had ſpent his whole life in contemplation, nay, for whom Angels would deſert their bliſs, and count it a greater happineſs then Heaven to enjoy her; return, for wert thou arm'd with thunder, this ſword ſhould reach thee. Theſe words gave me aſſurance that he was irrevocably loſt, I began to conſider that more ſiſters I had, more friends ſo worthy were not to be found, and therefore returning to him, come Sir, ſaid I, ſheath your ſword, and know I pity you, and if my ſervice can aſſiſt you in gaining your new love, command it. Alas! my dear *Spinola*, ſaid he, this is worſe then killing me, to tantalize me thus, for I know thou canſt not ſo much wrong thy ſelf and ſiſter. I do think, replied I, you have never found me faithleſs, by all the Gods, by all our vow'd friendſhip, not all my ſiſters wrongs, ſhall make me prove diſloyal to you, let me then know who is now thy Miſtris, that I may aſſiſt thee in obtaining her. Am I then, ſaid he, yet ſo happy in my miſery? Talk not, ſaid I, farther of miſery, for thou ſhalt be fully happy, if

all my skill and power can effect it, let me firſt know your Saint. Alas! ſaid he, that's my miſery that I know her not, yet 'tis ſhe that was in the Coach we this day overtook: 'tis then, ſaid he, the fair *Florelia*, daughter to the Marqueſſe of *Senazzaro*, ſo fam'd for beauty over all the *Genoueſe* Territories. Be comforted dear friend, ſaid I, for my acquaintance with *Gilberto*, Steward to *Sanazzaro*, ſhall eaſily procure your admittance, come and you ſhall eaſily perceive how zealous I will be in thy ſervice. Heaven, anſwered he, be propitious to our deſigns, and ſo coming along we ſoon reached the City, and at the gates parted, he taking the way to our Palace, and I to that of the Marqueſſe *Sanazzaro*, where meeting with *Gilberto*, I diſcloſed unto him *Schiarra*'s Loves to *Florelia*, and deſired that he would invent ſome way to gain him admittance to her; he at firſt was ſomewhat backward to attempt any thing, alledging that therein he ſhould betray his Maſter, and likewiſe abuſe my friend, by feeding thoſe hopes which would prove but vain, ſhe being already promiſed by her Father to one with whom he will not break, and therefore, ſays he, noble *Spinola*, urge me no farther in it. I knew 'twas gold that muſt make him relent, and therefore giving him a pretty quantity, and promiſing more, he began to mollifie, and to tell me, that the perſon whom her father had allotted for her husband was by her violently hated, yet ſuch was the perverſeneſs of the old Marqueſſe, that he had reſolutely determined

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to force her to marry him, and that very ſpeedily, ſo that there was now no way left for to remove him, but the death of him he had choſen for her Spouſe. Do but name him, ſaid I, and aſſure your ſelf he is ſeal'd for dead. 'Tis, ſaid he, *Petruchio* eldeſt ſon and heir to the *Count de Ligue*; in the mean time do you and your friend come to morrow night with ſome Muſick to her chamber window, and doubt not of gentle audience.

I returned to my friend with joy, to have effected thus much, who embracing me, and calling me the Author of his happineſs, told me, that he had likewiſe diſcovered ſomewhat which would not diſpleaſe me. What is it, ſaid I, Prythee? why, ſays he, no ſooner was I come home, but *Catharina* your ſiſter *Iſabellas* ſervant calling me aſide, began to tell me very ſeriouſly, that ſhe was ſorry ſhe muſt be meſſenger of ſuch ill news, deſiring me to arm my ſelf with a noble patience, and not let paſſion grow predommant at the hearing it. I began to muſe what it ſhould be, and feared nothing more then that thy ſiſter *Iſabella* having diſcovered my falſhood, had chalked out ſome path for revenge; but thoſe fears were ſoon diſſipated, by the maids telling me, almoſt with tears in her eyes, that *Iſabella* had forgot all her loves to me, and now doted on the *Lorenſo* ſon to the Marquis of *Sannazzaro*, whom ſhe had onely eſpied out of a window carrying in a chair to be dreſſed of a wound he then ſeemed to have newly received. I eaſily (ſaid *Schiarra*) gueſſed

it to be the perſon whoſe life my *Florelia* had begged, and ſo was I rejoyced at the news that I could hardly feign to her to be troubled, which I thought fit to do. You did well, ſaid I, to do ſo, but you muſt now think of going to entertain your Miſtris, which he accorded to, and we having ſoon provided our ſelves of Muſicians, addreſſed our ſelves through the Poſtern, which *Gilberto* had of purpoſe left open for us, to *Sannazzaro*'s garden, and placing our ſelves under *Florelias* window, after the Muſick had a while played, *Schiarra* cauſed his boy to ſing this ſong, which he had of purpoſe compoſed:

I.

FAireſt Florelia *riſe,*
And with thine eyes
Turn theſe ſable clouds to light;
If thou but ſhine,
Thy rayes divine,
Like glorious Sol will baniſh night;
Show but thy beauties, and the skies
Viewing the luſtre of thy eyes,
Will ſwear to yield unto that purer flame,
The Sun departed not of courſe, but ſhame.

II.

Riſe Florelia, *and view*
A fire as true,
Though not yet ſo clear as thine;
It is thy light

Muſt

Muſt make it bright,
And turn it to a flame will ſhine,
Shine ſo glorioufly that none
Shall equal it but thine alone;
Look forth Florelia *then, and with thine eyes*
Make this Scorch't heart of mine thy ſacrifice.

Scarce had he ended the firſt *Stanza* when we might hear the window open, and *Florelia* and her maid diſcourſing with a ſeeming wonder who it ſhould be that at that time of the night had beſtowed that Muſick on them; the maid gueſſing it to be *Petruchio*, whoſe impertinency ſhe diſcourſed on, and aptly diſcovered to us the hate his Miſtris bore him: but the Song being ended *Florelia* her ſelf demanded who it was, that at when night had with its ſable mantel beclouded the world, durſt there adventure with ſo much danger on her ſecrets? It is one, anſwered *Schiarra*, whom you (when for your ſake he ſaved your brothers life) promiſed ſo much to honor as to keep in memory. If you be he, anſwered *Florelia*, I confeſs I am obliged to honor your Nobleneſs, but you muſt excuſe me if at theſe untimely hours I dare admit no conference, your Muſick Sir, I thank you for, and ſo much do I love you that I would not endanger you, for if you ſhould be ſeen here, your life would run a hazard, therefore farewel: here ſhe was about to ſhut the window, when *Schiarra* with a paſſionate voice cried out, for Loves ſake, ſtay *Madam*, for were there here dangers as thick as there are Stars above us, nay were

even death it ſelf, here I would ſcorn his fury, and believe that whileſt you ſtay, I am by your preſence made immortal. I am content, replied ſhe, leſt you ſhould condemn me of diſcourteſie to ſtay, but you muſt then be brief in telling me what you deſire. Oh! Madam, replied *Schiarra*, confine me not to ſuch hard terms, and yet why ſhould I crave greater licenſe ſince all I wiſt for is ſummed in theſe few words, Madam, I love you, and deſire your love. And is that all, ſaid ſhe, then Sir farewel, and herewith ſhe made a ſecond proffer to ſhut the window, and had done it, had not *Schiarra* withheld her by crying; Oh Madam! let me conjure by the blood, which yet for your ſake flows in your brothers veins, to ſtay and hear me further. That charmes me for ſome time, replied ſhe, but conſider, I pray, both your danger and mine, and therefore conclude with ſpeed. Know then Lady, continued *Schiarra*, that my zeal could tell you, that you are above expreſſion fair, that your eyes illuminate the night, and Eclipſe the Stars in their greateſt brightneſs, that you are the Maſter-piece of Nature, in which ſhe ſtrove to wed Art and Beauty together, but theſe terms though they want nothing of truth, yet are onely fit to be uſed by thoſe whoſe loves lie in their lips, my deeds ſhall ſpeak the truth and conſtancy of my love. Should all the actions in the world confirm your love, anſwered *Florelia*, I muſt ſtill return you the ſame anſwer that I dare not, cannot love you, for my more honeſt thoughts

permit

permit me not to deride your paſſions with fruſtrate ſpecies, or flatter them with vain hopes, but as you have been brief in your deſires, I will be the ſame in my denial; in confidence of the truth of which, I deſire you to reſt ſatisfied, and aſſure your ſelf, that whileſt you perſiſt farther in it, you do but plough the ſeas, and write in the ſand. You are noble, anſwered *Schiarra*, thus to rid me of my torment, and not permit me languiſhing to burn in thoſe hot tortures, behold this blade, which once for your ſake did refrain from ſhedding your dear brothers blood, ſhall now make me a victime to your cruelty, and here-withall he was about to have ſheathed his ſword in his boſom, and had done it, had not I who ſtood hard by perceiving his intent, ran to him and ſtayed his arm, which *Florelia* perceiving, Fie, ſaid ſhe, what a faint-hearted ſoldier are you thus to deſpair at the firſt repulſe, grant that I could affect you, would you not account me light ſhould I at the firſt aſſault be won, before I had made any experience of your faith and loyalty; nor can I without my fathers conſent adventure to love any, yet that, and you may perchance finde heart-room in my breaſt. Me thinks thoſe words, replied *Schiarra*, return me to a new life, me thinks the enamoured Stars hangs o're thy lips, expecting a bleſſing from them. Be not too haſty Sir, ſaid *Florelia*, for it is yet impoſſible I ſhould love you, being already contracted. And yet 'tis in your power, replied he, to love your ſervant. Well, ſaid ſhe, I can hold out no longer, and if

what Anatomists write, that in the Center of our hearts, there is a little concave where resides our best affections, be true, then is your Augury a divine truth, for all the love lies therein engaged to the worth of another, not to the jealousie of him to whom my father hath contracted me. May I be so happy Madam, said *Schiarra*, as to receive from your sweet lips the name of the person whom you are pleased to make so blessed? Know then Sir, said she, for I can no longer conceal it, but let the night yet shroud me with a blacker cloud, to hide from you the blushes of my face, that from the first time I saw you, and observed the nobleness of your temper, in saving my brothers life, which he had rashly forfeited to your just revenge, I become a true devotarist to those vertues which to me seem'd heavenly: Here she made a small stop, expecting that *Schiarra* should return some answer, but into such an extasie had his joy transported him, that he was not so sensible of his happiness as to return a due thanks for it, when his silence gave *Florelia* occasion to continue thus; I fear Sir, my to soon yielding to your desires has abated, or utterly extinguished that love you but now zealously protested to bear me, but if it have, I can but blame my own credulity; farther she would have proceeded, when *Schiarra* recollecting himself, interrupted her by crying out; Oh! Madam, do not believe my silence to proceed from any other cause then the exuberance of my joy, your words have ravisht me beyond my hopes, and made my

heart

heart too narrow to contain that bliſs, which now you have made it entertainer of. Then Sir, replied ſhe, excuſe my jealous miſtake, and if you pleaſe walk round about the houſe, my maid ſhall attend to give you entrance. I will flie to ſuch happineſs Madam, ſaid he, and therewithall we were juſt going, according to her command, when betrayed by that perfidious villain *Gilberto*, we were encountred by *Petruchio*, the contracted Lover of *Florelia*, I was the formoſt, and therefore the firſt that met him, murmuring to himſelf in ſuch terms as I eaſily gueſſed, that he had overheard all their diſcourſe, yet had I careleſly paſſed by him, had he not bid me ſtand, and withall told me, that he had an arm Heaven it ſelf would not let falter in revenge of ſuch impious injuries; what a't thou, ſaid I, that after thou haſt made a forfeit of thy life by over-hearing our ſecrets, dareſt thus raſhly tempt thy death, be gone, be gone, and bleſs that fate that ſpare thee. Be gone, ſaid he, were you encompaſſed with whole Legions, this ſingle ſword would dare to encounter them, and force a way to my revenge. Your very valiant, replied I, or elſe ſome ſtrange and unknown deſperate frenzy has ſeiz'd you, retire Sir, or tell what 'tis hath prompted you to this madneſs. You ſhall finde 'tis not madneſs but juſtice, ſaid he, which of you two is it that dares attempt to court my *Florelia*, mine I call her, ſince both her ſelf and father have confirm'd her ſo. Dare Sir, replied *Schiarra*, 'tis I dare do it, and will, what dareſt thou do to oppoſe it? I dare

Sir,

Sir revenge it, ſaid he, but firſt I'le tell that wrong you do both heaven and me, in ſtriving to deprive me of my betrothed Spouſe, ſhe is mine, nor can ſhe while I live be any others. This ſword ſhall clear my paſſage to her, replied *Schiarra*, and ſince you muſt have a Miſtris, I'le ſend you to chooſe one amongſt the Infernal deities. Dear friend, ſaid he, turning to me, put up your ſword, this glorious quarrel doth concern none but my ſelf; come Sir draw, (again to *Petruchio*) and let our weapons decide whoſe ſhe muſt be. Stay Sir a little, ſaid *Petruchio*, you ſeem a perſon well qualified, and let me with your badneſs of your cauſe chill that blood which flows ſo violently in your veins, conſider that with your blood you ſtrive to raviſh her from me, who both by her ſelf and father hath been confirmed mine, before whole quires of Saints and bleſſed Angels; let not your luſt then blinde you to run head-long to a ſin ſo horrid and abominable. Oh! Sir, conſider, and hazard not your ſouls ſalvation on a quarrel ſo unjuſt, ſhould it be my fate, as in juſtice it muſt be, to kill thee, conſider what a maſſe of endleſs woe (haſt thou no other ſins to charge thy conſcience with) thou pluckſt upon thy head, ſure this muſt cauſe an earthquake in thy blood. I am no School-boy, replied *Schiarra*, to be thus Catechized, words are to weak to force me from the love of the Beautous *Florelia*, if you will enjoy her you muſt fight for her, which with what reaſon you can do, when you know that after your ſword has gained her from me,

you

you muſt likewiſe force that will which cannot love you; come Sir prepare your ſelf, or reſolve Lamb-like to die her ſacrifice. Since you are ſo reſolute, replied *Petruchio*, this ſword ſhall quickly finde your heart, and therewith drawing made a ſudden thruſt at *Schiarra*, who as nimbly avoided it, and with the point of his weapon found a ſmooth way to his enemies heart, who without ſpeaking a word fell down and died, and *Schiarra* glad that it was done with ſo little noiſe, and I proceeded to finde our entrance into the houſe, at the back-door of which we found *Florelias* maid attending, who joyfully received *Schiarra*, and both deſired me to walk to my Palace, the maid aſſuring me that my friend need fear no danger; I left them, but my ſoul boding ſome further evil, I could not depart, but reſolved to watch my *Schiarra*'s coming out till the morning, but before that approached, I might hear a buſtle in the houſe, and eſpie one fetching a dangerous leap out of a window, which I ſuppoſed to be *Florelias*; I ran towards the place with all ſpeed poſſible, where I found *Schiarra* ſet upon diſarmed, and almoſt naked as he was, by a villain, whoſe perſon the darkneſs of the night hindred me from diſcovering, but obſtructed me not from taking a juſt revenge of depriving him of life, and reſcuing my friend, who all breathleſs as he was, deſired me to aſſiſt him to make the quickeſt eſcape we could towards our Palace; I ſeconded his deſires, and wondring at what ſhould be the occaſion of this Tragical event, ſhould ſcarce have

have contained my desires of knowing it, till we came home, had not my fear of being too close pursued and surprized, withheld me; but being come home, I was earnest with *Schiarra* to know the maner and cause of his fright, but all he could tell me was, that when he was close clasped in the embraces of the beautous *Florelia*, her father, by whom informed of his being there he knew not, he came into the chamber, and had there sacrificed his life to his rage and fury, had not the window by chance been open, out of which he leaped, and had there again been slaughtered, had not I come into his rescue. I was amazed at what he told me, and began now to imagine that *Gilberto* had betrayed us, and was fearful lest in the morning we should be pursued for *Petruchio's*, and the others death; but those doubts were soon over by the general report of the accident spread about the City, that old *Sanazzaro*, finding his daughters incontinency, had in rage murdered her, that *Petruchio* her betrothed Spouse was found dead in the garden, and the Marquesses Steward *Gilberto* slain under *Florelias* window, that there was no means left to finde out the causers of this Tragedy, but by some cloths and a sword which was left in the chamber, and supposed to be his who had robb'd *Florelia* of her honor; these reports confirmed unto us *Gilberto's* treachery, yet we were glad he could now no farther betray us, but above measure was *Schiarra* afflicted for *Florelias* murder, whom I endeavoured to comfort as well as I could, and further advised to depart with

with all ſpeed, for though it ſhould not be found out that thoſe clothes were his, yet ſhould any of *Sannazzaro*'s kindred but entertain the leaſt ſuſpition of him;they would watch ſome opportunity to take away his life; he liked my advice, and this quarrel between the Dukes of the *Ferrara* and *Mantua* being then breaking forth, upon my aſſurance that our State would aſſiſt the *Mantouſe*, and that my ſelf would come thither in perſon, he chooſe to go to *Mantua*, and attend my coming, during which time how he joyned himſelf with the Dukes forces, and how unfortunately he fell, you have too lately heard.

Captain *Goodlake* was extreamly affected with this Tragick-Hiſtory of young *Schiarra*,which ſo delighted him, that though the night was well paſt, he could have wiſh'd it had continued till morning, but being ended, theſe two generous friends addreſſed themſelves to their ſleep, but their troubled thoughts not permitting them to take any quiet reſt, as it were by one conſent, *Spinola* deſired, and *Goodlake* proffered a continuance of the Hiſtory of the vertuous Engliſh Maid, which he purſued as followeth.

THE

THE CONTINUATION Of the HISTORY Of the *Magnanimous Maid.*

THe boysterous *Savoyards* said *Goodlake*, disturbed me in the midst of the Relation of Mr. *Forcett*, made me of the Comportment of this vertuous Maid, during the absence of her Lover, that amongst the number of her Suitors she had turned away some, whose birth and fortunes of persons might seem to bear equal ballance with her beloved *Spencers*, which yet could not batter her well-fixt Constancy, but that it still stood as firm as a Rock in the midst of the boysterous waves: But amongst the rest, continued he, two Suitors there were, out of whose ridiculous humors she made her self sport, the one son to the Mayor of the Town where she lived, clowniſh in every thing, yet forced by his father to make addres unto her, the old man hoping that by his power in the Town, he might gain her for his son; to tell you (said *Forcett*) the antick postures in which both the old man and his son courted this fair Virgin, the great proffers, and many invitations they made, would seem

ſeem but tireſom, I ſhall therefore omit them and proceed to the other; who having uſurped the Name of Captain, though never guilty of the leaſt valor, or daring to look an enemy in the face, did think by his *Rhodomontado* terms rather to force than win affection, ſo that in the end he became a continual plague and vexation to her; neither her ſelf nor any of her houſe being able to reſt at quiet, or be free from his boyſterous rudeneſs; her ſervants he commanded as his own, and with a kinde of an imperious boldneſs would aſſault her, as if his bellowing words like ſo many Cannons, were ſufficient to batter the fortreſs of Faith. Thus was he for a good while her continual trouble, which ſhe bore with patience, till at length ſhe found out ſuch a way to curb his domineering rudeneſs, as ſufficiently demonſtrated her of a high and magnanimous ſpirit, far above her birth; often had ſhe complained to me (ſaid *Forcett*) of the roarings of this boyſterous Captain, but I was as ignorant as her ſelf how to remedy it, much leſs could have invented ſuch a courſe as ſhe her ſelf one day imparted to me ſhe reſolved to undertake, which ſeemed indeed at firſt ſo ſtrange, that I ſtood amazed at the very mention of it, as I believe you will be when you hear every particular: It was briefly, calling me one time after ſhe had juſt before been vexed with his debauchedneſs, ſhe began to tell me that I could not but be ſenſible how grievous it was to her, to ſee her ſelf controuled, her ſervants beaten, and her whole houſe commanded by a ranting fellow,

low, who having learned some high-flown speeches, thought he might with them domineer over the world, that for her part she could no longer endure it, and therefore had bethought her self of a remedy, which if I would assist her to effect, and promise to be secret in, she would put in execution: I told her I should be ready faithfully to perform whatsoever she pleased, and that I was honored she would so far intrust me: Then know, continued she, that I cannot believe that this Bumbast Captain is any thing but an empty vessel, that all his boasts and Rhodomontado's of valor, are nothing but an empty and airy sound, and he as destitute of valor as he is of good manners, I have therefore resolved to make tryal of him; and if you will but furnish me with Clothes and a Sword, attired like a yong Gentleman, make an attempt of his courage. I could not imagine what answer to return to such a strange proposition; but are you serious indeed, said I? Serious, said she, if you doubt it, I will trouble you no further, but request this courtesie of some one else. Nay, said I, if you be resolute, I shall assist you what lies in my power: but had you not better let me do this, than hazard your self? suppose he should fight, what resistance is your tender arm able to make? Fear not, said she, I cannot in the least suspect he will dare to oppose me, but if he do you shall see I will not yield basely. I laughed heartily (said *Forcet*) to hear her so confident, and promis'd her to furnish her out at all points; but then, said he, how will you do to meet him

out

out of town? It must be your care, answered she, to train him forth: I concluded, said he, it should, and having appointed the place whither I would bring him, and to which I might have a fair excuse for; having over night furnished this Amazonian Maid with all necessaries, I easily perswaded him to walk next morning to the place destined for his disgrace; he all the way we walked chanting to me in a sublimated tone his almost unexpressible valors, and wishing that we might meet with some *Hector* that durst affront us, that I might bear witness of his couragious spirit. I sooth'd his humor, and taking leave of him at the place appointed, which was a style that led a-cross a large field, I pretending that I would onely call at a house which stood on this side the hedge, and at the further corner of the field, and promising him to meet him on the other side; no sooner was I gone over, but I perceived that by reason of the thickness of the hedge, he could not discern whether I took the way I promised or no, I clapt my self down close to the ground, looking through to behold the period of this Heroick Adventure, when scarce had the Redoubled *Lance-prizado* passed thirty yards from the hedge, but he was met by this Magnanimous *Virago*, clad like a spruce yong Gallant, who boldly jostled him, so that she almost overthrew him., yet though he tottered two or three yards out of the way, yet his patience was not at all shaken, for without grumbling or seeming offended at his Affront, he courteously saluted our *Amazon*, and would

have passed away, had not she now resolved to prosecute her intended revenge upon him to the height, and therefore following him, demanded vvith an angry countenance, wherefore he had jostled her? To which my roaring Captain very submissively replied, Indeed noble Sir, I hope you will be pleased to excuse me, for I intended no harm, but you were pleased to thrust your poor servant out of the vvay. Villain thou liest, cries this manly Maid, and therefore vvith thy sword either give me satisfaction for my abuse, or here I vow to lay thee dead, why dost not draw? Hold, let me intreat you, hold, as you are a Gentleman, replied the *Rhodomontado*, for I have made a solemn Oath that I vvill not this day draw my sword against any. No, said she, thou hast taken the lie already, vvill not that provoke thee, I'le try if this will do, and therevvithall gave him a full box on the ear. You may this day noble Sir, replied he, do vvhat you vvill vvith me, for I have solemnly resolved that I vvill not break my Oath. Villain thou liest, thou hast made no Oath, said she, 'tis Covvardice, meer Cowardice vvithholds thee, not Oaths, base Catife; why art not thou *Roughman* that furious *Ajax*, vvhom no day doth pass but you either vvound, or kill, pray how comes this out of your Calender? Who I noble Sir, said he, I kill or wound? Alas! I never drew this sword in anger, unless it vvere on some poor vveak fellow that never durst wear steel about him. And darest thou villain then, said she, dishonor all noble soldiers by vvearing

that

that ſword thou dareſt not uſe, deliver it me, or by Heaven I'le ſend thy Coward ſoul to *Pluto*. I could hardly, ſaid *Forcett*, forbear laughing ſo loud that they might hear me, to ſee with what a milde temper that man, who in a Tavern would Thunder as if he had been able to incounter half the world, now delivered up his ſword to a woman, and with humility ſubmitted to permit her to tread over him; whileſt I ſeeing the buſineſs to have ſo happily ſucceeded, made haſte to meet him at the other ſide of the field, where I, making haſte, arrived juſt as he came there, and before I could ſpeak to him, began in a thundring tone to tell me, that juſt as he had propheſied, ſo it fell out, for he was ſcarce parted twenty ſteps from me, but he was encountred by one whoſe valor did as far exceed the *Trojan Hectors*, or *Grecian Achilles's*, as their did *Dametas* and *Climas's*. You tell me, ſaid I, of a miracle, but of what ſtature and years might this *Hero* be? I muſt confeſs, replied he, that he was of no gigantick proportion, nor did I believe count more then the ſixth part of long-lived *Neſtors* days, but for the agility of his body, ſtrength, and nimbleneſs of his arm, he exceeded all thoſe monſtrous Giants, talk't of to be ſlain by *George* a horſeback, *Bevis* of *Southampton*, or *Guy* of *Warwick*. I ſmiled within my ſelf, ſaid *Forcet*, to hear theſe extravagancies, but becauſe I would make no ſhew that I knew of the diſgrace put upon this Coward Bravo; I all the way as I went and returned to the Town, highly

applauded his inſuperable valor, as I termed it; nor did he vvant to give me occaſion to do ſo, by ravelling up actions which he thought he had inforced me into a belief of, far beyond all the labors of *Hercules*. But that, continued he, which gave moſt occaſion of pleaſure in this adventure, vvas his deſire that I vvould go vvith him to *Beſſe Bridges* her houſe, vvhom as he told me, he vvould acquaint vvith this his reſolute combat; I eaſily conſented to go with him, becauſe I knew that there vve ſhould ſoon make him ſenſible of his ſhame; being arrived there, he began to purſue his accuſtomed domineering faſhion over her ſervants, and vvithall commanded her preſence, and ſhe being come, began to relate to her his adventure in ſuch thunder-thumping vvords, that the furious battel between the *Centaures* and *Lapithites*, contained not more horror then he expreſſed this vvith: Had you, ſaid he, ſeen two tilling *Meteors* juſtle in the middle Region, you vvould have made it an apt ſimile to that force and fury vvith vvhich vve encountred; *Briarius*'s ſelf with his hundred Giant hands, could not have dealt blows thicker, and more fierce, then this brave *Trojan*, yet vvere they all by the force of this invincible arm, able to repel thunder-bolts, put by, and on his head redoubled. Alas! ſaid this Magnanimous Maid, I fear me this too much valour of yours will make you one day ſubject to the law, if it have not already, I tremble to think what became of your enemy. You may tremble, ſaid he, to think of the fury of our fight,

fight, but I ſo hackt and hewed him, that if he be not paſt all fear and trembling, I'le never more put truſt in this good ſword. But if he be in ſuch danger, replied ſhe, why flie you not, and ſo eſcape the clutches of the Law? The Law, ſaid he, I fear it not, for I vvas once told by a Conjurer I ſhould never die for murder. He knew thy conſtitution very well, replied ſhe, that told thee ſo, and I dare believe her; come hither Bragadochio, and tell me, was not this Gyant with whom thou didſt encounter a youth, and of my pitch? Deny it if thou dareſt, or if thou haſt the impudence to do it; ſee here, is not this the Sute he wore? this is the very ſhooe thou ſtoopedſt to unty, and this the leg that did beſtrid thee, whileſt thou like a beaſtly Coward layeſt along, this hand returned again thy ſword which thou yieldedſt up at my firſt demand, deny but this, and in this womans habit I will force it from thee.

You cannot imagine (ſaid *Forcett*) that I could contain my ſelf and not burſt into laughter, to ſee how gallantly ſhe carried this Affair, whileſt our high-flown Rhodomontado in as low a ſtile as he could invent, confeſſed that all ſhe had ſaid was true, begging of her not to make his ſhame publick. Redeem it then (ſaid ſhe) and I ſhall not be backward, with as much civility as I can afford, to grace you as much as you have now diſgraced your ſelf. You have wakened me, replied he, and kindled in me that fire of valor, which clouded by ſome coward thoughts hath ſo long layen aſleep, and made me prize my fame

less then my blood : you have, I say, awaked me, and if I deferre by some valiant deed to repair my wounded honor, you will do but justly to make me the scorn and reproach of boys and children; nor was he more slack in performance then he had been in promising, for quite leaving of his bragging humor, he became truly and worthily valiant, and now deserves the commendation of all deserving personages, so great a cure had this Magnamious Maid wrought. These are, said *Forcett*, some particular passages of her life in your absence, to which the Generals have been so correspondent, that should I strive to applaud her vertues, truly I should but whisper to you, what her Fame blazons forth to the world.

I was both affected and afflicted, continued *Goodlake*, at this relation of *Forcetts*, and I must needs confess that I was never so nigh to have swerved from the course of vertue, as I was now for the estate which my dear friend *Spencer* had left to her, I thought unworthily bestowed, and could more willingly have hearkned to a Story of her inconstancy and incontinency, that I might have enjoyed the other moyety of his lands, then thus to have heard the whole world applaud her vertue: nay so much was I transported, that whether it was out of covetize in my self, or a real sence of the unreasonableness of the gift to one of so mean birth, that I was tempted to make a trial of this so fained piece of chastity and vertue, which at length I resolved to do, and in a disguise for some days frequented

quented her house, attempting her by all allurements of courtship, and promises of rewards, such as would in my thoughts have tempted an Angel; but I found her still lamenting the death of her *Spencer*, (which she had heard of by some Gentlemen that came over in the same ship with me) and resolutely bent that since she had not the fortune to enjoy him as her Love, she would never enjoy any; one day above the rest I pressed into her privacy, where I found her lamenting over the Picture of her beloved *Spencer*, I stood some time aside listning, when I might hear her say; It cannot sure be true that thou art dead my *Spencer*, death could not be so cruel to take thee in thy prime! but if he hath, how happy is that earth that doth contain thy breathless corps, how do the cold clay incircling thy tomb, rejoyce that it's a neighbor to so noble corps! Oh! that I were so happy to lye by thee, but since that cannot be, I'le study how to dye, that though our bodies lie at this vast distance, our souls may meet and safely harbor together! and yet, why should I be so cruel to my self, to whom thou wast so unkinde as not to leave me some few commands before thy death! this Picture which is thy lively representation, is more courteous, 'twill not deny me twenty thousand kisses, since the fates deny me thee, it shall be my husband, for here I vow never to marry other! At those words I stepped to her, and snatching away the Picture, would have departed with it, had not she, taking hold of my cloaths, stopped me, and falling down on

her knees, cried out, Oh Sir! for goodneſs ſake deprive me not of that Jewel which I prize above the wealth of both the *Indies*, rather let me beg you to poſſeſs your ſelf of all I have, and leave me onely that. You beg in vain, ſaid I, nor muſt you think that bribes vvill make me ſo much wrong my friend as to leave his will unperformed. What was that friend, ſaid ſhe? 'Twas one, ſaid I, loved you too well, nor did deſerve ſuch inconſtancy as you have been guilty of, which made him charge and command me when his ſoul was now ready to expire to come hither, and force from thee this Picture, unfit to grace a Strumpets chamber. Suſpend not my fear Sir, replied ſhe, but let me know the name of this cruel friend of yours. *Spencer*, ſaid I. Villain, ſaid ſhe, ſtarting up, thou lieſt, and ſo much more damned is thy lie, by how much thou wrongeſt by it the dead ſoul of him, who whileſt living, would have pulled out that treacherous ſoul that durſt have wronged that chaſtity, which I have ſo intirely preſerved for him, and will for his memory. Nay, ſaid I, if you will be angry vent your paſſions alone, farewell. Oh! ſtay, cried ſhe, and though my *Spencer* could be cruel as to deprive me of what I prize above my life, the onely remembrance I had of him, yet be not you ſo inhumane as to deny me to take my laſt farewel of it. I do not much care, ſaid I, if I grant your ſuit, provided you will promiſe immediately to return it. As I am chaſte I will, replied ſhe, and therewithal gave her the picture, vvhich having kiſſed over,

ſhe

ſhe began afreſh to cry out, Oh! thou perfect reſemblance of my Love, my deareſt Love, for whoſe ſafety I have every morning before the Larks with their ſweet Notes ſaluted bright *Aurora*, and every night when all other humane Creatures were buried in ſleep, and none but Stars were vvitneſſes, poured forth Oraiſons to Heaven, for whoſe ſake I have remained conſtant and unſpotted, though he hath been ſo unkinde with his laſt words to blaſt my memory, accept yet this, and this kiſs for my laſt farewel! and here Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſince it muſt be ſo, take this remembrance of my Lord, the ſight of vvhich hath often made me give alms, viſit priſoners, and lend money to needy Travellers, that Heaven might repay it *Spencer*, but with it let me beg one boon, that if ſome few days hence you hear I am expired, you will for his ſake, to whom you were once a friend, accompany my corps to the grave. I was ſo extreamly tranſported vvith this exceſs of vertue, (for what elſe to call it I know not) that I was neither able to take the Picture, nor to undeceive her, but recollecting my ſelf, and pulling off my diſguiſe, no, ſaid I, keep both it and withall this Ring from off your *Spencers* finger, nor did his love ceaſe with his life, this Will brings you a Legacy of five hundred pound *per annum*. Oh! now you have told me that, replied ſhe, which makes my loſſe the greater by how much his love was more ſuperlative. But I hope Captain *Goodlake*, continued ſhe, you will excuſe me for my being ſo raſh with you, 'twas your

diſguiſe

diſguiſe cauſed it. I muſt rather beg excuſe, replied I, that I have been ſo harſh to you, though I doubt not your pardon; ſince, ſaid I, 'tis now in vain to lament *Spencers* death, and that he hath divided his Eſtate betwixt us, let thoſe loves which we ſeverally ought to him, be joyned together in us. Alas! Sir, replied ſhe, my love is buried in his grave, and my reſolutions never to enjoy any other, ſealed with a ſolemn vow, but becauſe you were his friend, I will impart to you a ſecret, which none elſe muſt know, & in which I doubt not but you will be partaker with me. Willingly, ſaid I, be it to paſs through dangers never undergone by men or devils yet. Go then, ſaid ſhe, and e're you know farther, purchaſe for me that ſhip which lies for ſale in the rode, ſee her well fitted and manned, I have mony ready to defray all charges, and this done, you ſhall know farther; I went according as ſhe deſired me, though I could not yet imagine what deſign ſhe intended: I ſoon fitted the Frigat according to her order, colouring both the Hull with black, and furniſhing her with Sable Sails, and Colours; this done and the Frigat, (which ſhe would have named the *Negro*) being munitioned with ſixteen braſs Guns, and threeſcore and twelve ſtout men, I went to acquaint her that ſhe was now in readineſs to put to Sea, whom I found to have (whileſt I was taking care about the ſhip) had the ſame care in fitting her ſelf out for the voyage, having ſetled her Eſtate in caſe of miſcarriage, and beſtowed moſt of it to pious uſes; being

thus

thus prepared, we soon set to sea, her self vested in mans apparel, and having administred an Oath to all in the Ship, not to discover her sex upon any disasters whatsoever without her free consent; to me she gave the command of the Ship, and made *Roughman*, into whom she had by her Magnanimous spirit inspired valor, my Lieutenant, Mr. *Forcett* accompanied us as a voluntier; we were for many days blessed with prosperous winds, steering our course directly towards the Islands, within two days sail of which we were encountred by a Spanish Man of War, who stoutly attacqued us, but found that resistance which he little expected, in sum, after two hours fight (during all which time this Magnanimous Maid behaved her self with a more then manly courage, cheering up the soldiers, and her self in person ventring amongst the thickest dangers) the *Spaniard* instead of making us his Prize became ours, onely with the loss of seven of our best Seamen, but that was recompenced by the damage which the enemy fell, to wit, not onely of ship, goods and liberty, but the lives of near forty of their men; yet such was the generosity, that onely distributing some of the riches of the spoil amongst the Mariners, and disarming the Vessel, she gave those that survived the Ship, and sent them away with blessings for her courtesie; two days after this encounter we arrived in the Port of *Fial*, where she first discovered to the whole company what she often before had in private told me, to wit, that her whole intent of coming thither, was onely

onely to fetch the body of her beloved *Spencer*, and intomb it in a place where her ſelf might afterwards ſleep with him; ſhe therefore told them, that now ſhe muſt make the utmoſt proof of all their affections to her, which would beſt be expreſſed by their valorous attempting the Town, and redeeming out of it the body of her there ſlain Lover; they all ſeemed ready and willing to accompliſh her will, and though we were but 65. in number, not any mans fears, or doubts of ill ſucceſs appeared in their faces, but all were ready to fall on, yet I was loath to think that ſo many good men ſhould be caſt away, and loſt in vain, for with ſo ſmall number to have attaqued a Town then newly and ſtrongly refortified by the *Spaniards*, would have been an act of ſo great deſperation, that we ſhould hardly have eſcaped the cenſure of being guilty of our own murders; I therefore adviſed that we ſhould firſt man out our Boat, to ſee if by the taking ſome ſtragling *Spaniards*, we might come to know what force was in the Town, before we attempted ſo hazardous an enterprize; this counſel, after a ſmall deliberation, was agreed and aſſented to, and Mr. *Forcett* with ten men taking the command of the Boat, ſoon brought us in two *Spaniards*, whom their own fears made confeſs, that after the departure of *Eſſex* his Fleet, the *Spaniards* were returned, and had with a new line begirt the Town, that they had received great ſupplies both of men, ammunition, and proviſion, from the *Spaniſh* Fleet, but lately departed thence; that the ſoldiers

diers now in garrison, were two Companies of foot, besides the inhabitants; but all this had not deterred us from pursuing our first intentions of assaulting it, had not the *Spaniards*, upon the enquiry of our Virgin owners, informed us, that the body of *Spencer*, though at first buried in the great Church, and a stately Monument reared over it, was upon the *Spaniards* repossessing of the Town, it was removed thence as the Corps of a Heretique, (as those of your faith are pleased to stile us, though I believe the greatest part of those our Nation rather entertain the Protestant Religion, as that which they suck in with their mothers milk, then out of any sounder reason or search into the depth and truth of it) and buried in the fields, nor was it yet permitted to rest there, for the man that ought the field doubtful that his Corn would never prosper, whilest his Land was fatted with a Heretiques body, petitioned the Church that it might be taken up and burnt, which was easily granted, and as readily performed. The impossibility therefore of effecting our desires, or gaining what we came for, made us desist from further pursuit of it, but not from some part of our revenge, in battering down some part of the Town and Church, upon those who dealt so harshly with the body of our dead friend; this we had scarcely performed when from the main-top one of our Mariners espied two sails coming in directly towards us, we had no reason to guess them other then enemies, and therefore immediately made ready to fight them,

them, and becauſe they ſhould not have the advantage of combating us in their own Port, we made out, and to draw them ſomewhat farther off the land, that they might have no relief from thence, made ſhow of flying from them, and they as greedily purſued us as the hungry Tyger would his prey, but being as we thought at ſufficient diſtance from ſhore, tacked about upon them, and eaſily gaining the Windward, when we came nigher we might perceive that the one was an *Engliſh* Merchant-man, made Prize by the other a *Spaniſh* Rover; we were mightily encouraged to finde that we had no ods againſt us, and therefore readily clapt them aboard, not doubting but to carry them at the firſt aſſault, but our hopes failed us, for we were not onely twice beaten back, but the third time boarded by them, and had not our men been more then men, we had utterly been loſt; but who would refuſe to fight when they ſaw our Magnanimous *Amazon* encouraging them, and her ſelf in the van, proſtrating her tender body to the greateſt dangers, her valor it was that at length repelled the *Spaniards*, and proſecuting the Victory (whileſt I wounded in this laſt aſſault was (unable longer to ſtand) retired to my Cabbin) ſoon made thoſe proud Dons vail their Top-ſail to her Maiden Flag: And now poſſeſſed of her enemy, ſhe next generouſly purſues the releaſe of the *Engliſh* priſoners, to whom ſhe freely reſtored both their ſhip and goods, and ſupplied what dammage they had received, out of the riches of the *Spaniſh* Pirate; but ſurveying

veying the perſons of all the Priſoners, ſhe chanced to caſt her eye upon one, whoſe countenance ſo abſolutely repreſented her *Spencer*, that had ſhe not been confirmed by ſo many convincing that he was dead, ſhe would certainly have challenged him for hers, but confident of his death ſhe refrained, yet the ſo near remembrance of him ſurprized her ſpirits, ſo that ſwounding away, ſhe was conveyed into her Cabbin; nor were his eyes (for *Spencer* it was indeed) during her ſtay leſs fixed upon her, he believing that he had ſeen that face, but by reaſon of her virile habit, not in the leaſt dreaming it could be ſhe; *Roughman* who was now the chief in the ſhip during our owners indiſpoſition, and my weakneſs, diſpatched away the Merchants ſhip to follow her intended traffick, and thus were theſe two Lovers, by reaſon of my wounds, no ſooner met then parted, ſeeming to know and yet not daring to know each other. The *Spaniſh* Prize was equally divided amongſt the Sailors, and the Hull being made unſerviceable with our ſhot, ſunck in; but it was the care of this Magnanimous Maid that the *Spaniards* ſhould all be ſafely ſet on ſhore at *Fial*, which being done, we Roved for ſome months over a wilderneſs of ſeas, ſeeking out revenge upon the *Spaniards* for their inhumanity to *Spencers* body; but at length we were forced for want of freſh water, to put into *Mamorrah*, a Port belonging to the Kingdom of *Foſſe*, into which being entred, our noble Virgin owner, weary of her manly habit, reveſted her ſelf in moſt

most gorgeous feminine Robes, as well for her own pleasure, as to let the Moors have a sight of those beauties with which *England* was enriched; it is the custome in that Country that, as soon as any ship comes into haven, one of the chief Beighs belonging to the King, goes aboard, as well to take knowledge from whence she came, and for what reasons she came thither, as to take an account of her lading, which he is at his return to deliver into the hands of the King his Master; it fortuned that it was the turn of *Beigh Alcade* to come aboard our Negro, who being brought into the presence of our Heroick Maid, was struck with such wonder and amazement at her excelling beauty, that not able to require an account of us, he stood rather like a Statue then any living soul, but at length recollecting himself, he fell down on his knees, and terming her the Goddess of the Sea, made proffer to kisse the hem of her garments, but being raised up by her, and told that she expected no such adoration, but onely came in thither to desire some relief of fresh water, and other necessaries for her Seamen; he hardly yet put out of his belief that she was some Goddess, told her that all they had were offerings too little for so divine a presence, and that the hearts of men were oblations fitter for her worth, then such mean and earthly things as she desired: Talk not of divinity, replied she, for we are all like you, mortals; nor come we hither to be worshipped (though we know you prone enough to adore novelties) but to

supply

supply our necessities, with which desires if you please to acquaint your King, you will pay us that service which we shall accknowledge as a favour, and endeavour to requite. I am happy dumbe Creature (answered *Alcade*) that the Gods have at length been so favourable to me, as to confer a bounty on me worthy themselves, that is the serving you; our Heroick Virgin returned him thanks for his professed readiness to supply our necessities, and having caused some rich presents to be offered him, which he thankfully accepted dismissed him to give an account to *Mullisheg* King of *Fesse* his Master of his adventure, who earnestly attended the success of it, for the blackness of our sailes, Ship, and collours, had astonished not only himself, but all his Subjects: *Alcade* being arrived at Court, the King had not patience to attend his coming up into the Presence, but meeting him almost at the Gate, demanded of him what lading that mournful Vessell brought, she brings, mighty King (answered *Alcade*) a jewell more worth then all your Kingdoms; then all my Kingdomes (said *Mullisheg*) what inestimable thing is that thou talkst of? surely thou must either overvalue that, or undervalue my vast Dominions; is the whole Ship an intire Diamond, and all her Cordage Ropes of Orient Pearle, yet were it so it would not stand in competition with my Potent Realmes. Alas! great Sir (replied *Alcade*) 'tis not the Ship but her lading that is so inestimable, she bears a Goddess in her, a Goddess said *Mullisheg* laughing, sure thou art di-

ſtracted? I know not whether I am diſtracted or no (anſwerd he) but ſure I am, my ſences are raviſhed with ſuch Divine Angelical features as never mortal yet beheld, and if ſhe be leſs then a Goddeſs there are certainly no Deities. *Mulliſheg* was ſtrangely amazed to hear this report, nor could he containe (though he almoſt beleived it but a fancy of *Alcade* s) from ſatisfying his curioſity, having therefore commanded a preſent of all ſorts of neceſſary proviſions of the richeſt and delicateſt to be taken out of his Store-houſes for thoſe were the things he underſtood by *Alcade Beigh* they moſt wanted, he cauſed *Ioffer Baſſa* his prime Miniſter of ſtate to accompany *Alcade* back again to the *Negro* with orders to inquire into the birth and Country of this Princeſs (for he ſo judged her to be rather then a Goddeſs) and if they could poſſibly either by gifts of promiſes of honour and preferments to perſwade the Captain to bring on ſhore that rich Cargazoon of beauty. According to his orders they came a board, and found all things to ſuite with their utmoſt deſires, ſhe her ſelf freely proffering to attend the *Moreſco* King provided he would firſt conſent to ſign ſuch Articles as ſhe would ſend him which were in ſhort theſe. Firſt that there ſhould be liberty granted to her and her attendants to leave the land at pleaſure. Secondly ſafe conduct to and from her Ship at her own diſcretion. Thirdly that ſhe might live free from all violence either from the King or any of his ſubjects. Fourthly that her Marriners might be allowed freſh victuals aboard; and laſtly,

laſtly, That the King ſhould offer nothing upon her perſon more then what he ſhould gaine by free courtſhip and intreaty. Theſe Articles were no ſooner ſent, but returned, ſigned, and confirmed; and we in confidence of their performance accompanied the *Baſhaw* on ſhore, where we were received with all Magnificence imagniable: *Mulliſheg* was ſeated not purpoſly for our reception, but according to cuſtome upon a Throne of three aſcents, richly covered with a Canopy of Gold, for the diſtribution of juſtice, he had taken ſome admiration of her beauty at the report of *Alcade Beigh*, but had not fanſied it ſo great as to him now it ſeemed, for in ſuch amazement was he ſtrucken at the firſt glance of her Sun-like beams, that not able to move himſelf from his imperial Throne, he there ſate as if he had been inchanted; but raiſing himſelf, he deſcended and taking her by the hand, placed her in the Chair, where his Royal Queen uſed ſometime to ſit, & after having uttered ſeveral extravagant ſpeeches in the praiſe of her beauty, told her that that day ſhe ſhould ſit as ſupream Judge for the triall of all cauſes ſhould come before him, amongſt the reſt there were two Chriſtian Merchants, one of which for ſtealing Cuſtome was fined one thouſand Duckets, the other condemned to a forfeiture both of Ship and goods, both which by her interceſſion were releaſed, and the life of an Engliſh Divine ſaved, who vainly endeavoured to convert the Moores pardoned; but as theſe cauſes were debating, who ſhould come in as a Petitioner but her beloved *Spencer*: 'twas ſtrange what amazement ſeized

upon us two at the sight of that which we could take for nothing but his Ghost, nor was his wonder less to see us there. I was just going to salute him in that publick place and to try whether he were a reality or a shadow, had not his fair love detained me, and advised me to take some privater oportunity. Capt. *Goodlake* was further persuing this story, then which *Spinola* confessed he never heard one more delightful, when he was interrupted by a messenger from the Duke of *Mantua*, who came to acquaint these two valiant Commanders, that the Duke of *Ferrara* hearing that the Mantoves Army dayly increased in numbers, and would in short time arrive to such power as would be able to force him from his seige, thought it more honourable to raise it himself, & before their numbers were too much increased, give a second rout if posible, which effected, the conquest of his whole Country would assuredly follow; that to the end he might find them the more unprovided, he had silently raised his leagure, and that his vantguard was already advanced within 12 miles of *Marandola*, that therefore the Duke of *Mantua* had sent for them to desire their speedy Councill what was fit to be done, *Spinola* returned answer, that they would presently waite upon his Highness, though he never went with more regret to consult of affaires which tended to his honour, because he was forced to forgo the heaving of a story at an adventure, which he most of all desired to hear.

The end of the first part.

THE

THE
English Lovers:
A
ROMANCE.

THE SECOND PART.

Written Originally in English.

By *J. D.*

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THE English Lovers: A ROMANCE.

PART II.

Book 1.

THE heat of the Sun which was now mounted to the higheſt of the *Zodiak*, made the famous great Duke of *Florence* retire from his ſport of Hunting, to ſeek ſome cooler ſhade in an adjacent Wood, which with its Verdure ſeemed to invite him, as well to delight his Sences with the various Odours of all ſweet ſmelling Flowers

which Nature had adorned that pleasant Soil with, as to please his Opticks with their variety of Dresses, which the frugal Earth had been prodigal to bestow upon this fortunate Bower; but more especially to shade himself from the too violent beams of the Sun, under the broad spreading leaves of the Oaks and Sycomores.

But riding thus along with all possible delight, accompanied with a brave Squadron of his Nobles, to seek further pleasure, or to enjoy the fruits of their former sport, drawing neer to their intended repose; a place, which for its beauties might have deserved the presence of the chast *Diana*, a shrill and woman-like noise, pierced the ears of this famous Duke, who after having listned from whence their Cries came, posted with his *Pegasean* Steed, and was followed with no less swiftness by his Nobles, to the assistance, as they supposed, of some distressed Virgin.

Being arrived at the place, they might perceive a villainous *Bandetti* to have surprised a Lady of excellent beauty, and she not being able to resist his force, was forced to submit her tender arms to be tied to the boughs of a tree, which seemed to bow and yeild obedience to her, whilst the hellish Ravisher was preparing to sacrifice her Chastity to his lust; if the grand Duke at the *Eccho* of her cries made his horses feet strike Fountains out of the Rocks, with the strength and swiftness of his running, he now flew faster then the Windes to relieve this distressed Lady, and to execute a just vengeance

ance upon the impious Villain, who durſt attempt ſo horrid an iniquity upon one ſo like a Goddeſs; but the baſe Catif-conſcience of his own deſert, armed with the wings of fear and guilt, fled into the thickeſt of the Wood, and though purſued for ſome ſpace by the Duke himſelf, yet did thoſe fair ſpreading boughs for the preſent yeild both ſhelter and ſecurity to the barberous Raviſher.

The Duke ſeeing it in vain to purſue him any further, returned to the place where this beauteous Lady was, ſo neer being made a prey to ugly and deformed luſt, whom he found to be unbound by ſome of his, and at the ſight of him, advancing towards him; whither being come, ſhe fell down, and kiſſing his hand: Noble ſir, ſaid ſhe, For this act of ſuccouring a diſtreſſed woman, muſt needs aſſure me you are ſo; Give me leave before I pay my Oraizons to Heaven, or render that ſublime thanks I owe to you, to know to what worthy perſon of what eſtate or degree I owe this wretched life, leſt otherwiſe I prove a Heretick to good Manners, and ſtrive not to render a thanks worthy the perſon, ſince I can never do it worthy the favour. Faireſt of thy Sex, anſwered the Duke, ſince thy Nobleneſs I need not queſtion, whilſt I ſee it written in thy Forehead, I ſhould want ſome of that worth which you impute, if I ſhould deny your requeſt; Know then, noble Lady, I am ſtyled by my Subjects, Duke of *Florence*, and Prince of their Country, whoſe greateſt happineſs is, that it can boaſt to have kiſſed your feet. The

Prince

Prince of this Country (anſwered ſhe) then thus low muſt I fall to do a due Obeyſance, and therewithall would have faln with her face to the ground, but was taken up by the Duke, ſaying, O *Madam!* daign not to this ſordid earth; ſo great an honour as to kiſs thoſe fair lips, which the Owner of this ground would be proud to receive, and which the greateſt Princes may boaſt a Favour from. But, *Madam*, continued he, ſince my Stars have been ſo happy as to make me the Miniſter to preſerve your Honour from barbarous violation; let me beg to know for whoſe ſake the gods have thrown ſo great an Obligation upon me, and how they came ſo much to forget themſelves, as to let you by an adverſe Fate, be hurried into ſo great danger. Though your *Highneſs* (anſwered ſhe) may juſtly demand this as a debt due to the greateſt Obligation ever was laid upon poor diſtreſſed woman; yet to the favour of preſerving that Jewel which I hold ineſtimable; let me beg your Grace to ſuſpend for ſome time your deſires by believing that my over-preſſing grief, will not let me to fulfil them farther then to tell you, that by the raging of the boyſterous Seas, we were made a Shipwrack on the neighbouring Coaſts; upon which, I was no ſooner ſafely landed, and had eſcaped the mercileſs Seas, but we became a prey to thoſe Villains, from whence your Highneſs reſcued me. Cruel were thoſe Seas (anſwered the Duke) and ignorant of the great Treaſure they ſupported, when they could be ſo obdurate to injure ſo divine

vn: a Beauty: but for those *Bandetties*, who durst in my Country (happy only in being your Refuge) attempt such Impieties; they shall assuredly feel both the power and the justice of my Revenge: And thereupon turning to the Lord *Almerigho*, Be it your care, said he, to get in readiness a sufficient power to cleer these Woods of those inhumane Robbers, and in the mean time, let a *Bando* be published, proclaiming a Reward of one thousand Crowns, to whoever should bring in the head of that foul and beastly Ravisher. But, *Madam*, said he, I suppose that grief through which I see your Beauties shine, proceeds from the loss of some friend, in this fatal Disaster. 'Tis true Sir, answered she, I have lost a friend, who striving to defend me, over-powred by numbers, I fear me fell by those *Bandetties* Swords and cause enough I have to doubt, lest my Maids Chastity be made a prey to some Ravishers hot blood: We have delayed too long time to rescue her, answered the Duke; and therewithall commanded some to go out in search of her, who soon found her tied to a Tree, in the same manner as her Lady was, but as yet unprejudiced in her honour; for upon the noise of the Duke's approach, fear had made the Villains desist from their Design, and fly to seek their safety. The Maid at the sight of her beloved Mistress, fell down, and embracing her knees, uttered thousand of expressions of joy for her deliverance, with millions of blessings upon those who were the Causers of it; but withall, assured her, that

she

she feared her friend who had fought so gallantly for her was slain, for that she saw him desperatly wounded, and pursued by at least a score of the *Bandetti*. The Lady shewed feeling expresions of grief in this relation; but the Duke endeavoured by all means possible to comfort her, withall telling her, that since Fortune had been so adverse to her, as to cast her upon his shore, he hoped she would not refuse the happiness to bless his Court with her presence. Her present condition made her easily yeild to the generous offers of the Duke: so she was presently mounted in a stately Chariot, which was come there ready to attend his Highness, who entring with her into the Coach, fed all the way upon her excelling beauty, till the little blinde god made his heart a prey to her perfections.

Being arrived at Court, the Duke strove to entertain his strange guest with such extraordinary solemnity that from thence might be easily perceived, that he bore her no ordinary affection, the statelyest Lodgings in the whole Court were appointed for her appartment, and many Ladies of honour ordred to attend her, but she would suffer none to waite upon her but her own servant *Maria*.

Nor could all the sumptiousness of her entertainment or the sports purposely invented by the grand Duke, remove or make her abate his melancholly humour, which had so fully possest her that the joy for the misery she had escaped, was forgot in the great sorrow she felt; for misery she yet thought her self involved in, yet still so transparent

transparent did her beauty shine through that veil of grief, that it seemed rather as a foile to set of, then ablemish to her excellencies.

The grand Duke had a great desire to know the person or quality of his fair guest, but finding her so much over pressed with sorrow at any mention of her story, his love and civility obliged him not to be troublesome to her, he therefore addressed himself to her maid, and by gifts endeavoured to draw that from her which her Mistresses griefs would not permit her to relate, but she having recived a charge from her Lady not to disclose any thing of her various fortunes, he might as well attempted to have washed a Blackamoore, or done things most impossible.

But whilst he both in vain persued his love to his fair guest, and his desire to know her person and quality, an unlookt for accident discovered the last unto him, for a Merchant by chance, having received from forraign adventures a rich Casket of the most curious Jewells of the East, thought it his duty to make the first show of them to his Prince, whose love promted him to command this Merchant to attend upon his beautifull guest and freely present them to her choice, as things only fit to adorne so incomparable a Creature.

The Merchant according to the commands of the Grand Duke, attended on the faire Mistres of his Princes heart, freely making offer to her of the most precious of his Jewells, all which she slighted making choice of none but a small Ring

and

and that only becauſe her civility obliged her not to reject the bounty of ſo great a Prince.

But upon the returne of *Tignor Iacomo Bonaventuro*, for ſo was the Merchant called to the Grand Duke, he brought him a Jewell, which he valued above all thoſe of his Casket, to witt, the knowledge of the perſon of his beautious gueſt, aſſureing him that ſhe was no other then that vertuous Engliſh Damoſell whoſe fame had ſpread it ſelf from the Court of the King of *Feſſe* over moſt parts of the *Chriſtian* world.

The Duke was extreamly rejoyced that it ſhould be his happineſs to entertain a perſon whom fame had reported ſo highly deſerving, yet ſeemed ſomewhat to doubt the Merchants relation, till he aſſured that the favour he received from her (ſix of her men being reſcued from the Gallies by his interceſſion) had ſo ingrafted her *Idea* in his mind, that it was impoſſible ever to be eradicated or blotted out.

This conference of the Merchans made the Duke as confidently believe what he was likewiſe willing it ſhould be ſo, and this beleif ſprung in him a deſire to hear a perfect relation of her particular carriages in the Court of that mighty King of *Feſſe* and *Morrocco*, which though he had darkly been informed of in the General by the land *Eccho* of her far reſounding fame, yet he wanted that certain relation which his now knowledge of her perſon made him deſire.

He therefore commanded the Merchant to acquaint him with his knowledge of that ſtory, which after ſome excuſes of not being able to performe

performe his Highneſs deſires ſo fully as he might expect, yet reſolving in obedience to his commands to do his utmoſt endeavour; he thus proſecuted.

The Continuance of the Hiſtory of the Magnanimous Maid.

IT was my fortune (dread Soveraign) to be in the Port of *Mamorrah*, when this moſt excellent maide arrived with her Ship called the *Negro* in that haven, what her entertainment was, fame hath already ſo fully reſounded in your Highneſs eares, that I need not make any farther relation of it, no more then I need give you a recital of the many pious acts, which by the powers her beauty had gain'd over that *Mooriſh* King; ſhe did to many *Chriſtians*, either whoſe ſhips, goods, or liberties had been made forfeit to the Tyranny, or ſeverer Laws, of thoſe Infidells.

Let it ſuffice your Highnes to take notice of an adventure which ſurpaſſes all that ever I heard, amongſt other addreſſes made to her whilſt ſhe ſate with that great King upon the judgment-ſeat, there came in a Gentleman ſeemed to be a ſuiter for the releaſe of an Engliſh Ship, ſeized upon by the Kings officers for ſome default in the payment of cuſtomes, it was my hap, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs at that inſtant to be in the Court, when I might perceive a ſtrange alteration and diſtraction both in the countenance of that

that renowned maid and this ſtrange Gentleman who for manlike beauty and comelineſs of Perſon exceeded in my opinion all that ever I ſaw; Gods! how did their eyes dart wonders at one a nother, a man might eaſily perceive in their countenances that they did know, and yet did ſcarſe beleive they knew each other, ſo great was their diſtraction that the Gentleman was not able to make known his deſires, and certainly the King had taken notice of their paſſion had not the Captaine of the *Negro* who equaly knew this Gentleman taken him aſide and informed himſelf of that happineſs which before he did but doubt of.

My curioſity drew me to that part to which they had retired, where I might underſtand by the ſumme of their diſcourſe, that this Noble Gentleman was the occaſion that drew that magnanimous Virgin out of her own Country, Not out of any hopes ever to injoy him but out of the exceſs of love which ſhe had formerly bore him, to fecht his Corps (beleeved to be buried in *Fiall*) to grace it with aſumptious interment in *England*, but being arrived there, it was reported that his body was by the revengfull *Spaniards*, burnt and the aſhes thrown into the aire, ſo that her intentions being fruſtrated, accident rather then deſign had brought her into that Port.

The ſtrangneſs of this adventure, made me draw neerer to hear the period of it, and how this Gentleman ſo long beleived to be dead was now again revived which I found to be by his

his own relation thus, that in few daies after the departure of the fleet had recovered of thoſe wounds which by his friend he was thought to have died of, that the miſtake aroſe from the death of one of his name, whoſe aſhes might in probability be ſo abuſed by the cruell *Spaniards*, that himſelf not finding a paſſage directly for *England* had Embarqued upon that Merchant-man now forfect, then bound for *Mamoroh* & ſo for his own Country, that they were firſt taken by the *Spaniard*, and then ſoon after releaſed by that ſhip *Negro*, where ſeeing the owner (for ſo was this magnanimous Maid eſteemed,) in mans apparell he did think notwithſtanding his diſguiſe that ſhe much reſembled the joy of his heart, at thoſe words his friend imbracing him, cried out how unfortunate were thoſe wounds I then received, for forcing me to retire from the diſcovery of thee my *Spencer*, whoſe ſight would not then have been leſs dear to me then now, after ſo many chances and ſtrange variety of fortunes, which according to the vulgar opinion do generally endeare affections; but we muſt now, continued he, endeavor to manage our buſneſs wiſely, for fear leaſt the love which I perceive the Mooriſh King is inflamed with towards your Miſtreſs, ſhould work your own and our deſtruction: go therfore and without any further notice taking, urge your ſuite for the releaſe of the *Engliſh* Ship and goods.

The Gentleman did as his friend the Captain had adviſed him, nor needed there much intreaty to prevail in the Suite, whilſt that fair

Virgin interceded for its grant; yet so closely, they could not conceal their loves and affections to each other, but it was easily discerned by the enamoured *Mullisheg*, whose Rage began to appear in his eyes against his Rival, which being perceived, both by *Spencer* and his beautiful Mistress, they resolved, seeing they were no longer able to conceal their Loves, freely to declare to the King, knowing that by wilful concealment of what was so apparent, they should but lose themselves; nor could they do more if they revealed their Loves; the strange misfortunes of which, they thought, might move the *Moor*, if he had any sence of Nobleness or Generosity, to grant them the enjoyment of their long laboured for desires.

Armed with this Resolution, the generous *Spencer* (taking opportunity when the *Moorish* King was seated Gloriously on his Throne, which shewed more Resplendant by being adorned with that Paragon of Beauty) kneeling down begged a Boon of *Mullisheg*, who having been alwaies hitherto used to grace him for the sake of his fair Mistress; bad him freely ask, promising upon his Royal word not to deny him any thing. Shew your self then most mighty King, said he, what Fame has Renowned you for, and grant me this fair Virgin, whom neither the envious Fates, nor boistrous Seas could rob me of, to be my Wife. Heavens! how did this Request startle the Sable *Mullisheg*, his fiery eyes did seem to dart forth Lightning, and gnashing his Ivory Teeth, leapt out of his Chair of State,

State, and shaking his Ebon locks, drew forth his *Scimatar* with such violence, as if he would have cleft asunder the two Poles, and made the whole foundation of the Earth sink to its primitive *Chaos:* In summe, crying out; And dares any insolent slave attempt to deprive me in my own Court, and at the foot of my Imperial Throne, of a Jewel I esteem above my Crown? Base Caitife, thy Request hath spoke thy death, and those audacious Accents of thy ill instructed Tongue, were the passing Bell to thy deserved Funeral: nor will I, by Heaven longer defer my Justice: His threatning words had been seconded by as hasty a blow upon the head of the worthy *Spencer*, had not the magnanimous Maid interposed, and laying hands upon his Arms, cryed out: Truce-breaking *Mullisheg*, most undeserving the name of a King; who darest thus publickly break and violate those Oaths thou so lately swor'st to? what faith can ever hereafter be had in the word of a King, if the great *Mullisheg* who once was famed for the most good and just of any of his belief, shall become a perjured Wretch? And yet know cruel and unjust Tyrant, that if thou persistest in this villany (for other I cannot term it) thou shalt be yet further from enjoying thy lustful and irregular will upon me, for I vow to all the gods I will not outlive him a moment.

The fierce lookt *Mullisheg* stood as it were astonished at her Generosity, and amazed at the Majesty of her Anger, his trembling hand let slip his Sword, and falling back into his Throne,

he fixed his eyes upon the ground, and as if he durſt not look upon ſo much offended Beauty, ſate rather like a ſenſleſs *Statua* then a living Prince.

But after a ſmall time of revengeful Cogitations (though his fury ſeemed all the while to abate) he with a voice ſcarce demonſtrating the leaſt paſſion, commanded his Attendant Guard to ſeize on the Generous *Spencer*, which they were as ready to effect, as he to command; had not he reſolutely determined (knowing what would be the iſſue of a *Mooriſh* Priſon) rather to ſell his life at the deareſt rate with his Sword in his hand, then be ſtarved to death in a loathſome Dungeon.

The Guard ſeeing themſelves thus confronted, and indeed repulſed, by one ſingle man in the preſence of their Prince, added fury to their Numbers, and reſolved all at once to ſuppreſs him, but with ſuch ſtrength and courage, did he brandiſh his death-threatning Sword, that like thoſe Rats who were to hang a Bell about the cats neck, none durſt be the firſt to approch him.

In the mean time, this worthy and magnanimous Maid, ſnatching from the ground the *Mooriſh* Kings Sword, thruſt her ſelf amongſt the thickeſt of the Guard, to aſſiſt or defend her generous Lover; and at length, coming to the place where he was, ſhe like a Breaſt-plate clapt her ſelf before him, endeavouring to receive or defend all blows that were made at him; but the timerous Guard, whether not daring to offend ſo much Beauty, or daunted at her heroick Courage

Courage, made no further attempt upon her beloved *Spencer.*

The falling off of the Guard bred a pity of these two Lovers in the heart of the Sable *Mullisheg*; yet he thought fit at first to make no shew of it, but calling them before him with an angry Countenance: Is it possible, said he, that you should yet dare thus to affront me in my own Court, whilst it lies in my power to inflict on you the most terrible of Tortures? Tortures (replyed this magnanimous Maid) know base Tyrant, the most fell Tortures that ever barbarous *Affrica* invented, can no more make us alter our fixt Resolutions, then Kings are able to make the Heavens bow to do them Reverence: for know, insulting King, our Loves are like the Center of the World, so strongly seated in our hearts, that nothing but a general dissolution can shake them. Whilst the King sate still amazed, and musing upon the Gallantry of the English Maid; the Captain of the *Negro* who had not been idle all this while, but shewed sufficient demonstrations of his resolutions, to follow the fate of his friends, addressing himself to *Mullisheg*; seconded her words with somwhat to this effect. I need great King (said he) urge how infamous you will becom by breaking that faith which you so lately gave. Kings are easier incited to actions which will add to their former Glory, then by words deterred from those would ecclipse, Ile let it suffice that you have now opportunity offered to do an action which will make the great *Mullisheg* renownd through

the

the world joyn these two lovers hands, the story of whose constancy, were it but related, would move compassion not in you only but in the very senceless Rocks, O let not then Sir your intemperate love sway you above your honour, but as you have been conquerour of mighty Kingdomes, let this action demonstrate to the world that you are victor over your self and over your immoderate desires, so shall forraigne Nations that never yet heard your name Chronicle your vertues.

This speech of the Captaines wrought so effectually with the inclining *Mullisheg* that rising from his Chaire, you have (said he) wakened in me that heroick spirit; which can never suffer lust to triumph over vertue, Most excellent Virgin, whom before we loved for the outward graces, but now admire for that inward ornament of thy soul, thy loyal constancy, accept from my hand thy long hoped for love; whose story having heard discourst, the greatest riches of my Kingdom shall Solemnize your Nuptials; Were but the great *Mullisheg* (answered this Magnanimous Maid) of the Christian faith, I should believe him a god on earth, but let this action however so celebrate his fame, that he may be an eternall patterne to future Kings, to account it a greater glory to be conquerours of themselves then of the greatest Empire.

Many other words passed to the like purport, and so the company for the present withdrew to the Kings Pallace, where shortly after all imaginable preparations were made for the Solemnization

zation of the Nuptials of these two English lovers, but my occasions mighty Duke, calling me from thence, I could not stay to see the marriage solemnized, though I afterwards heard that it was performed with wonderful state; and since your Highness tells me that she was cast by shipwrack into your countrey; I have reason to beleive that great sorrow which at present overshadowes that nature which used to be civil, courteous, and debonair, is for the loss of her husband who undoubtedly perisht in the all devouring sea.

The Duke was extreamly delighted with this relation of the Merchant, but especially with the hopes he had of the worthy *Spencers* loss, for he thought that might facilitate the enjoyment of his beautious Mistress, which he resolved to leave no way unattempted to attain; and therefore commanded the Merchant to go and present her with own of his richest Jewels, valued at ten thousand Crowns, knowing how much gifts do prevail over the soft and easie natures of women; but though her civility taught her to accept the Dukes Jewel, yet her honour inclined her to a resolution, that not a whole Dukedome should tempt her to a violation of her chastity.

Scarce was Sig. *Iacomo Bonaventuro* departed to offer up his rich present, to the fair hands of the fairest guest, but a messenger arrived to acquaint the Grand Duke of *Florence*, that after the long continued bloody warrs between the two Dukes of *Mantua* and *Ferrara*, they had

concluded a firme and lasting league; and were resolved within two daies to visit *Florence*, to make his Highness and his whole Court and Countrey a witness of their late concluded amity. The Duke received the Messenger with all honour due to one, who came as agent from two such Princes, returning them thanks suitable to the honour done him by such a visit, and withal giving order that his Court should be made to shine with Gold and Pearls, for their more sumptuous entertainment.

Two daies after the two Princes arrived, being met by the grand Duke, with an infinite train of Nobility on horseback, three miles without the City, and so with inexpressible state, conducted to the Royal Palace, where the *Tuscan* being seated on his Throne, and the two Princes on each side of it, he endeavoured to make their welcome grateful, by telling of them, that the honour they had done him in leaving their Courts to visit him, should be recorded as an everlasting Trophy of their loves, and an eternal monument, of a firm and perfect amity with them both. They returned an address suitable to his civility, by telling him, that having happily composed their two long lasting differences, they thought themselves oblieged, to make a render of their united league to his Highness, as to greatest and most renowned Prince of *Italy*, selecting him as a Royal witness of their blest union: Nor must we, continued the Duke of *Mantua*, forget to present unto your Highness his

this pair of Heroick Engliſhmen, who as they defended us ſeverally with their Armes, ſo they united us in their friendſhip. I have heard indeed long ſince (anſwered the *Tuſcan Duke*) of their Noble deeds of Armes, loud fame having blazoned it into moſt Courts of *Chriſtendome*, but that they have been happy in reconciling two Princes, and ſtopping that iſſue of blood, would in time have overflowed their Countries, makes them more glorious then all their acts of Chivalry, and herewith he Roſe from his chair to ſalute the two *Engliſh* ſtrangers, whom he perceived made their addreſſes to kiſs his hand, which he would by no means permit, but affectionately embracing them, told them that perſons of ſuch great worth were not to be received as Subjects, but Companions to Princes; and though he knew no way to do it according to their deſerts: yet he ſhould ſtudy to find one out, they humbly on their knees returned thanks to the Duke for his Noble reception, excuſing themſelves as not deſerving any ſuch favour at his hands; Your fame hath already ſufficiently ſpoken your deſerts (anſwered the grand Duke) but if any of theſe Noble perſonages will do me the honour to inform me of ſome of the latter paſſages of that war, I doubt not but your actions will beſt ſpeak your character. 'Twas a kind of a pleaſant ſtrife to ſee how the two Dukes haſtened which ſhould firſt ſatisfie the *Thuſcan*, and do right to their Champions, which at length being conceded to the Duke of *Mantua Ferrara*, being retired he thus began.

The

The continuation of the story of the two Worthies Spencer *and* Goodlake.

AFter the fortunate armes of the Duke of *Ferrara*, assisted as himself confesses, chiefly by that noble English Gentleman (pointing to the gallant *Spencer* who had hitherto concealed his name) to whom I think deservedly he attributes his whole success, had gained that signal victory over my forces on the Plains of *Merandola*, I retreated with a small remainder of my Army, unto that strong fortress, there to endeavour again to recruite my shattered Brigades, though with little hopes ever to appear again in the field, had not the invincible arms of the generous *Spinola*, and thrice valient *Goodlake* forced a victory from the *Savoyards* and *Ferrareses*, and joyned their forces to mine, whereby I not only gained their assistance, but other of my Subjects having their hopes revived by their victory, came flocking in to offer their service in assistance of my cause, which they now accounted nothing less then desparate.

But the Duke of *Ferrara* having advice of the great supply which dayly came into my Army, as he was incamped before my Metrapolitan City of *Mantua*, thought it the better policy to raise his seige then to be raised from it, and I suppose it was then debated in his counsel of War,

War, that every delay did but add more ſtrength to my forces, that the City was yet well provided with all ſorts of proviſion, ſtrengthned with a ſtrong Garriſon, and therefore not likely to be ſurrendred or forced in a ſhort time; that if he could once more give a general defeat to my forces, the City would of it ſelf come in without any reſiſtance, that therefore the Duke ſhould immediately raiſe his ſeige, and if poſſible provoke me to a battel.

This laſt concluſion was made a reſolve, and ſuch was their expedition in advancing towards us, or the negligence of my Scouts, that the whole Army of the Duke of *Ferrara* was ſcarce half a daies march diſtant, ere I had any advice of their motion, which put me at firſt into ſome diſtraction, but finding all delays to be ſo many preſenting perils, I immediately called a Counſel of War, where it was with one voice adviſed and aſſented to, that I ſhould with all ſpeed draw out my whole forces, and give my then Enemy Battel.

Thus were the plains of *Merandola* the ſecond time to be made the ſtage whereon we were to act a bloody Scene, for we had advice that the enemy not much above four leagues off was entring upon them, nor was that large *Champayne* above half a League diſtant from our Camp. The Sun had about two houres declined towards the Weſtern Horizon, when our whole Army, conſiſting of about five thouſand horſe, and twelve thouſand foot advanced, and ſomewhat before ſunſet, faced the Duke of *Ferrara's*

rara's Camp, who with about the same number of horse and foot, had seated himself with their backs directly opposing the morning sun.

'Twas strange that two so great Armies should lie so close together with so little noise, neither being guilty of the least excursion during the whole night, though I must confess I was advised by some, and that not without reason, to have immediately fallen upon *Ferrara's* Forces, whilst I had the advantage of the setting sun, which darted i'ts rayes just into the faces of my Enemies; besides, it was urged that the *Ferareses*, having had many long & tedious marches without intermission, must needs be very weary, and so easily be overcome by a fresh Army, but all those arguments were opposed by the generous *Goodlake*, bravely encouraging me to scorn to take the least advantage of a foe, whose numbers exceeded not mine.

The next day before the sun had displayed it's Golden Rayes upon the Parched earth, the Drums and Trumpets Alarum'd both Armies to their bloody work, my right wing of Horse I committed to the charge of the thrice Noble *Spinola* and the gallant *Goodlake*, the left wing was committed to the charge of that worthy Souldier, your Highness Subject, Signior *Alonzo Tristamara*, my self in person Commanded the main body of the Army, and as if it were by joynt consent, the Duke of *Ferrara* had ordered his Forces in the same manner as I had done mine, the English stranger Commanding the right

right wing of Horſe, Signior *Giaſparo Piemonteſe* that approved veteran the left wing, and the Duke himſelf having charge of the maine battel.

The Peales of Ordnance, like ſo many funeral Knells, having rung out a fierce Alarum to both parties, and the Drums and Trumpets ſounded an encouraging charge, our armies joyned juſt about the time when the ſun ſhewed his dewy locks above the Cærulian Sea, and there as 'twere ſtood ſtill to behold the gallant actions of theſe two noble ſtrangers, who moſt reſolvedly charging in the heads of their troops, in few hours time with an infinite ſlaughter interchangeably put to flight their oppoſites, whilſt the main *Battalias* faught with equal ſucceſs, or indeed ſcarce at all, but amazedly beheld the incredible actions of the two Engliſh men. Gods! How like flaming Comets did their brightned ſwords peirce through the Helmets of their enemies; the left wing of the Duke of *Ferrara's* Army was forced to yield to the unconquerable Arme of *Goodlake*, nor did ours find a milder fate in endeavouring to reſiſt againſt that of the other inviſcible, but yet unknown ſtranger, when at laſt *Goodlake* leaving *Spinola* ſtill to purſue the routed *Ferrareſſe* in the left wing, came to the aſſiſtance of ours, with a ful reſolution to meet that gallant ſtranger who had wrought ſuch wonders againſt us.

But

But it hapned that at the same time that *Goodlake* with a gallant party, came in to the assistance of our left wing, his other magnanimous Countryman (though then unknown of him to be so,) was gon with a select Brigade of Horse to repair the ruines on the Duke of *Ferrara*'s part, Heavens! how soon did their presence alter the Scene of affairs, those who before were persuers, were now persued; the gallant *Spinola* charging in the head of his troops, became a sacrifice to the sword of *Ferrara*'s Champion, & on the other side those troops which his presence had before made victorious, now fled as fast as they before pursued, before my valient Commander. In this variety of fortune did the battel continue on both sides, for the whole day those two noble strangers, seeming as it were the soules of the two Armies which moved those great bodies at their pleasure, till after Sun-set the approaching darkness of the night, rather then any other cause, made us both willingly sound a retreat, as well to rest our wearied bodies, as to compute our losses.

'Tis almost incredible (worthy Prince) what infinite slaughter this day made, those vast and wide-stretching plains seemed covered with the bodies of the dead; nor could either Army boast above half the number which they had that morning seen alive and well: *Strange fury of men, worse then that of wild beasts, for these are never ravenous upon those of their own brood, but we ambitiously strive to destroy one another!*

The

The next mornings light called up the two Armies again, to put a final period to this bloody Tragedy, the Trumpets and Drums had sounded the alarum, and now onely attended to change their note to that of another fell and dreadful charge, when a Herald from the Duke of *Ferrara*'s Army brought me the ensuing Letter.

To the Puissant Duke of *Mantova.*

THough we have no reason at all to doubt the strength or courage of our Army, or to think our cause so bad, as not to venture our Subjects bloods once more in a fatal conflict; yet when we consider, that the blood which has been shed in this unhappy contrast, would not only have watered but overflowed those lands we contend for, we cannot but with tears lament that vast effusion of humane gore, and wish that some happy remedy might be found out to give a Period to these unhappy discords, rather then by further hazarding our Subjects lives, increase both the score and the enmity. Think not hereby that we mean to forgoe the least of our right, but this we promise

miſe upon the word of a Prince, that if for preventing further Tradegies, your Highneſs will make choice of a Champion to combate ours, we will willingly hazard the loſs of that which we think we may juſtly call our own, upon his ſingle perſon, being content that the conqueſt of either ſhall end all differences between us.

D. Ferrara.

This Challenge which I may in ſome regard call pious (as I underſtood afterwards from the Duke of *Ferrara*) proceeds wholly from the generous intreaties of that worthy ſtranger, who moved out of a noble pitty, to ſee too neighbour Princes in that cruel manner, ſacrifice their Subjects lives, to either their diſdain or ambition for a thing ſcarce worth the contention, freely offered his blood to end the difference, which *Ferrara* confident of his valour, as readily accepted.

Nor can I, tell you mighty Prince, with what joy I received his offer, though I was doubtful when I leaſt had need) who to make choice of for the defender of my right, for no ſooner was the Challenge read in my Councel of War, but the thrice valient *Goodlake*, falling on his knees, earneſtly intreated to do him the honour to make him my Champion, which he added, he deſired not ſo much out of a confidence of his own ſtrength or valour, but that he might revenge

revenge the blood of the most Noble *Spinola*, for between them two was there contracted an inviolable friendship.

I readily assented to his request, nor was there any of the most daring that murmured at it, either because they had had too much experience of the vallour of the enemies Champion, (for we all beleived the stranger) or because they thought none but him able to cope with him, or else because they thought it convenient that the other being a stranger none but a stranger should combat him. So I immediately returned this answer to *Ferrara's* Duke.

To the thrice Noble Prince the Duke of *Ferrara.*

THe pious care you have to avoid the effusion of Christian blood, makes me accept your challenge, being as willing to save the lives of my Subjects, as you have been ready to sacrifice both yours and mine to deprive me of my right. My Champion shall meet yours armed at all points, like a Knight at Armes, in the Plaine between both armies, Hostages being first on both sides given to performe conditions.

D. Mantova.

A Herald from me being sent, with this returned, with speedy answer that the Duke of *Ferrara*, would immediately deliver into my power as Hostages the Count *Lozenzo Porzcachy* and Signior *Giasparo Piemontese*, if in exchange of them I would send the Count *Piedro Giovanni*, and Signior *Alonzo Tristamara*, which I willingly agreed to, and they were on both sides fairely delivered.

Exchange being thus made, and all conditions agreed upon, the sound of the Trumpets called forth the two Champions into the feild; the first that appeared was the Challenger, mounted on a black Steed, and his Armour so perfectly black that there appeared not any thing about him which was not wholly sable, save only a small green Scarfe tied about his wast; my Champion was on the contrary appareld all in white, being a furniture I purposely gave him to denote the justness and nocency of my cause, yet his own fancy lead him to incircle his armes with a mourning Scarfe.

Having made two or three traverses about the feild, the signall was given, which the two Combatants received with so much readiness as I never yet beheld the like, their fiery Steeds breathing forth nothing to all mens appearance but death and destruction; yet ran so fiercely at each other, that they seemed to threaten the shaking of the whole Universe; yet these two gallant spirits at the breach of there Lances upon each others helmet sate like two Rocks unmoved in their Saddles, when furiously drawing out

out their Swords they made us believe that the Combat between *Ajax Telamon*, and the valiant *Hector*, was again renewed, such was the ponderousnes of the strokes that they would have forced the Heaven, assaulting Giants to have bowed under them.

But how soon was this storme changed into a calme. These two Champions who but just before, with such violence and fury assaulted each other; on a suddain to the amazement of us all threw away their Swords, and leaping of their Horses cast themselves into mutual embraces: We were doubtful, at first what to think of this so strange adventure, some were of opinion that they still fought, affirming that it was the manner of *England*, not to stand overlong dallying with their Swords, but by closing try out the issue of the fight by strength; others beleived that by some accident, they had come to make some happy discovery of themselves to be two friend, and were now imbracing (which was indeed the truth) and renewing their antient friendship, nor wanted there some to beleive that, one party had yeilded to the other, though they could not guess which; yet either in the interim beleived themselves betraied.

The agreement made that none should stir from their post, to assist or encourage either Champion, made us with the greater patience await an issue, which after no short time of expectation was brought to either side by the combatants themselves. *Good lack* being arrived at my Tent, I was very inquisitive to know the

reason of that strange amity so suddenly agreed upon between two foes, who I beleive went with as equall regret and hatred to the feild, as did *Paris* and *Neoptolomius*, when the one vow'd to revenge the death of a father, the other of a friend and brother.

But he intreated me to restrain my curiosity, till such time as I could call a general Counsel of War; to whom he desired publickly to declare the event: I assented to his request, and having summoned all the cheif officers of my army together, seats being taken according to order, he thus began to relate the story.

"That I have, Noble *Mantoveses*, ever since "I entertained your Dukes service, behaved my "self both as became a souldier & Commander, "I hope there's none here will gain say, nor de- "ny that I have alwaies readily ventured my "life to the greatest hazards, perrils and dangers, "which the various chance, & fortune of this warr "hath cast before me; and yet I think never any "of you before heard me so much sound forth "my own praises: nor do I now make this *Ex-* "*ordium*, either to augment my own, or dimi- "nish your worth, but to tell you that I can "now no more hazard my blood for you, that "life which before was a burthen, is now grown "precious to me, and I may say that through "both yours and the Duke of *Ferrara's* Armies, "are still in the feild as opposites, I have by your "warrs gained such a *requiem* as just a period to "my further labours. For I have found my "friend for whose only sake or rather for whose

supposed

"ſuppoſed loſs I became your friend, and "*Ferrara's* foe; let your contracts then migh-"ty Sir end in our friendſhip, and as we have "ſhewed you an example, through away your "blood thirſty ſwords, and turne your emnity "in to embraces.

He would I beleive have proceeded farther to our admiration, had not the arrival of a Herald from the Duke of *Ferrara's* Camp, requiring ſpeedy audience obſtructed him, who being admitted addreſſing himſelf to me, told me that he beleived my Champion had already prepared me with what he came about; that his Maſter inclined by the ſtrange accident which had hapned between the two Combatants, was reſolved likewiſe to lay aſide his offenſive armes, and embrace me with thoſe of an eternall friendſhip; that to that effect he had ſent me ſuch conditions, as he thought could not in honour refuſe. That he was ready to yeild up to me all thoſe Lands in contention, ſave only the ſmall Town and Caſtle of *Torre Necova*, which ſtanding on the other ſide of the River, were known anciently to belong to the Dukedome of *Ferrara*, that if I refuſed theſe offers, he doubted not but in the end, I ſhould have reaſon to repent the loſs of ſo fair an oportunity to conclude an everlaſting amity.

The conditions were ſo honourable, that it had been a diſhonour in me to refuſe them; ſo with the Herald, I returned an honourable meſſenger of my own to acquaint the Duke, that if he would be pleaſed to grant me an interview

between both Armies, I doubted not but we should have occasion to free our Countries from further Alarums by concluding a firme and durable league.

My messenger was honourably received, my message accepted, the interview had, and all things easily agreed upon, and thus (Noble Prince have) I in brief related to you how those warrs, which had cost the lives of so many thousand of our Subjects, were in few houres space by the mediation of those worthy persons, terminated in a happy and lasting peace, a witness whereof we are come to make your Highness, your whole Court and people.

The Grand Duke was extreamly delighted with this relation of the Duke of *Mantova* uttering forth innumerable praises in honour of the English Nation, and studying how he might honourably requite these Noble persons, who had wrought so much good in *Italy*, when there entred into the presence Chamber, a Gentleman of a gallant aspect, bearing upon the point of his sword the head of one, whom it appeared he had overcome.

Being come within hearing of the Duke, kneeling down he made this adress to him. Shew your self (Noble Sir) that bountiful Prince to strangers, which all the world reports you, by paying to me that debt which your Proclamation makes due to him who could bring the head of the Chaptain of *Bandetties*, which thus low I present to your highness feet: We should shew our selves ingrateful (answered the Duke) and much

retrogade

retrogade from the honour of Soveraign Princes, should we deny you your well purchased reward; but let us farther beg to know to what Country man we owe this service. I am mighty Prince (said he) by birth an *Englishman*; an *Englishman* answered the Duke, must my Court erect then farther Trophees to the glory of that renowned Nation. Command the two Champions hither, for certainly they must be all three allied as well in blood as in their Noble actions.

A messenger quickly hastned *Spencer* and *Goodlake* into the presence, who no sooner entred were, but *Ruffman*, for he it was looking stedfastly upon them, and knowing them to be his dearest two friends, ran & embracing them, cried out to the Duke, most Illustrious Prince, you now owe me nothing, to shew me this is a reward beyond your whole Dukedome; and therewithall returned again to imbrace his friends, and they him, with so much extasie that all the presence perceived the affection was not common.

But the earnest desire *Spencer* had to hear some new's of his dearely beloved, whom he had left aboard-ship with *Ruffman*, and bound for *England*; made him desire leave of the Duke to retire with his friends, which being easily granted they having found out a privacy, he with great importunity demands of *Ruffman* what was become of his beautiful spouse, or whether he had deserted her and sent her alone for *England*: deserted her, (replied *Ruffman*) if all the Devills in Hell had conspired together they could not

have posſeſſed me with ſo much ingratitude; but pray Sir Arme your ſelf with patience, for I have the ruthfulleſt ſtory to relate that ever your ears yet heard. My conſtant misfortunes (anſwered *Spencer*) have been ſo ſufficient proofs of my patience, that nothing I beleive can now ſhake it; the Gods grant it anſwered *Ruffman* for I fear it will elſe totter, when I ſhall tell you that the next day after you were by the unkind winds parted from us, we were thrown among the Rocks on this Coaſt of *Florence*; but eſcaping the furies of the Sea, ran into a greater Sea of miſeries: for ſet upon by ſome bloody minded *Bandetties*, I was inforced by their number, to permit your beautious Miſtreſs to be ſnatcht away by one, whoſe lookes denoted rape and murther, nor was it in the power of any but a deity to reſcue her; yet if ſhe be murdered, I have at leaſt given this ſatisfaction to her Ghoſt, to have revenged her on the villan. Theſe words notwithſtanding, his firme reſolution could do no leſs then for preſent deprive the generous *Spencer* of his ſenſes, to which being again by the care of his two friends revived; they began to comfort him with hopes that the Gods could not permit ſuch an unparraleld peice of vertue and beauty to ſuffer ſuch outrage, but would rather themſelves deſcend from Heaven to her ſuccour.

In the mean time the grand Duke thought all the entertainemnts he was forced to give to the two Princes of *Ferrara* and *Mantua* tedious, becauſe it debarred him from giving a viſit to his

his fair Mistress, whose beauty had gained such power over his heart, that all things else seemed to him but a trouble and vexation to him, night therefore approaching he hastened the two Dukes to their appartment, and that he might give the fire of his love some fewell to feed on, having selected out some trusty Musitians, he retired under the Chamber window of his Super-excellent guest, where he caused the ensuing Song to be sung.

1.

Let not those beauties which adorne that soul,
And make it the worlds wonder
That passion blame which Kings cannot controule.
Nor Jove *with all his Thunder;*
Great Hercules *for* Omphale's *dear sake,*
Did lay down's club, and up the spindle take.

2.

Had that lascivious Trojan *youth whose lust,*
Bred such a fatal jarr
Seen thee; proud Troyas yet had not been durst
Nor felt that ten years warr.
Fair Hellen *still had kept the* Grecian *shore,*
And he left her, thy beauties to adore.

3.

Or had the Cretan *God beheld those eyes,*
Those darting eyes of thine
He had descended from the azine skies
To make thee half divine.

And

And would those other fancied beauties flee,
Calisto, Danae, Semele, *for thee.*

4.

Then blame not me that I such power Divine,
Have no power to withstand;
Who dares deny obedience to that shrine
which does all things command.
That passion must be surely just, when he
That wants it's justly tax'd of blasphemy.

The Song ended the Duke adressing himself close to the window, hoping that it might invite the Mistress of his heart to look out, but she was so overwhelmed in melancholly thoughts that she neither listned to it, nor beleived it adressed to her, which made the Duke second that first Song with this.

1.

WHat boots it for me to have command
Or sway a Scepter with my hand,
What boot's it I a Soveraigne Raigne
whil'st I am forc'd thus to complain,
Yet get no answer but disdaine.
Kings may their Subjects rule, but love
Will over them the Tyrant prove.

2.

What am I better to be high,
Since though my state reach't to the sky;

Or

Or ſtretch't it's armes from ſhore to ſhore,
I here muſt fall down and adore,
Yet yet, diſdaine and nothing more;
Kings may their ſubjects rule, but love
will over them the Tyrant prove.

3.

No height or greatneſs can availe
Or 'gainſt the charmes of love prevaile,
A heart once heightend by deſire
Doth ſtill advance thoſe ſparkes up higher,
were kindled firſt at beauties fire;
And ſo conſumes till gentle eaſe
Come from what firſt was the diſeaſe.

4.

Then faireſt ſtranger pitty ſhow
Let not a Prince in vaine thus wooe.
You with that ſoveraigne balme abound
That made me ſick, may make me ſound
For none but you can ſalve this wound;
Oh make me partner of this skill
And mix not with ſuch good ſuch ill.

5.

But I alas do crave in vaine!
That pitty which you will not deigne,
Grant but a glance of your faire eyes
And that alone will me ſuffice
To crown my thoughts above the skies:
Kings may their ſubjects rule, but love
Will over them the tyrant prove.

The

This song made her know that both this and the other were adreſſed to her, and that the grand Duke was the perſon who had taken the paines to give her this *Serenad*, ſhe therefore thought her ſelf obliged, in civility to return him ſome anſwer, at leaſt to thank him for his profuſe endeavours, but reſolving firſt to ſeem not to know him; opening her Caſement ſhe roughly demanded, who it was that preſuming to take upon him the perſon of their Prince, durſt at that ſeaſon of the night, preſume to diſturb her reſt. I am Madam (ſaid he) the Duke himſelf, come to tender the humbleſt of my ſervices to you; though my ſorrowes (anſwered ſhe) are a degree above what muſick can bate, yet I muſt needs confeſs my ſelf exceſſively obliged to your Highneſs, that are thus pleaſed to abaſe your ſelf, for the entertainement of ſo poor a gueſs, beyond all the degrees of Noble Hoſpitality. Both I and all others (anſwerd the Duke) are bound to do Homage to ſo great beauty, and might I but hope to find love a reciprocal to that duty, and ſervice that I owe your fair ſelf, I ſhould account me of all Princes moſt happy. Is it love then my Lord (anſwered ſhe) that prompted you to this paines? Alas mighty Sir, how much do you debaſe your greatneſs, to caſt an eye upon ſo mean and unworthy a perſon as my ſelf, yet Noble Prince, conſider and let the thoughts of my meaneſs reſtrain in you thoſe wild deſires. Thou art all goodneſs and all beauty (anſwered he) and that makes thee greater then I am, oh good my Lord, anſwered ſhe, deceive

deceive not your ſelf by thinking to gain that from me by your flatteries, which all the power of men, nor Divells, ſhall not force from me, deſiſt therefore my Lord from this enterprize, which will in the end ſo much diſhonour you; and think not my Lord, that becauſe you preſerved my chaſtity from the villanous *Bandetti*, that you have any right to violate it: at theſe words ſhe was going in, had not the Duke recalled her, by ſaying dear Madam ſtay, and at leaſt grant me this requeſt, that your Gentlewoman may relate to me the continuance of your ſtory that if you will not grant me your love, yet I may have liberty to admire you. In that (ſaid ſhe) or any thing elſe I may with honour, I am ready to ſerve your Highneſs and ſo departed.

The Duke remained inwardly vexed for his ill ſucceſs, ſo that he could hardly reſt, yet he ſomewhat comforted himſelf, with hopes of the pleaſant ſtory he was to hear next morning; & therefore no ſooner was the Sun mounted an hours courſe, but he ſent to his fair Miſtreſs to mind her of her promiſe, who immediatly ſent her Gentlewoman to waite upon his Highneſs, who carrying her into an Arbour, fit by reaſon of the privacy of it, for ſuch a purpoſe, ſhe thus began.

The continuation of the ſtory of the Magnanimous Maid.

YOur Highneſs having already informed me, that you have heard ſo farr of my Ladies ſtory as arrived to the promiſe of the Mooriſh King

King to unite her hand (as she had already fixed her heart) with her beloved *Spencer* I shall not need to make a new recital of it, but proceed to what followes.

The some urgent affaires of State, rather then the present season of the year induced *Mullisheg*; some few daies after his Royal promise was past for the marriage of this Noble and Peerless paire of constant Lovers, to remove his Court to the famous Sea Port Town of *Algiers*, whether induced as much by their own inclination, as the earnest desires of the *Moorish* King, he was accompanied by the generous *Spencer* and his lovely Spouse, whilst the worthy *Goodlake* took charge of the Frigat to carry her round by Sea to the same Port.

The grand Duke seemed to be somwhat transported at the name of *Goodlake*, for he remembered that the Duke of *Mantua* had given the same demonstration to his Heroick Champion, which made him doubt that the other stranger who had done such famous acts on the part of *Ferrara*, which was the gallant *Spencer*, the husband of his beloved guest, but for the present smothering his imaginations, *Maria* thus continued.

Being all arrived in safty at *Algiers*, the *Moresco* King having dispatched his most important affaires of State, was put in minde of his promise, to solemnize the Marriage rights between these two Noble Lovers, which he readily assented to; himself in presence with his Queen gracing their Wedding, the cerimonies of which were performed by that English Preist whose

whose life my Ladies intercession had saved, and costly banquets being prepared at the expence of the *Morocco* treasure; there wanted no magnificence which might indeed befit the marriage of the greatest Princes.

Many daies did these Lovers, in the full enjoyment of conjugall bliss, live with all imaginable content in the black Kings Court, but fortune which delights in nothing but varieties and changes, soon altred the Scene of their happiness, & overclouded all their joyes by the relapse of King *Mullisheg*, who again bewitched with the love of my beautious Mistress, out of hopes that he might now sooner gain his desires on her, fell back from that course of vertue which had made him glorious, and by a violent passion, sought to entrap her honour.

Nor did perverse chance think it enough, that the great *Mullisheg* thus deviated from all the rules of honour, but to make the misery of these two constant Lovers more compleat, the Queen of *Fesse*, and *Morocco*, a Lady of a haughty spirit and not enduring an imagined injury, whether moved out of a jealousy of her husband, or out of a reall affection, was inspired with the same unruly passion towards the worthy *Spencer*, as the King her husband was towards this lovly Bride my dear Lady. Thus did both these Princes strive to rob two of the most constant and most deserving souls, that ever History made mention of, of that joy and content which they had yet but enjoyed in the blossome.

The King who had most power to act, and indeed

indeed to force what his luſt prompted him unto, having heard ſome ſecret whiſpers of our intention to eſcape his Court, and getting aboard our Ship, ſayle home to *England*, gave order to *Aleade Beigh*, to caſt a curious eye upon the gennerous *Spencer*, & my Lady; and if poſſible, not to be at any time abſent from them, or at leaſt from one of them, ſo that all hopes of getting away by ſtealth was taken away from us, for indeed ſome ſuch thing had been determined of, the paſſion of *Mulliſheg*, being dayly obſerved to increaſe more and more, and like a blazing Comet to portend ſome prodigious effects: Nor was that of the Lady *Tota*, his Queen to the worthy *Spencer*, utterly hid from us, though ſhe carried it with more policy and privacy.

Our ſtay and my Ladies continual being in the preſence of the lacivious *Mulliſheg*, was like fire adding continual fewell to the flames of his luſt, which in the end burnt ſo ſtrongly, that he reſolved by one meanes or another to quench it, though by the doing of it, he forfeited all the rules of honour and hoſpitality, broke his word given, and murdered thoſe gueſts he had ſworne to preſerve; yet in what manner to attempt it again he knew not, thoſe brave and Noble, repulſes he had before received from her, diſheartned him from attemping it upon her own perſon, he now thought it fitter to uſe a Proxie and therefore reſolved to make the vertuous Captain *Goodlake*, the Baud to his luſtfull deſires, this determination he of all beſt liked, yet knew that ſuch was the goodneſs of that perſon

person, that his very looks would force a blush from the most savage Moor should he but mention to him a thought so vile and unworthy, he therefore resolved to take the *Roman* Poets advice, and write those things which his shame would not let him speak, and accordingly after having some few dayes graced the Captain, with extraordinary and unusual honours, he privately delivered to him this Letter.

The High and Mighty King of *Fesse* and *Morocco*. To the Captain of the English Ship Riding in our Port.

WE have always found thee a Person deserving our greatest honours; nor have our favours been distributed to thee with a niggard hand; Yet now, if lies in thy power to do us a favour, which shall wreath thy front with Gold, and make thee Command in all our Territories, next to Our Self, embrace then that Fate which shall make thee for ever Chronicled in thy Native Country, by complying with our desires. we love thy fair Country Woman, the beautous Elizabeth, *and must enjoy her by thy means, which if thou performest thou gainest our love, if not,*

look to be hewne in pieces by the fury of our enraged King. Thy own Fate direct thee.

Heavens how was the generous *Good-Lake* ſtartled at the reading of this Letter, he no ſooner came to thoſe Words *Love*, and *muſt enjoy by thy means*, but tearing it in two pieces and throwing it away, cried out begone thou treacherous Paper, beſpotted not with Ink, but with the Perſon of Baſilikes, Aſpes, and Dragons; Certainly, had a whole Parliament of Devils, had all the feins and furies ſate together in a Synod, they could not in an age have deviſed an miſchief to equal this, this wherein thouſands of miſchiefs are ſummon'd up together, to Strumpet a chaſt and vertuous Lady to injure him, who prizes and vallues her honour far dearer then his life, to ſet a friend to betray his deareſt friend, and rob him at once of all his joy's; To blaſt that name of mine, which Heaven hath hitherto preſerved in the ſcrole of the virtuous, with that ignominious reproach of Pardariſme. Could any but a Moor whoſe wickedneſs muſt exceed the Devils, have ſpun ſo many miſchiefs in one thred? But what (continued he) ſhould he mark in me might make him think me fit to act ſuch villanies, what could he prognoſticate in this viſage, that he ſhould find there an Index to ſuch impious Treaſons? I have known this Face dart forth a look, has made my enemies ſhrink beneath it, but never knew it accuſed into a bluſh for falceneſs to its friend; Nor ſhall it ever in deſpite

ſpite of perjured *Mulliſheg* and all his Torments.

Whileſt he was uttering theſe exclamations againſt the Moors perfidiouſneſs, he was incountred by the valiant *Ruffman* his Lieutenant, whoſe looks made ſhow of no leſs diſtractions, then thoſe which had overſhadowed the countenance of the generous *Goodlake*, yet was the Captain about to disburthen his thoughts to him, had he not been prevented by *Ruffmans* telling him, that he was juſt now come from the Queen *Tota*, who by threats and promiſes had been importunately conjuring him to Solicite *Spencer*, to grant her the enjoyment of his loves.

This Story no leſs confounded the generous Captain, then his Lieutenant was ſtartled, when at his deſire he took up the pieces of his torne Letter and read it, their caſes being both alike, they thought fit to reſolve on ſome courſe for their own ſafety, and the preſervation of their friends honours, which whileſt they were confuſedly conſulting about, they were encountred by the two loyal Lovers, who in their angry fronts could diſcover no leſs then a direful ſtorm; the meaning of which they were as inquiſitive to know, as they were doubtful to believe their relation, till they were convinced by the unreſiſtable teſtimony of *Mulliſhegs* Letter.

It was in vain now to let amazement take place of advice, they therefore began to conſult how to eſcape this cloudy tempeſt, which

hung so threatningly over their heads, but in a business of so great consequence their opinions were confused, and indeed they knew not what to do, till my magnanimous Mistress turning to her beloved *Spencer*, (and Women they say have the sharpest wits in such exigencies) My dear Friend, said She, desperate diseases must have desperate cures, there remains no way to escape the violent lust and fury of the Moprish King and Queen, but by a violent hazarding our own lives: Yet before we come to make use of force, we must work with dissimulation; you my dear Soul said I must learn to counterfeit an affection to the Queen, whilest I seem to smile upon the lacivious King, and doubt not but we shall in short time find a means to escape: the effecting of which, we must leave to the wisdom, courage, and sole Management of these two their Agents, who I know by sound experience will not fear death it self, for our safety.

They all seemed to applaud her Counsel, but because the place was somewhat too publique for such a debate, they retired to a greater privacy, where they at large consulted of what they resolved, afterwards to put in execution when opportunity should offer it self.

Nor was it longer the importunity of *Mallisheg* forced them to anticipate even their own thoughts; For he thinking that *Goodlake* dallyed with him, with open Threats injoyned him to effect his purpose, or expect the effects of his fury, nor was the Queen less impatient to have her

her Lascivious thoughts satisfied by the noble *Spencer*, which made these two worthy friends resolve now to use their utmost art and power, for the delivery of those two loyal Lovers.

Goodlake in the first place, therefore desires the King that an appartment might be of purpose appointed, as a thing necessary for the bringing his desires to pass, withall assuring him that he had gained the absolute consent of my beautous Mistress, to entertain him in her embraces, the night following; but that she desired that to cover her blushes, that he would be pleased to approach her in the dark, when she would not fail to entertain his Majesty with the greatest caresses of love. In the mean time, *Ruffman* had acquainted the Queen, that by reason of the suddain change of Lodgings, wherewith the two Lovers were yet unacquainted, he would bring her Majesty into the Chamber, where she should all night lye linked in the Arms of the generous *Spencer*, and he receive her as his beloved Bride.

This lascicious pair were both highly contented, in the expectation of their next nights enjoyment, which being approached, *Ruffman* silently conducts the Queen into the Chamber, where the King expected to find his beauteous Guest; and she being disrobed, and lying expecting the renowned *Spencer*; the King was by *Goodlake* conducted in thither, who by this means satisfied them with an imaginary satisfaction of their desires, and yet preserved their bodies chast.

These two thus lodged there, yet remained the hardest part to act to avert the dependent Tragedy; The curious eyes of *Alcade-Beigh* like those of another *Argo's*, still waited so exactly upon the generous *Spencer*, or upon his fair Bride that it was impossible for them to pass the gates together; nor could the worthy *Spencer* at first perswade my lovely Mistress to leave him to his better starrs, and go with Captain *Goodlake*, *Ruffman*, and the rest, to secure her own Person: But at length overpowred with Arguments, That it must be the only way to procure all their safeties, she vowing, that if by the next morning he came not safe aboard-ship, she accounting him slain, would assuredly follow him in death; consented to go.

Captain *Goodlake* having got the Kings privy Signet, and the Military Word, for that night, under pretence of passing up and down from lodging to lodging, for the better accomodating of the lustful *Mullisheg*, with my fair Lady, we easily with them passed the Court Gates, and so securely to the Sea-side, where we found a worthy Gentleman Mr. *Forcet*, with the Boat well-manned and armed, ready to waft us aboard whether being happily come, our selves we hastned it back, in hopes it might return laden with the generous *Spencer*, whose presence we now only wanted.

But long did we in vain expect, what we so earnestly desired, and much longer it seemed, by how much more we did desire it; for after our departure, the noble *Spencer* found himself so

ſo haunted by *Alcade-Beigh*, that he could not poſſibly paſs any venny of the Court, which ſo enraged him, that he was once reſolved with the ſuddain death of the *Beigh*, to rid himſelf of ſo burdenſome a Companion, but the great danger in this, having for ſometime reſtrained him, he at length thought of a ſlight which much better ſerved his purpoſe, for knowing that *Alcade-Beigh* was not ignorant, that the King his Maſter had lately attempted alwayes poſſible to enjoy his lovely Gueſt, and that he had the promiſes of *Goodlake* to effect it; he reſolved to diſſemble a paſſion, as if he then really had her in his luſtful embraces. The *Beigh* who had heard him utter ſomewhat to this purpoſe, not only left him to his own guard, but freely proffered him paſſage through the Court Gates; Fondly imagining that his abſence would make the King reſt more ſecurely with his Spouſe.

But *Spencer* being paſſed thoſe Gates, there yet attended him a more unluckly fate, for miſſing his way to the Sea on that ſide the Town, where our Boat waited for him, he unadviſedly ran upon the other, which lying open to a ſmall Cittadel, ingarriſoned by *Spaniards*; not far diſtant, makes the *Moors* conſtantly keep a ſtrong Guard, both of Horſe and Foot there; a party of about forty Foot were uſually ſet upon a Bridge, not above two hundred paces from the Town, amongſt theſe *Spencers* unhappy ſtars firſt led him, by whom he was commanded to ſtand, and ſhow a reaſon of his being there

so late; but he now first sensible of his error, would have returned without returning any answer, which they perceiving about eight or ten in number swiftly pursued him, who was resolved upon no conditions to yield himself Prisoner; and therefore with his Sword in his hand turned upon them, resolving dearly to sacrifice his Life, or to force a passage through them to his Spouse.

But the slaughter of half of that number, which first pursued this thrice valliant *Hero*, making the remaining part to cry out for more assistance, the whole Guard was allarum'd, and great numbers both of Horse and Foot came thundering in upon this single Gallant, who yet endeavoured to make an obstinate resistance; several of the faint-hearted *Moors* being forced to fall under the power of his revengeful arm, in the presence of their Captain *Ioffer-Bassa* who stood admiring at the noble courage of this Person, whom yet he knew not. But at length encompassed on all sides, the worthy *Spencer* wearied with dealing wounds, was surprized by his enemies.

But he was yet happy in being thus a Prisoner, for being brought before *Ioffer-Bassa*, a Person truly generous; he was accosted by him with all possible civility; the *Bassa*, as if he had been bred in civil *Europe*, and not in barbarous *Africa*; Telling him, that though he could not but wonder at his noble deeds, yet he must be inforc'd to perform the office of a Subject, by keeping him his Prisoner, though he could rather

ther have wish't fortune to have laid open some way for his escape, and not rendred him a Captive to him, who could only love and honour him, but not help him: By this nobleness (answered *Spencer*) I am confirmed you are *Ioffer*, chief Bashaw to the Great *Mullisheg*, whom I have alwayes found full of worthy and gallant thoughts. And I now know you answered the *Bassa*, for that brave Englishman, so highly graced in the Court of the mighty King of *Fesse* and *Morocco*; My Master which makes me the more admire, that in requital of his favours you should thus slaughter his beloved Subjects, by which you have made a double forfeit of your life; for the outrage committed against his Guard at the dead of night, is death in it self; but those you have slain in the conflict, makes it exceed all bounds of Pardon; For death, answered the Gallant *Spencer*, it does not at all trouble me; but I have some private thoughts torment me, more then ten thousand tortures could; and herewith this brave Soul fetching a sigh, could not restrain some tears, which the thoughts of his beloved Spouse made gush out. When the noble *Bassa* seeing his discomposure, commanded the Guard to depart, and leave the Prisoner alone with him.

The Guard readily obeyed the command of their General, when he taking opportunity from the Solitude addressed himself to his Prisoner in these generous terms; Sir, (said he) though I am a Moor, a Nation strange to you Chri-

Christians; yet, think that I can be noble; but in you I have observed such strange contrarieties, that I cannot tell well how to reconcile them; for when I consider your mighty actions and late greatness of your Spirit, when my men flew before you like dust before the wind, I cannot but admire at your present passion, and justly wonder why such a small effuse of blood, let out by these sleight wounds, or the pale-fear of grisly death should draw a tear for such a Noble eye; Thou most worthy of thy Nation (replyed *Spencer*) do not so much mistake me, to think that wounds, blood, death, or all tortures imaginable, could force one drop from hence; but that I now suffer under, as far exceeds all torments that ever the wicked art, or wit of Man invented, as Hell doth Heaven in pains. This it is, that like the burning Sun extracts from my declining Soul, this dewy and effeminate moisture: Sir, (answered the *Bassa*) if I have yet gained in you an opinion, that I dare be noble, impart to me your sorrow's, and if any thing in my power can assist you, though it be with the hazard of my life, rest assured I will perform it. Your Nobleness most Illustrious *Bassa* (answered *Spencer*) obliges me to relate my misfortune, though I must despair of remedy; yet if you have a heart not wholly composed of Adamant, it must needs melt it, to consider my misery; and think then Sir, if you have ever loved, or if ever you loved one so fair, so constant, so chast, as my dear Spouse; whether it would not confound you, and make whole

whole Oceans of tears flow from your eyes, to know that for your sake she was betrayed to a black and remedileſs-fate? I confeſs (anſwerred the *Baſſa*) 't would perplex a well-biaſſed Soul; but how can this be your condition? were not all your joy's but lately conſummate, by uniting your Souls, according to your own manner of marriage, and were you not but yeſterday both honoured in the higheſt degree, by the vertuous *Mulliſheg*? 'Tis true, worthy *Baſſa*, (replyed *Spencer*) he honoured us at firſt too much, but at length his luſt outway'd his honour, and as if his Soul had been of a darker Eye then his Face; he ſought to take away that he had given me, and rob me of that Jewel I prize far above my Life; but the fates were yet happy unto me, in that I found means this night to convey my beauteous Spouſe, the Captain, and Lieutenant, and others aboard Ship, and now my ſelf intended to follow them, but miſſing my way fell amongſt your Guard, where wonder not that I performed wonders, and durſt ſingle oppoſe my ſelf againſt your multitudes; for it was the impreſſion ſhe had left upon my heart, made me act things beyond a man. But Sir, (replyed *Ioffer*) ſince ſhe is ſafe aboard, recal your noble ſpirits, and let not your own fates thus diſtract you. Ah! generous Sir, (ſaid *Spencer*) the ſting of all is yet behind, I at her parting from me, ſwore by the honour of a Gentleman, and by all the vow's and loves had ever paſt between us, that if I ſurvived, I would viſit her aboard before the

the morning Star appeared, which she seconded with a solemn vow, that if I did not she should certainly esteem me dead, and not Heaven it self should hinder her from following me to the Grave, This Great *Bassa* is it; Fear of her safety not my own, that drew these tears from a Souldiers eyes. 'Twas strange what noble pitty this relation bred in the heart of the thrice worthy *Moor:* Noble Sir, said he, you have indeed told me story would move the very Rocks to pitty, and that I may let you know, all moral virtues are not wholly and only seated in the hearts of *Christians*; Go freely, pass to your Love and preserve her Life, I will not desire you to return, but if you do not remember, this Head of mine goes in exchange for yours, which I cannot lay down in a better service. My worthy Lord was so startled at this high generosity of the *Moors*, that he knew not what answer to return, nor indeed how to accept his so obliging proffer; but at length considering it would be the preservation of his deareſt Spouse, he resolved not to refuse the Courtesy, but withall desiring the *Bassa* to oblige him by some solemn Oath, to return at an appointed hour: No, (replyed *Ioffer*) it will be sufficient, if you give me your word to return by that time to morrow, that the Sun shall be mounted to the Meridian: Let God's and Men (answered *Spencer*) conspire to make me miserable if I fail one Minute; Let me then conduct you, said the *Bassa*, past all watches, and therewithal himself in Person brought him to the

place

place where the Boat did attend him, who received him with an inexpreſſible joy.

The Diſcourſe between the *Baſſa* and *Spencer* had ſpent the greateſt part of the night; ſo that before they arrived at the Boat, it was near break of day, and before any diſcovery could be made of them coming towards the Ship, day was abſolutely broke, and the Sun even ready to advance it's head above the *Cerulean* Confines. My dear Lady, with infinite impatience had all this while expected the coming of her *Spencer*, according to his promiſe; but finding him not yet appear, concluding him dead; ſhe began to utter ſuch miſerable lamentations, as are impoſſible for me to recite; and calling for an Hour-glaſs, reſolved as ſoon as that poor moment of time was ſpent, either to behold her dear *Spencer* ſafe, or follow him in death.

The laſt minutes were now running, when with a full mouth of joy one of the ſay lors calls from the Topmaſt-head that the Boat was coming towards us, and that he did plainly diſcern the generous *Spencer* ſitting in her ſtern; 't was my good fortune to carry this news firſt to my Miſtreſs, who entertained it with ſuch a rapture, that her joy now put her into no leſs an extaſie then her grief before had done; but having paſt over that diſcompoſure, which at her firſt hearing theſe glad tidings had ſeized her, ſhe iſſued out of her Cabbin to entertain her *Spencer*, with a joy ſuitable to the love ſhe bore him,

'Tis

'Tis impossible for me (mighty Prince) to tell you with what joyful, and what obliging expressions she entertained him aboard; but how soon was all her joy turned into a super-abundant sorrow; for he having a great while listned to her loving expressions, without having returned any answer, at length to her earnest intreaties, gave this fatal one? Alas! my dear Soul, now I have seen thee I must again leave thee: These Words were like a Thunderbolt, which almost before their noise was heard, bereft my dear Lady of her senses, who fell entranced at the feet of her beloved Spouse, but our art and care soon recovered her, at which she seemed somewhat displeased, crying out: Wherfore do you in vain endeavour to ruin me, for if that Tongue that gave the wound do not again give present cure, not all *Esculapius* his art can reprieve me from death. Alas! my dear Love (said *Spencer*) arm your self with patience since I must depart, and endeavour not to make me forfeit by our passion, my own and my Countries honour, the Faith and Reputation of a Christian all which are pawn'd for my return. What will the *Moors* say? and how justly may they say, That we that are *Christians* make great boast of Faith, but they alone do honourable good and vertuous works.

My Mistress, and indeed all of us sate in a manner intranced to hear *Spencers* Resolution, and a dull silence had invaded us all, till Captain *Goodlake* brake it by telling him, That he would

would do well to looſe us from that labyrinth of doubts, wherein his diſcourſe had involved us by a plain diſcovery of the reaſons, that moved him to this Reſolution to return: I am content, anſwered *Spencer*, and there withal related what I have already told your Highneſs, happened between him and *Ioffer Baſſa*, concluding that if he ſhould leave the life of ſo generous a Perſon, to be ſacrified to the fury of the *Mooriſh* King, he ſhould for ever be a Scandal to virtue and goodneſs; I muſt confeſs (anſwered *Goodlake*) 't was nobly done of the *Moor*; but what is the Laws of twenty thouſand of thoſe Infidels, to one that is a Chriſtian: You have now (ſaid he) Liberty and free way to your Country, and will you refuſe to take the advantage, that Heaven has lent you? But as if you ſcorned their gracious bounty, betray both your ſelf and us to voluntary death, or bondage; leave, leave Sir, this fond Reſolution, and let us make uſe of this proſperous Gale, which ſo Smilingly invites us to Sea. Theſe Arguments were ſeconded by *Ruffman*, and my dear Miſtreſs, withal the perſwaſions their deſires could furniſh them with; My Lady claſping her Arms about the Neck of her beloved *Spencer*, and crying out, Oh Sir! do you now then prize my love no better, then to rate it beneath the friendſhip of a Barbarous Moor, or can you to ſave him, betray and leave me to an aſſured death? Can you thus reward the Pains and Travels I have undergone for your ſake; Alas! (ſaid the generous

generous *Spencer*) do not thus torment me, I must and will praise my Honour, and the Faith, and Reputation of a Christian, above whatever the Earth can yield: Shall *Fesse* report hereafter, to the shame and disgrace of Ours, and all other Countries of Christendom, to the scandal and ignominy of our Faith and Religion, that a barbarous Moor should exceed us in Nobleness and Gallantry, No! I will first ten thousand times Sacrifice this Life, rather then make so great a forfeit. In summe, when nothing could prevail to procure his stay, we were inforced with patience to suffer his departure.

But to return to the King whom we left lasciviously stealing embraces from his own Queen; so strongly had imagination wrought with him, that he really believed he had all that night clasped in his Arms my fair and beautous Mistress, and so great was the pleasure, which he thought he had enjoyed, that having according to agreement stoln from her before day, his impatient bosome not able to smother his super-abundant joy, communicates it to *Alcade Beigh* who very confidently affirms that he had had a helping hand in that nights pleasure; for he had by a cunning device got *Spencer* by his own consent out of the Court Gates, and commanded that neither money nor intreaties should prevail for his re-entrance, least by some suspitious jealousies, he should be emboldened to disturb his Majesties rest; The King in requital of his care for the furtherance

of

of his delights; preſently made him one of his Councel, and withal promiſed farther not to forget his diligence.

But after ſo great a Calm, Storms uſually follow; whileſt the King was thus priming himſelf in his delights, a Meſſenger came haſtily in, and kneeling down, deſired his Majeſty not to be offended, if he brought him news that he feared would diſpleaſe him; Whatever it be anſwered the King, it cannot ſowre this nights ſweetneſs, therefore ſpeak it boldly: Know then Mighty Sir, (continued the Meſſenger,) That by virtue of your Royal Signet the Engliſh Lady with the Captain and Lieutenant are this night paſt the Court Gates, and are ſafely got aboard their Negro: away, away, cried the King, thou art deceived; Go ſee *Alcade*, for we left her but now ſleeping on our Royal Bed: What I affirm anſwered the Meſſenger, I ſwear by my Head to your Majeſty, is moſt true; elſe let my Life anſwer my preſumption. Nor did the King doubt it to be ſo, when *Alcade* returned, and told him that there was in the Bed neither *Engliſh* Lady nor any Lady elſe, for the Queen as ſoon as the King had left her was retired into her own appartment: pleaſed likewiſe with the imagination, that ſhe had enjoyed the generous *Spencer*.

The King was extreamly enraged at this news, and the more becauſe he believed the Captain had betrayed ſome diſſolute common Strumpet to his Bed, but his fury was much increaſed

when he was informed by a second Messenger, that *Spencer* being left behind, had without the Word or Signet passed the Gates, 'Tis most true, Answered the King, and thou Trayterous Villan (said he, turning to *Alcade Beigh*) that hast been a Sharer and Conspirer with these English to rob us of our Jewells and Treasure, shalt as sure as we are King of *Fesse* and *Morrocco* pay the forfeit of thy Treacherous Head. Alas! Dread Soveraign, (answered the *Beigh*) 't was willingness to do you Service, which made me commit this Error: Villain, said *Mullisheg*, thou lyest; 't was bribes; therefore dispute no more, but let our Guard load him with Irons, and turning to the Messenger, but is *Spencer* then escaped, said he? No dread King (said he) for though at the Bridge with his Gyant-like blow's, he sent several of your Majesties Subjects to their graves; yet when by a loud Alarm we called the whole Watch to our assistance, he was forced to yield to our Numbers, and is at present Prisoner to the Great *Ioffer Bassa*. 'T is well then, answered the King, for upon him will we revenge all our injuries, go said he to his attending Guard, command our *Bassa* to bring him, overpressed with Irons to our Royal Presence.

The Kings have alwayes some such attending sycophant about them, who like dull Angels are ready to assist upon all

all bad occaſions, The Meſſenger that went to command *Ioffer Baſſa* to produce his Priſoner, fled with a too officious ſpeed, for there wanted yet ſeveral hours to the time of the promiſed return of *Spencer*, and the *Baſſa* knew that the Kings fury was like an unreſiſtable torrent that would brook no delay; However he nobly reſolved to go into the Preſence, and if nothing elſe could appeaſe the Kings anger, freely lay down his Life for our ſafety; but with all diſpatcht, a ſpeedy Meſſenger to the Ship to tell us that we might now ſafely ſail away, but *Spencers* meeting him prevented his coming.

The *Baſſa* being come before the King, he with a frown which ſufficiently denoted his inward paſſion, demanded of him how he durſt, when he had ſent his expreſſe Command that he ſhould produce his Priſoner, come without him. Mighty King, anſwered the *Baſſa*, had you with me beheld his unparrarel'd Proweſs, and withal ſeen his paſſions, you would like me pitty theſe diſaſters, wherein his unhappy Stars have involved

ed him, Insolent Villain (replyed *Mullisheg*) presumest thou to prescribe us Rules, we will know no pitty for an injury of so high a Nature, and more then our revenge we have vow'd his death; therefore go fetch him forth. Let me at least (replied the *Bassa*) for all the services I have done you, beg of your Majesty to spare him but some few hours; still darest thou (said the King) Capitulate with us, we tell thee once more that the least delay is death; Then know mighty Prince (said *Ioffer*) That he was my Prisoner, and is so still by promise, for I presuming that such Noble vallour could not be lodged alone without those other virtues; Faith and Honour gave him free liberty to go to his Ship, only upon his promise to return before the Sun felt any declension towards the West; Nor do I yet doubt, but your Majesty will find that Nobleness in him which I have presumed. Foolish *Bassa*, said the King, thus to jeast away thy own Life, but jest thou didst not, you are all Conspirators against me, and by Mahomet shall all receive

receive the rewards of your Treachery; Could'ſt thou think that a Stranger ſo remote both in Country and Religion, being imbarqued at Sea free from our hands, and in the embraces of his ſweet and lovely Bride, His Captain and Sailors all aboard, and fortune it ſelf ſupplying him with a fair and proſperous Gale, would expoſe all theſe to voluntary dangers, and himſelf to a certain death, only for a verbal promiſe? At leaſt let your Majeſty (replied the *Baſſa*) grant me Life but till the hour be paſt, and if he comes not, I ſhall willingly embrace death, and glory that though a *Moor*, I have excceded a *Chriſtian* in Nobleneſs. No fond Fool (replyed the *Mooriſh* King) thou ſhalt not live a Minute, and therewith gave preſent order to his Guard to ſee him put to Death.

Juſt were the Executioners laying hands upon the Worthy and Renowned *Baſſa*, when *Spencer* who had made all poſſible haſt to Land, entered with his own Life to ſave that of the generous *Moor*; his preſence ſtruck ſuch amaza-

ment into the Great *Mulliſheg*, that confounded with the Gallantry of the Action, he ſat for a good ſpace as one intranced, during which time the *Baſſa* embracing the generous *Spencer* with tears in his Eyes, told him, that he was now ſorry he had made him promiſe to a return; for he had thereby deprived himſelf of a fame which would have laſted longer then any *Manſolean* Monument, and that he rather wiſhed that he had broke his Word, that he might have died for ſo Noble a Perſon, for now ſaid he to redeem a Life which I could willingly have Sacrificed in ſo glorious a Cauſe, you come to an aſſured Death. Add it is that I come for (ſaid the generous *Spencer*,) And to force the King your Maſter, though he takes away my Life, yet confeſs me honourable.

Whilſt theſe and ſome other Diſcourſes tothat purpoſe paſſed between thoſe twoN obleSpirits, the King recollecting himſelf, Commanded *Spencer* to be brought before him, And with a Tyrannical fierceneſs told him, That he had miſprizing all his gracious favours violated

lated his Laws, infringed the Peace of his Country, Allarm'd his Watch by Night, ſlain ſeveral of his Subjects; and laſtly, having Rob'd him of infinite Treaſure had ſtoln to Sea, by every Circumſtance of which he had made a forfeit of his Life, which all the Riches of *Europe* ſhould not Redeem; I confeſs (replied *Spencer*, with an undaunted courage) that I have done all thou chargeſt me with, ſave only the ſtealing thy Treaſure, which though I could not do, becauſe thou gaveſt it; yet finding thee unworthy in thy intentions towards us, I ſcorn'd to take with me that which would have been the price of my diſhonour, & therefore of all thy Gold and Jewels would not permit one dram to be unbarqued; as for that Death thou threatneſt, know proud *Mulliſheg*, I am glad I owe thee nothing, but what I have in my ability to pay, if my Life be forfeit in taking it, thou takeſt nothing but what I came purpoſely hither to tender. Art thou ſo reſolute (anſwered *Mulliſheg*) however out of pitty to thee, we will yet propoſe thee one way to ſave thy Life, nor any other

way haſt thou to effect it, ſend then to thy Ship and ſurrender up to me the Captain and thy fair Spouſe, or otherwiſe by all the Rights of our Holy Prophet thou ſhalt not live an hour. Diſhonourable Tyrant (replied *Spencer*) know that I ſo much deſpiſe both thee and thy Tyranny, that were there on one ſide all the Tortures that either Turks or Devils ever invented, threatned to be inflicted on me; and on the other ſide, wert thou Commander over all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and ſhould lay at my Feet all their Crowns and Scepters, and make me Monarch of the whole Univerſe; rather then yield up the baſeſt of my Ship-Boyes to become thy ſlave, much leſs betray my Spouſe to thee and to thy bruitiſh luſt, I would endure ten thouſand Deaths; and ſo thou ſhalt (cried *Mullisheg*) prepare to torture him.

At that Word my Lady (attended by the Captain, Lieutenant *Forcet*, and my ſelf, who never had forſaken her) having followed her beloved *Spencer*, with a full reſolution to die with him, or for him; entred the Preſence, and falling down

down on her knees before the *Mooriſh* King; Behold cruel *Mulliſheg*, ſaid ſhe, if thou doſt delight in blood, but ſpare that of my beloved *Spencer*; and in it's ſtead I here preſent thee mine, and thoſe of all my Train, to make a flood inſtead of his ſmall Rivulet: The generous *Spencer* was extreamly diſtracted at our ſuddain appearance, and turning to us, all you have wronged me (ſaid he) above injury, and how ſufficiently to expreſs my juſt anger, I know not, for in you I die ten thouſand Deaths, that could otherwiſe have taſted but one; and then turning to the *Moor*: Mighty King, ſaid he, ſhow your ſelf at leaſt to have ſomewhat of humanity, by diſmiſſing theſe to their Ship, and ſince my Life is only forfeit, take but that, and at my Death, I ſhall proclaim you merciful. Oh! no great King (ſaid my Magnamous Lady,) It were injuſtice & not mercy to take his Life, and ſpare mine, ſince what he did was only for my ſake and ſafety; or if he have committed any fault (ſaid we altogether) let all our lives ſerve as ſo many victimes to expiate his Crime, and appeaſe your anger.

Alas!

Alas! you need not plead for death, (replied *Mullisheg*) you shall all assuredly die, but especially you treacherous Captain, on whom I will execute such a revenge as shall make future generations to read it: I came not hither great King (said *Goodlake*) to be daunted with your threats, but freely to offer my Life (who am only guilty) to redeem my friends, take then this Body and tear it in pieces with the most exquisite Tortures that the Savagest *Barbarians* did ever invent? and spare but the rest, I shall endure them contentedly. Thou shalt not doubt it, replied the *Moor*; but villain said he, what infamous Strumpet was it that thou betrayedst to our Royal Bed. For that Mighty King (said the Queen, who as well by the several Circumstances, as by *Ruffmans* Information was confirmed, she that night enjoyed the King) I must with your pardon excuse him; for having had private advice of your designs, I wrought him to my purpose; nor was it any other then my self whom you last night embraced.

The King was visibly seen to abate some-

ſomewhat of his fury at this relation of the Queens, and began to conſider that the action in the whole contexture of it was honourable, that he had endeavoured to do wrong, but had not been wronged; That his luſt had led into a road of evil actions, where he was riding with a Carrier, to the loſs of that fame which had once proclaimed him good and juſt, that it was time for him now to ſtop, which he reſolved to do, and therefore with a ſmiling countenance looking towards us, he with a generous paſſion cried out, ſhall luſt then ſtill have the preſvalency over me? or ſhall all thoſe virtuous deeds, for which I have been ſo long renowned in *Feſſe* be utterly exild, ſhall the Chriſtans ſtill have the honour to be ſole heirs to goodneſs, and we *Moors* barbarous and bloody. No (ſaid he riſing up from his Throne, and taking my Lady by the hand) renowned Engliſh-woman, I once more give thee back to thy Husband, and if he think it no diſhonour, beg him again to accept of our grace and favour, and in recompence of thoſe wrongs we endeavoured to do him, render

render we will thee ſuch an ample Dower as ſhall renown our bounty, provided we may but procure your Pardon.

Thus was all our ſorrow turned into ſuddain joy, the worthy Captain *Goodlake* was by the King priſed amongſt the Chiefeſt of his favourites, for his faith to him, Zeal to the Queen, and conſtancy to his Friends, the generous *Ioffer Baſſa* for his Nobleneſs to the renowned *Spencer*, was by the King created Vice-Roy of *Argiers*; but *Alcade Beigh*, though he was releaſed from Priſon, yet was baniſhed from Court, as a Perſon who had encouraged and fomented.

Yet for all this, we had ſome reaſons to fear that *Mulliſheg* would again fall into a Relapſe, which made the Noble *Spencer* earneſtly and frequently deſire his leave to viſit his own Country; and he at length being no longer able to deny him, yielded to his Requeſt; and loading our Ship with the Richeſt Commodities his Kingdom afforded, Himſelf accompanied us aboard, where after ſome dayes magnificent Feaſting he left us, and

and we took leave of the *Barbary* Shore.

But the fame of our great Riches was gone before us into moſt parts of *Chriſtendom*, which had made many Pirates come out on purpoſe, in hopes to make us their pray; two dayes after we had been at Sea, we eſpyed a great Sail, which made directly towards us; nor would we ſeeing but one Ship alter our Courſe; or with addition of Sails endeavour to fly from her, ſo ſhe came eaſily up to us, and by the roughneſs of her ſalute, (for ſhe immediately powred into us a whole broad-ſide) gave us to underſtand what ſhe was, and for what intent ſhe came.

We had before provided our ſelves for reſiſtance, and ſo ſoon returned her courteſy in the ſame roaring terms; ſhe had firſt ſpoke to us in, but ſhe relying upon the number of her men, thought it more advantagious to cloſe with us, then to fight at diſtance, which made them twice reſolutely board us, but were both times moſt couragiouſly beaten off by the vallour of the renowned *Spencer*, *Goodlake*, *Ruffman*, and *Forcet*, and at length

ſo

ſo diſcouraged that *Spencer* and *Goodlake* hoping to make a Prize of their Aſſailers, armed with their Swords and Targets leaped aboard the *French* Pirat, (for of that Nation it was,) that before any could follow to their aſſiſtance, the ſhips were by a ſuddain Storm ſevered, nor could we withall our art or endeavours again reach the *French* Ship.

I need not tell your Highneſs what lamentations my Lady made, to be ſo ſtrangely and ſuddenly deprived (as ſhe had juſt cauſe to fear for ever) of her worthy Husband. Your Highneſs hath ſeen ſome effects of her grief, as well as been informed how that ſome Storm caſt us upon your Coaſt, where after we had eſcaped the dangers of the Seas, we fell into the hands of the *Bandetties*, where we had like to have been robbed of our honour, a Jewel we prized far above any the Sea had devoured, had not your Highneſs reſcued us. Here *Maria* ended, and the Duke ſeemed very much affected with the Story; but he was inwardly diſpleaſed at *Spencers* being in his Court, (for he was confirmed by many circumſtances

ſtances it was he,) fearing leaſt his diſcovery ſhould wholly obſtruct his love; he therefore reſolved to Cloyſter up his fair Gueſt, in the moſt private part of his Palace; but this being no time to conſult what to do, having preſented *Maria* a Jewel in recompence of her trouble, and ſent by her all commends to his Miſtreſs; He went to entertain the two Dukes of *Mantua*, and *Ferrara* who expected him.

The End of the Firſt Book of the Second Part.

THE

THE ENGLISH LOVERS:

A ROMANCE.

Part the II. *Book the* II.

THE Court of *Florence* abounded in all imaginary delights daily, and before unfound-out inventions, being put in practice as well for the entertainment of the two Dukes of *Mantoua* and *Ferrara*, as for to endeavor to divert that Melancholly, which had so strangely overwhelmed all the faculties of the soul of this Dukes fair Guest; yet all that mirth which seemed pleasant to others, seemed tedious to her, and so absolutely had sorrow for the loss of her beloved Spouse, taken possession of her heart, that even all common and known remedies, proved but Corrasives to her grief.

Oftentimes would she be overheard to lament to her self, and with bitter exclamations to cry out; Cruel and unjust fates! was it not enough that you made me suffer so many unspeakable disasters, and dangers, before ye would permit

me the enjoyment of my beloved *Spencer*, but muſt you ſtill continue to be perverſe by depriving me of him almoſt as ſoon as you gave him? Miſerable me! who am no ſooner married but divorc'd; almoſt as ſoón a Widow, as a Bride; permitted onely for ſome few days to enjoy the greateſt happineſs earth could afford me, and then on a ſudden involved into the deepeſt gulf of ſorrow poſſible! How much better had it been for me to have yielded up my life in the all-devouring Sea, where perhaps I might have met my *Spencers* fate, then to outlive him, and become thus miſerable by his loſs! Oh! that the fates would yet be ſo merciful as to cut my thred of life, that I might follow him to the other World, ſince they would not permit me to enjoy him in this.

Theſe and ſuch like lamentations ſhe would often in private Eccho out, whileſt her maid *Maria* would frequently interrupt her, and endeavor to comfort her, by telling her, That her beloved *Spencer* might ſtill be alive, that the fates themſelves could not be ſo unjuſt to two ſuch loyal and conſtant Lovers; that ſhe had leſs reaſon now to diſpair of his life, or of her finding him again, then ſhe had when ſhe believed him buried in *Fiall*, and his aſhes ſtrowed in the Air: To which, and ſuch like accents of comfort, this afflicted Lady would reply, Away fond fool, and canſt thou think then that Pirates are turned merciful, or that my *Spencers* arm is able to reſiſt ſo many hundred villains, who by continual practize had been inured to blood and cruelty,

cruelty, with the sole assistance of the Noble *Goodlake*; and yet suppose them to be victors, we must then suppose them to be left alone in a wide and almost sinking Vessel, to the mercy and power of the mercileſs Seas; O strive not thus to flatter me with any hopes of his life, but since he is assuredly and utterly lost, endeavor not to stop that current of grief, by which onely the fates have now left me a way to follow him.

Whileſt they were one day in a Discourſe of this nature, a noiſe of the running of horſes just under her window, made *Maria* first, and after that her Lady look out, the one out of curioſity, the other to feed her melancholy, rather then divert it, where they might behold ſeveral Gallants with their Lances in their reſts, ready to run at the Ring; they ſtood marſhalled in two equal Ranks, which might give the Spectators to underſtand, that they were in that ſport Oppoſites, being twelve in all, whereof ſix were choſen by the Duke of *Ferrara*, and ſix by the Duke of *Mantua*, the two Dukes themſelves ſtanding in the head, and ready upon the ſignal given, to run the firſt Carreire in their own perſons; which the Judges of the ſport (the lots being drawn who ſhould run firſt, which fell upon the Duke of *Ferrara*,) immediately gave; and *Ferraras* Duke mounted on a milk-white Steed, richly capariſoned, and ſhining with Gold and Pearl, himſelf clad in a Suite of ſky colour Damask, imbroydered with many curious flowers and fancies, with a large feather

of the same colour in his hat, advanced to the place from whence he was to begin his course, where weaving his Lance thrice over his head, in token of challenge to *Mantuas* Duke, he set spurs to his horse, and with a gentle and easie Carreir, took the Ring with so much dexterity, as was admirable to the Spectators. The Duke of *Mantua* who had beheld the good success of his adversary, next fitted himself for the course, and issuing from before those Cavaliers his adjutants (mounted on a Dapple-gray Steed, that Heaven-resembling colour, his caparison as well as his habit, being all composed of green silk, imbellished here and there with a resplendant Diamond) he came to the place appointed, where waving likewise his Lance three times about his head, made his course, in the midst of which his horse being somewhat too fiery, gave several bounds, which made not only the ignorant spectators, but even those Cavaliers who were of his part, fear that he would miss the Ring, but he finding it must be done by a quick motion, by reason of his Steeds unrulinesse, setting spurs to his horse, took it with so fierce a Carreir, that many, though they saw it upon the point of his Lance, doubted whether he had it or no. The next who run were the Count *Lorenzo Bentivoglio*, on the part of the Duke of *Ferrara*, and the Marquis of *Mirandola*, on the Duke of *Mantuas*, who both having performed their course with admirable agility, were followed by the Conte of *Villa Corta*, on the part of *Ferrara*, who having missed the Ring with the point

point of his Lance, very dexterously let it fall, and drawing out his sword took it at its point, to the no little wonder of the spectators. He was followed by the Cavalier *Jacomo Amadei*, who notwithstanding his horse, as he almost came to the end of the course, seemed to stumble, and indeed in a maner to fall, yet he took the Ring with an excellent dexterity. The Cavalier *Alfonso Bernardi*, and the Cavalier *Thomaso Medico*, both performed their courses with applause; but *Girolamo Picolhomini*, and *Fernando Contarini*, who followed them, both missed the Ring, yet received no less shouts from the spectators, then those which had performed best, though I suppose they were not at all pleased with them. The Count of St. *Severino* was the next, who ran on the Duke of *Ferrara*'s side, who deservedly gained the applause, not onely of the spectators, but all the Noble Actors; he was followed by that renowned Cavalier *Giovanne del Monte*, who to his great vexation, was this day most unfortunate; for after he had made a most graceful course, and was now ready to take the Ring, his girts broke, and his horse withall giving a bound, both himself and saddle came to the ground: But now appeared on the part of the Duke of *Ferrara* a person, which made *Maria* recal her Mistris to the window, at least to show her a person who resembled her lost *Spencer*; she, though somewhat unwillingly, came to behold him, but having looked upon him, she immediately fell into a swoon, whether overpressed with joy, believing it to be her beloved

Spencer, or with grief, at seeing so near a resemblance of her lost Spouse: *Maria* endeavoured by all means possible to recover her, and by reason of this accident, was hindred from making a farther discovery, though she was absolutely confirmed that it was the generous *Spencer* (as indeed it was) both by a little green scarf which he wore upon his left arm, a badge her Lady had given him at his first going to *Fiall*, as likewise by a person whom she judged to be *Goodlake*, and whom, had not her Ladies weakness hindred her, she would have found some means to have spoken to, but her faintness increasing, she was forced to retire with her.

The generous *Spencer* was this day of sport and triumph, as he had ever been since his forced separation from his beloved Spouse, cloathed all in black, nothing of any other colour appearing about him save onely the small green Scarf, but the extraordinary grace wherewith he sate on horseback, and dexterity wherewith he took the Ring, put the whole Company that view'd him into admiration: nor was it performed with less skill and gallantry by Captain *Goodlake*, who was the last that ran on the part of the Duke of *Mantua*; yet was the Victory given by the Judges of the field to the Duke of *Ferrara*'s side, because of the misfortune which happened to the Cavalier *Giovanne del Monte*, who thereby mist the Ring.

Yet all persons were well contented, and so accompanied the Grand Duke to his Palace, where a sumptuous and magnificent Feast was prepa-

prepared for them, at which the Duke of *Florence* did more observe *Spencer* then ever he had done before, and both by his reserved melancholy, and mourning weeds, but especially by his generous countenance and actions, concluded him infallibly to be the Spouse of his fair Guest, and *Goodlake* undeniable the same person who was Captain of the *Negro*, yet he resolved absolutely to detain these two Lovers from the knowledge of each others safety, till such time as he had attempted all ways for the gaining of the Love of his beautous Guest, which he was not wanting by continual solicitations to endeavor to do, and thought all time tedious which he did not spend in her company, resolving as soon as he could with civility leave the two Dukes, to visit her.

We left her in a swoond at the sight of her beloved *Spencer*, from which being by the care of her maid *Maria* revived, clasping her in her arms with a fervent embrace (scarce knowing where she was) And is my *Spencer* yet alive, said she, or art thou but his shadow? Alas! Madam, said *Maria*, I am neither your *Spencer*, nor his shadow, but this I dare assure you, that both he and Captain *Goodlake* are alive, and at present in this Court, and much I am mistaken if *Rufman* were not there likewise to see their justing. Oh me! said her Lady, what a dream have thou and I been in. A dream Madam, replied she, certain I am that both my eyes were open, and all the faculties of my soul awake, when I beheld your generous *Spencer* with a

grace admired by all, take the Ring, and him followed by the valiant *Goodlake*; nor do I doubt Madam in few days but to finde an opportunity to assure him of your safety, for I can perceive both by his dejected countenance, and sable habit, that he as much mourns your supposed loss, as you do his. But dost thou then think it possible, said she, that the Gods should be yet so favorable to me, as to preserve my *Spencer* both from the fury of the Pyrates, and the Seas? Madam, the fates could not, answered *Maria*, be so unjust as to deprive you utterly of him for whom they had made you endure so many strange and adverse fortunes, and run through so many perilous adventures, therefore cheer up your Spirits with an assurance that your *Spencer* lives, and that you shall again within few dayes enjoy him.

In this Discourse was the beautous *Elizabetha*, and her maid *Maria*, when the Grand Duke entred her lodgings, and perceiving in her countenance somewhat more alacrity then usually, he began to hope that time would wear away her melancholy, not at all dreaming that she had made any discovery of the safety of her Love, or his being in that Court; he therefore accosted her with many Obliging and Amorous expressions. To all which she returned in answer, That the Vows she had made to the generous *Spencer*, were not yet, nor ever should be cancelled in her breast. You wrong both your self, and your beauty Madam, said the Duke, to dote upon a thing that is not, for though I were

not fully ſenſible of the cruelty of the *French* Nation, eſpecially of the Pirates of that Nation, yet I cannot believe that a ſinking Veſſel could eſcape that ſtorm, wherein yours, which was a ſound one, periſhed; and though it may be alledged, that they might likewiſe eſcape the furies of the Sea; yet it is rather to be ſuppoſed that the *French* ſhip periſhed in the vaſt Ocean, rather then that it was driven nigh any ſhore that might preſerve them: Afflict not then your ſelf Madam, continued he, with a vain hopes of that which can never be obtained, nor repine not at what the gods have done for your greater benefit. If the gods, anſwered ſhe, have been ſo unjuſt as to deprive me utterly of my *Spencer*, yet I will, nor cannot be ſo unjuſt to his memory, as ſo ſoon to blot out the remembrance of our Loves, even before I can be certain whether the fates have been ſo unmerciful as to deprive me of him or no; nor do I know whether it would favor more of levity in me, to entertain another Lover before I was ſurely informed I had loſt him; or of cruelty in the deities to part two ſuch conſtant Lovers as we have hitherto been.

The Duke was about to have returned anſwer, and to continue his perſwaſions, when one of his Pages entred to acquaint him that a meſſenger pretending weighty affairs attended for Audience, which made the Duke for the preſent, though unwillingly, leave his Miſtris, till he could have ſome fitter time to proſecute his deſires.

Being

Being come into the presence, the Messenger on his knees presented his Highness with letters, which he opening found to be from his Admiral *Pedro de Venturo*, giving him advice of a great victory obtained by him, against the Vice-roy of *Argiers*, who had long infested those Seas with a great Fleet both of Ships and Gallies. The Messenger farther by word of mouth acquainted his Highness, that Signieur *Pedro Venturo* was coming himself with the Vice-Roy his prisoner, to lay his whole conquest at his feet, that there were likewise several Christian captives whom he had released, who were coming after to present themselves to his Highness, and that by reason of an accident which befell his horse, he once feared the Admiral would have arrived as soon as he, if not before him.

The grand Duke was extreamly rejoyced at this victory, against the common enemy of *Christendom*, and immediately sent to acquaint the two Dukes of *Mantua* and *Ferrara* with it, who accompanied with a great retinue of nobles, made all haste possible into the great Hall of the Palace, to entertain the victorious Admiral, who soon after arrived, and was received with all those expressions of joy and respect, which could proceed from a loving Prince to a deserving Subject.

Usual complements being past, the grand Duke commanded *Venturo* to relate the manner of his fight, and how he obtained that signal victory, and the noble Admiral having composed himself, his countenance to a mode-

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sty which would become the telling of a story, which must in some part Eccho out his own praise, thus began.

Your Highness, (and I think all here present) very well knows that the Potent *Mullisheg* King of *Fes* and *Morocco*, after he had by a long and tedious civil war, taken prisoners his two brothers who had strove with him for the Royal Scepter, and caused them to be put to death, having setled those two Crowns upon his own head without any fear of competition, made many threatnings to annoy the *Christians* whose, sworn enemy his Religion makes him, which threats he not long since put in execution by commanding this noble *Bassa*, (for he worthily deserves that attribute) whom he had some time before created *Vice-Roy* of *Argiers*, with a Fleet of twelve Gallies to scour the Seas, infest our coasts, make prize of our Ships and goods, and inslave our persons.

And though this *Bassa* executed his commission with all mildness possible, and with a nobleness rather becoming a *Christian*, then a *Moor*, restoring many whom he had made prize of to their liberties, and some to their goods; yet the tyrannies which were acted by some who were Commanders under him, or rather spyes over him, and who ill resented those favors he so often showed to the *Christians*, were too great for to comport, which made your Highness with Sixteen Gallies command me to clear our Seas and Coasts from their pyracies; which I hope I have effected in so short a time, that your High-

ness

neſs will not repine at the expence you have been at for the general good of *Chriſtendom*.

I was not fully a fortnight at Sea, but it was my fortune to eſpy the *Moreſco* Kings whole Fleet, under the command of this gallant *Baſſa*, we immediately hoyſed all our ſyal to make up to them; Nor did they endeavor to ſhun us, but ſtanding up towards us, we expected a ſharp fight: but nine of his Gallies, whether terrified by our numbers and valour, or their own coward fear, immediately yielded to us; two of the other after ſome reſiſtance, were brought to obedience, but the Admirals Galley though ſhe were aſſaulted by at leaſt ſix of our Gallies, at once, made a reſolute reſiſtance; encouraged, or indeed acted by the ſole valour of this brave man, who did ſuch wonders as I am almoſt aſhamed to acknowledge, or recount before him, I was enraged that after the yielding of eleven, one gally, becauſe ſhe was the *Admiral*, as if the others had infuſed all their ſpirit into her, ſhould make ſo gallant a reſiſtance, and that onely by the ſole valour and proweſs of her Captain; and therefore clapping her aboard, I entered her in perſon, which I had no ſooner done, but this generous *Baſſa* accoſted me, and preſenting me the pommel of his ſword, told me, That it was neither deſperation nor hopes to eſcape that had been the cauſe of his making ſo obſtinate a reſiſtance againſt ſo great odds; but becauſe, being an *Admiral* himſelf, he ſcorned to yield to any other then the *Admiral*. I knew not how to return an anſwer ſuitable to his no-

bleneſs,

bleneſs, nor was there any thing could have quitted ſo much worth, but an immediate reſtoration of his liberty, which not daring of my ſelf to do, I here humbly preſent him, and my ſelf thus low at your Highneſs feet.

The Renowned *Spencer* had all the while that the Cavalier *Pedro Venturo* had been relating this ſtory, fixed his eyes upon the worthy *Baſſa*, and no ſooner had he finſhed to ſpeak, but running to him and imbracing him, cried out, *Worthy Joffer Baſſa*, and is it poſſible that fortune ſhould be adverſe to caſt down ſo gallant a perſon? I ſhall be inforced indeed henceforth to account her blind, and like a Courtier not reguarding deſerts or merit. Then kneeling to the grand Duke, mighty Prince, continued he, did you know the worth that flows in theſe black veines, you would not onely ſend him ranſomeleſs to his country, but honor him, and if (ſaid he) I have merrited any thing from theſe two Dukes, (meaning *Mantoua* and *Ferrara*) let me beg them to be my interceſſors that I may pay his ranſome, and if all I have amount not to what great *Florence* may expect, I'le leave my ſelf in hoſtage. The grand Duke remembredhis excellent Generoſity towards the gallant *Spencer*, was very ready to comply with his deſires, (though he would not yet ſeem to know him for that worthy perſon,) which he ſufficiently manifeſted by telling him, Noble Engliſh-man ſo much is all *Italy* beholding to you, for reconciling theſe two Dukes, in whoſe peace all the Princes of this country are ſo much concerned,

that

that I should very ill quit the obligation you have laid upon our country, if I should not comply with your desires, your friendship to him is his ransome, which if you will likewise bless us with, we all account it better then Myriads of gold. Go noble *Bassa*, now no more a prisoner, at pleasure return to thy country. The joy which the generous *Spencer* conceived for this free grant of the *Thuscan* Dukes, made him forget to return a thanks due to so great a favour: But running again to the *Bassa* and embracing him, noble *Joffer* said he, thou savior of my life, and of a life I prize above ten thousand of my own, how happy am I that I can in some part renumerate thy kindness, yet this freedom I have procured thee cannot half renumerate thy worth. Sir, (answered the *Bassa*) even slavery it self had been welcome to me, if I might but therewith have enjoyed your sight and presence, which I had resolved to search all over the world for, and rather then not obtain, have hazarded the breach of a rash and foolish oath I once made, of never more returning into my native country. Your native country (said *Spencer*,) are you not then a native of *Barbery*? I must confess I ever doubted that such nobleness could not reside in any of that rude, and illite[illegible] Nation: Oh Sir (replyed the *Bassa*, I ha[illegible]ings yet to tell you, which will make you yet hate me; It is impossible (said *Spencer*,) I must first hate my self, and my own life sooner then the noble preserver of it. I will now then (said the *Bassa*) no longer conceal my self, but if you can receive a brother

ther, who hath long ſince forfeited both yours, and his fathers affection, embrace me, this black is like a veil to cover my former miſcarriages, which being once waſhed off, I ſhall appear like my firſt ſelf. Not onely the worthy *Spencer*, but the Dukes, and the whole preſence were aſtoniſhed at theſe words of the *Baſſas*, they all not knowing what to ſay, or how to believe what he had uttered, the worthy *Spencer* had fixed an eye of amazement upon his face, where though the black ſtill remained, he began to eſpy ſome ſymptomes of his brothers phyſiognomy, whileſt the *Baſſa* ſeeing his and all their wonder, thus continued; Sir, I ſhall not onely by taking away this Mooriſh hew, clearly convince you, I am your Brother, but give you likewiſe ſuch infallible circumſtances, as ſhall make you not able to deny it; nor think that though I have changed my colour, I have withall changed my Religion, for I proteſt before Heaven, I never was yet guilty of receiving into my boſom the leaſt Turkiſh Tenent; but perhaps your doubt and wonder may as much accrue from my not diſcovering my ſelf before, but when you have heard my reaſons to the contrary, you will reſt ſatisfied; in the mean time, let me beg ſome reſpite of theſe Princes to redeem my native hue, and I ſhall ſoon return like my firſt ſelf. The Duke eaſily granted him that liberty, and withal gave order, that he ſhould out of his Wardrobe be furniſhed with befitting Chriſtian apparel.

The whole preſence was left in great admiration

tion at this strange adventure, being unwilling to believe what they yet did believe; but at the return of the *Bassa* (for we shall still so call him) their wonder not onely increased to see him so soon changed from a deep black, into a pure white complexion, but to observe the great similitude which was between him and the worthy *Spencer*, the same majesty and gallantry appeared in both their Countenances, with a kinde of pleasing affability, which was somewhat less in the *Bassa* who was the elder Brother, and whose visage inclined somewhat more to fierceness than that of the generous *Spencer*.

To relate the several Embraces and obliging Expressions, which passed between these two brothers, would be an *Herculean* labor; the noble *Spencer* with tears in his eyes welcomed into his bosom his long-lost brother, whom he had many years since accounted dead. The several Congratulations of *Goodlake*, *Ruffman*, and others would take up a Volume to recite them: the Dukes themselvs descending from their thrones, embraced this new-found *Christian*.

After all these Complements and Entertainments had past, which could be expected from two Brothers which had been long lost to one another: The Grand Duke's earnest desire to hear the story of this renowned *Bassa*, made him importunate in desiring him to give him and the other Duke, a brief Relation of it; which, although he was somewhat unwilling to do, yet not knowing how to be otherwise grateful to

those

those great Personages, he assented to, and began in these words.

THE HISTORY Of the Famous JOFFER BASSA.

AFter I was (said he with the tears almost gushing out of his eyes) by my fathers too much provoked anger banished out of his sight, and wholy dis-inherited of his Estate, armed with disdain, and dispair, (the last a plague and punishment incident to rebellions against Parents) I resolved to go seek that fortune in other Countries, which his just resentments had denied me in my own; and indeed shame as well as necessity enforced me to take this course, for I had not onely tired out my fathers patience, but all those friends whom I had too often imployed to make my peace with him. Gathering therefore up some few debts, which my riot had before scattered amongst my dissolute companions, I embarqued my self upon a ship bound for *Civita Vechia*, the chief Port-Town of the *Papacy* towards the *Tyrhene* Sea,

intending to finde my ſelf imployment in thoſe Wars, which had ſome time before broken out between the Church, and your Highneſs renowned father, *Coſmo de Medices*, Grand Duke of *Tuſcany*.

But as if Fortune now having me in her clutches, had reſolved to inflict a puniſhment upon me, equal to my former miſcarriages; we were no ſooner paſt the Streits of *Gibralter*, and ſailing thence with a proſperous gale towards our intended Ports, but we eſpied three Turkiſh Men-of-war, belonging to the King of *Tunis*, who gave chaſe to our poor Barque; 'tis true, we could ſee little hopes in making any reſiſtance, yet the fear I had to be a ſlave, and the certainty I was in never to be redeemed, made me encourage the Captain to fight; but no arguments of mine, or deſires of many of his Seamen, could make his coward minde admit within it any other tearms but thoſe of yielding, vainly imagining that either his ranſom would be leſs, or his uſage better, from thoſe Barbarians, if he baſely ſubmitted, then if he bravely ſtood it out.

But the major part reſolving to fight, and like generous ſouls, being willing rather to endure death then ſlavery, we reſolved that ſince our Captain would not be perſwaded to combate them, either to force him to it, or ſecure him; the laſt of which we had ſcarcely finiſhed to do, and put our ſelves in order, but the firſt of the Pirates came up to us, and having given us a rough ſalute, preſently clapt us aboard; but

ſuch

ſuch was our reſolution, that before either of the other two could come up to us, we had twice beaten them off our decks, and were ready to enter theirs, and in all probability to have made a Prize of thoſe who endeavored to prey upon us, when we were prevented by the furious aſſault of the ſecond of the Pirates, a ſhip of greater force then the firſt that had attacqued us, yet we for ſome time likewiſe obſtinately defended our ſelves againſt them, till the third coming up to their aſſiſtance, we were conſtrained to yield to their power and numbers.

Nothing could be more grievous to me then thus to become a ſlave, yet my adverſe fates would not admit me to prevent it; for I once endeavored to have pierced my own heart with my Poynard, but was hindred by the covetous Turks, who intended to make money of my perſon, and the very thought of being to be ſold in the market like a bruit beaſt, made me ſo deſperate, that I ſhould have accounted the blood of Aſps and Vipers, to have been a healing and ſanative potion.

But of all means of freeing my ſelf from ſlavery by a voluntary death, I was deprived by being cloſely chained up amongſt the reſt between the hatches, and ſo cloſe were we together, that if we had ſtrove to finde out a death, it muſt have been no other then the knocking of our brains out one againſt another; but that which ſomewhat comforted me, was to ſee our coward Captain in as bad condition as my ſelf, or indeed worſe if poſſible could be, for

he being placed in the midst of us, was forced, endured not onely the reproaches, but the buffets of his own men for his cowardize; five days continued we in this condition, fed with nothing but a few scraps of bisquet, and stinking water, which made me with tears begin to bethink my self of that good and noble condition, out of which I had by my own folly and wilfulness thrown my self.

Being arrived at *Tunis*, we were immediately carried on shore, and with our chains about our legs, brought into the publique Bazar, where it was my fortune to be sold to an old Beldam, who employed me in nothing else but to fetch her water, scoure her dishes, and other the most servile drudgery, being continually subject to the flouts, mocks, and blows, of her imperious son; who had so much incensed me, that I once resolved to have executed a severe revenge upon him long before I did it, and thereby with the enduring of a little torture, to have freed my self from a lasting misery, for I could imagine no way to escape, but my stars had yet for me in store a better fate, and intended to punish me, not to destroy me; for so it happened, that my Beldame had some time before me bought into her house to do her private service, a little female Jew, with whom in short time I had grown so familiar, that I could discern in her some love towards me, for she would often assist me in performing those servile works which were daily imposed; and many times would we sit together seriously lamenting our mis-

misfortunes, and belching out curſes againſt our young Patron, who was equally inſolent to both.

One day as I was bruſhing and cleanſing ſome of *Oſmans* clothes, for ſo was the old womans ſon called, ſhe came to me all bloody and lamentably crying, ſhe ſat down in a moſt melancholy deſperate poſture by me, I need not ask her from whence her affliction derived, for I had often my ſelf had experience of it; but turning to her, muſt we always, ſaid I, be inſlaved to this miſery, and be ſubject to the inſolencies of this yound dog, without revenge? That word revenge, revived her out of her penſive drowſineſſes: If thou canſt be faithful, ſaid ſhe, and haſt but valor enough to effect it, let me alone to invent a way for both our eſcapes. It is impoſſible, replied I, that ever we can paſs the Ports. It is true, anſwered ſhe, as we are it is, but I have an Art to compoſe a Juyce, which ſhall turn us in two houres ſpace more black then the Sun-burnt *Ethiopians*, by which means we ſhall eſcape the fury of our Patroneſs, and certainly we cannot fall into deeper miſeries, then are now overwhelmed. Do but that, ſaid I, and aſſure your ſelf of a full revenge. But thou ſhalt firſt promiſe me, (ſaid *Joſina*, for ſo ſhe was called) thet thou wilt not forſake me, for, ſaid ſhe, (riſing up and embracing me) though I am like thee a ſlave here, yet I am of noble Extract, nor has my beauty, except my friends, and thoſe of my own Nation, flattered me, been accounted deſpicable; nor indeed was it, for ſhe

was admirable fair, and had she not been so, I was willing to embrace any thing to procure my liberty; so I swore to her by all Oaths imaginable, that I would never leave her: she now felt not her blows, which had before half slain her, but nimbly went about to provide the promised Juyce, which I had not faith enough to credit, till I had found by experience, that being easily laid on it, turned our skins to a *Mauritanian* hew, and that nothing but Wine Vinegar could remove it; she having thus performed her part, she pressed me to act mine, which I had within three days opportunity given me to do, for the old Beldam having sent me to fetch her some water from a Spring about two miles off, for her own drinking, I in my way encountred *Osman*, who far from his usual maner, began familiarly to discourse with me, and accompanied me as far as the Wels; this strange alteration of his, had almost made me alter my purpose, but knowing it was at present but feigned, and would break out afterwards into greater storms, I resolved to execute it, and hopes of gaining my liberty, giving a double strength to my arm, I stept unto him, and snatching out his sword, and withall turning of his Turbant, without giving him leave to speak, at one blow I stroke him to the ground, assured of his ever rising again till the day of Judgement.

My revenge thus happily effected, I covered his body slightly with sand, and thrusting his Scimitar under my slaves coat, hastened home with my water, which having delivered to my

old

old patroness, I made as much haste to acquaint *Josina* with what I had done, and showing her the sword as a testimony of it, she so rejoyced as I cannot tell well how to express, the night drew on which was propitious to our designs, for he using seldom to come home, was not at all search't for, and we had the opportunity by the privacy of it to colour our selves, which we soon effected, each mutually helping each other, though with as much modesty as we could: I confess it grieved me to lay that black hue upon her white and angel like skin; but the remembrance of liberty made all things sweet. About two hours before day, we issued out of the old Beldams house, taking all the moneys we could finde in't, but not medling with any thing else lest it should betray us; and both of us speaking the language well, we came into a Cane or Inne in the town, as travellers newly come out of the country, which we might well do so early in the morning, it being the custom of those countries to travel altogether by night.

To remove suspect, though it was impossible for any one to know us, according to the usual manner, we no sooner came into the Inn, but we laid our selves down to repose, both in one Chamber, but at a modest distance, but scarce had we slept three hours, but we were awakened by the noyse in the Inn, made by the Officers of Justice come in search of us; we were about to rise, and be as inquisitive as others what the business was, but as we were about to do so, the Officers entred our Chamber, and seeing none

but us two Blacks, as they ſuppoſed, as ſoon departed; we asked ſome *Moors* what the matter was? Who told us, that *Oſman Chellabee* was murthered by his mothers ſlaves, who being fled upon it, they were now in ſearch of them.

All things being again quieted in that Cane, and the Officers gone to ſearch in ſome other, we called for ſome repaſt, and were very jocundly merry at our ſo cleanly eſcape; but in the middeſt of our mirth, it was, I cannot tell whether our good or ill fortune to remember, that we had left our ſpunges with a bowl of the juice which had dyed our skins at home, and though we imagined, that at firſt ſight they could not tell what to make of it, yet we thought ſome accident might diſcover for what intention it was: This ſuddainly changed all our mirth into ſadneſs, we could not a good while reſolve what to do; but at length our own ſafety prompted us immediately to leave the town before our artifice ſhould be diſcovered, for though the gates upon this murther were ſecurely watcht, that no *Chriſtian* ſlave ſhould paſs, yet thoſe of our complexion might have free Egreſs and Regreſs.

We paſſed therefore forth of that gate, which leads towards *Argiers*, chooſing to go thither, both becauſe *Joſina* having paſt and repaſt that way, was acquainted with it, and alſo becauſe we might there ſecurely change our complexions, and ſo finde ſome *Chriſtian* ſhip to tranſport us to this bleſſed ſhore.

Our feet had before been ſurbated with labor, ſo travel was not tedious to us, and our poor outſides

sides secured us from theeves, for we had scarce more cloth, then would cover our nakedness, though I had neer two hundred checqueens tied in a girdle about my waste, so that we feared nothing but wild beasts, which often in those deserts assault. Most of our discourse to shorten the time, was about our difference in religion, and unto so good a conceit had I brought *Josina* of our belief, that she promised me if I would carry her into *Christendom* she would forsake her Religion, for parents, friends, and kindred she had none living, for me and my faith.

Thus travayled we with all imaginable content, till we came to the large and spacious forrest of *Albemquel*, which spreads it self over nine mountains, but hath no other inhabitants besides Lions, Tigers, Wolves, Bears, and other beasts of prey, and those in no small quantity: one days journy had we made through this disolate Arbory, and were now proceeding onwards on the next, when about noon my *Josina*, for my heart now bids me call her so) being somewhat faint through the extream heat, we sat to shade and rest our selves under a large spreading sycomore, (which in those countries bears a wild fig, much eaten by the *Moors*) and the fruit being almost ripe, I, though unwillingly consented to by *Josina*, mounted the tree to gather her some, when being on top and thick leaves shading me from all sight, I might on the suddain hear a rushing among the leaves below, and withal a great feminine shreike; I descended withal the expedition possible, but when I came down I found her

her not there, nor could I imagine which way she had taken: heavens! into what a passion was I cast? I easily determined her devoured by some wild beast, and for her sake vow'd revenge upon all those in the forest; therefore snatching up my dart, which I stuck at the bottom of the tree, I took that way which my reason had directed me to, hoping either to finde her, or at least some remains of her; but having three days sought in vain, I was constrained by hunger to seek my way out of the wood, and taking the directions of the declining Sun, I past with much trouble through those thick brakes, for I could not again finde the road.

But having travayled thus one whole day, night coming on, fearing to loose what I had before got towards my way out, made me ascend a tree to repose me, but the next morning I found my self so faint through hunger and thirst, that I was scarce able to descend: but with much pains being got down, I had not walked far, but I was assaulted by a hunger-starved bear, who with open mouth assured himself of a prey, and I confess I almost assured my self I should be so to him, for such was my weakness that I found my self almost incapable of resistance; but summoning up all my spirits, I with both hands reared up my dart, and as he mounted up his two hinder feet to seize me, smote him on the brest, and found an easier passage to his heart then I expected; his death two ways afforded me life, for I not onely escaped becomming a prey to him,

him, but with his blood somewhat asswaged my violent hunger and thirst.

That day brought me out of the forrest, into a large sandy desert, where I resolved still to take the Sun for my guide in the day, and the Stars in the night; yet now I began to think I should wander eternally, for all that night and the succeeding day I could meet with neither man, or habitation, nor yet wild beast; but more then the tedious of my travel, did the loss of my dear *Josina* afflict me, though I suffered all the inconveniencies of thirst and hunger, yet was my mind more tormented for her death (for so I supposed it,) then my body for want of necessaries: at length utterly wearied I laid my self down upon the ground when by an *Eccho* through the hollow veins of the earth, I might hear strange and confused noyses, this made me yet more attentively listen, when at length I determined it to be the sound of martial instruments not far distant, and somewhat revived hope to finde some rational creatures, for I had for many days conversed with no other then beasts of prey. I roused up my spirits, and clambring up a steep hill which lay before me, I might in the large plain on the other side behold a mighty Army which seemed in a readiness to expect their foes, who appeared on the tops of the furthermost hills.

Though I doubted I should at my approach to them be taken by them for a spy, yet my hunger constrained me to adventure down, and being come to their Out-guards, I was immediately seized

ſeized upon, and brought before the mighty *Mullisheg* King of *Feſs* and *Morocco*; for his Army it was, which he had raiſed to oppoſe his rebellious brothers, who having ſtrictly examined me, was ſo far from thinking me a ſpy, that he demanded of me if I would ſerve him in his wars, and I readily aſſenting to do it, he perſwaded, by I know not what genius, cauſed me to be liſted in his own horſe guard.

The oppoſite Army under the command of *Muley Xeriff*, ſtayd for ſome days longer on the tops of the mountains, nor could any provocations draw him from his faſtneſſes; where it is to be ſuppoſed he reſided in, expecting the other brother *Muley Hamet* to come and joyn with him; for no ſooner was he arrived, but they deſcended into the Plain, with an Army of about fourſcore thouſand men, our whole force conſiſting of not above forty thouſand foot, and twenty five thouſand horſe.

The night before the fatal battel, both Armies encamped within the reach of each others Artillery, which played furiouſly whilſt there appeared any twinkling of light, but night having covered the earth with her black mantel, both ſides lay ſtill till the morning-ſtar ſhowed them again in Arms, and after the Artillery had for ſome time thundred out death and deſtruction, the two brothers advanced towards us in a gallant Equipage; nor did we receive them with a reſolution any thing unequal to theirs, though I muſt confeſs that we were forced to give a little ground to the fury of their firſt charge,

charge, yet that loſs proved to our Advantage: In ſum, the battel continved doubtful till about noon, when *Muley Xeriff* with a ſelect party broke into the Kings guards, and had neer taken the great *Mulliſheg* priſoner, or deprived him of life, had not my better ſtars guided me to his reſcue.

Having ſet the King ſafe, and received from him innumerable thanks and promiſes of reward, I returned again to the almoſt broken guards, and encouraging them the beſt I could, come (ſaid I to party who had ſeen me reſcue the King, and had there-upon proteſted to follow me whereſoever I would lead them,) let us fetch this Traytor from amongſt the midſt of his rebellious troops, I was gallantly ſeconded by about a hundred of them, who gave ſo reſolute a charge that we ſoon made way through thoſe before victorious troops, and came to the place where *Xeriff* was; him guided by fortune I ſingled out, and ſoon brought him under the power of my ſword, Heavens! How did the great *Mulliſheg* embrace me when I preſented him at his feet: As for him he cauſed his head to be immediately cut off, and being ſet upon a lance to be carried up and down the Army, which ſtruck ſuch a terror into the Rebels, that they immediately threw down their Arms and yielded, or elſe truſted to their heels for their ſafety. *Muley Hamet* with three thouſand horſe eſcaped the fury of the field, and fled towards the plains, but ſo totally was the Army roured, that he had little hopes of rallying them for to try another encounter.

I am

I am aſhamed to tell you (Mighty Prince) thoſe obliging Expreſſions, with which *Mulliſheg* entertained me after the Battel: he called me his Better Genius, One ſent from the prophet to aſſiſt his Right, the Soul of his Empire, with many other ſuch ſtrange Epethites, too tedious to relate, withal giving me the Command of five thouſand Horſe, and deſiring me with all ſpeed poſſible, to purſue the Rebel *Muly Hamet*; for you, ſaid he, I know will bring him back: I would willingly have bin excuſed from this Employment, by reaſon of my being unacquainted in the Countrey, but he told me he had provided me ſufficient guides.

We overtook this unfortunate Prince on the utmoſt bounds of thoſe vaſt Plains of *Mombaza*, accompanied with not above forty or fifty horſe at moſt, the reſt having either fallen into our hands, or deſerted him, and to procure their own ſafety, fled into the deſerts or by-ways: he no ſooner perceiving us purſuing him with ſo great a power, but hoping to eſcape into a Wood not far diſtant, he ſtruck out of the way from the reſt towards it; he was eaſily known by thoſe Guides that accompanied me, who told me that if he gained that Wood, it would be impoſſible to finde him out: This made me put ſpurs to my Courſer, which being ſwifter than his, I overtook him juſt at the entrance into the Wood, and he ſeeing no poſſibility of eſcaping me, faced about, and opening his breaſt, Generous Soldier, ſaid he, what ever by nature thou art, yet ſhow thy ſelf now noble, transfix

this

this unfortunate breſt with thy ſword, and make me not a ſcorn to my tyrannous Brother: I was about to tell him, that I had ſtrict command from *Mulliſheg* to bring him alive; when he gueſſing by my delays that I would not anſwer his deſires, with his own ſword pierced his heart.

I could not but both pity and commend the reſolution of this generous Prince, and was ſtanding amazed at the Magnanimity and Gallantry of the Action, when the whole body of Horſe came up, the chief Commanders of which adviſed me to carry his body to the King, to aſſure him of his death, which I gave order to be done: and the Mooriſh King having firſt embraced me, and given me a million of thanks, and withal put a very rich Jewel about my neck, ſeemed ſomewhat to lament his death, giving order for his being buried like a Prince, which made me believe that he would have ſaved his life, the rather becauſe he was drawn into this Rebellion, more by cunning Artifices of his brother, than by any inclination of his own.

The Mighty *Mulliſheg* ſtrove ſtill to load me with new Honors, making me often ride by his left hand, and at our arival at *Mamorah* (whither he went to keep Court, and to ſettle his Kingdom, which now enjoyed a firm Peace by the death of his two brothers) made me one of his *Baſſa's*, and of his Privy-Council, often uſing to tell me, that at his firſt ſight of me he had perceived in my countenance ſomewhat more

more than ordinary. But all those Honors he conferred upon me, were envied by old *Muly Mustapha*, who presuming upon his being Uncle to the King, endeavored by all means possible to bring me into some disgrace.

But the Kings favor to me out-lasted his life, for he died soon after, and still rather increased than decayed, till such time I was made Vice-roy of *Argiers*: for all the Circumstances during my Brothers being there, I shall omit, presuming your Highness to be already acquainted with them, as far as they concerned him, and for the reasons of my not discovering my self to him, they are palpable enough to all; for had but the King had the least knowledge of my being a Christian, I had forfeited both my Honors and my Life, and feign I was, lest my whiteness should be discovered, to renew my tincture with the Juyce taught me by *Josina*, which I never did, but her untimely end came fresh to my memory.

For all my Honors and the Glories of the Moorish Court, could not blot out of my heart that love I had entertained for her, and often would I take times solitarily to lament her misfortune; which as I was once in my Chamber very melancholy, considering of, and repining at the injustice of the gods, to deprive me of her as soon as I loved her, a strange person entred my Chamber, at which I was somewhat amazed, wondring how he durst be so bold as to press into my privacies, when addressing himself to me in an humble manner, Sir, said he, I have

have often waited an opportunity to deliver something to you which may perhaps content you, but not finding any convenience, I have made bold now to preſs into your Chamber, and therewithal delivered me a Letter, which I haſtily opened, and found therein to this effect.

To the Mighty BASSA JOFFER.

THough your Greatneſs may juſtly cauſe You not to deign the ſacrificing one idle thought to the memory of the unfortunate IOSINA, *yet ſhe dares let you know that through all the ſplendor of your Glories, and the change of your Name, ſhe can eſpy that perſon who hath captivated her heart. I cannot believe that your honors have inſtilled into you ſuch a cruelty, as will exceed that of the wilde beaſts in the Foreſt of* Alemquel; *or that I, who by a ſtrange providence was preſerved from theirs, ſhould now periſh by yours. Ambition to ſhare in your Greatneſs, prompts me not to this; but onely our former Loves makes me deſire you ſometimes to remember what hath for your ſake been ſuffered by the miſerable* Joſina.

I was so overjoyed at the reading of this Letter, that I could not for a good while return any Answer to the Messenger; but at length turning to him, And is my Dear *Josina* still safe (said I) have the gods yet preserved her? Blessed heavens! how am I bound to your goodness! She is, Sir, both safe (said the Messenger) and at present in *Argiers*. What need I then (said I) return any Answer to her Letter, when I may in person see her. Alas Sir, said the Messenger, she would think it too much an honor for her to receive a Visit from so great a Person. An honor, said I, 'twill rather be an honor to me if she admit me: Go (said I) to my Dear *Josina*, and having begg'd her leave, come in the dusk of the evening, and conduct me to her; in the mean time present her that as a Token of my constant Affection, giving him that Jewel which had been by *Mullisheg* presented unto me, upon my bringing him the body of *Muly Hamet*, nor did the Messenger of so glad tidings go unrewarded.

Josina gave an easie grant to my desires, and no sooner had the darkness of the Night shut up the Day, but the Messenger conducted me to the place where she resided: but heavens! how was I extasied at the sight of her! if her beauties pleased me before, they now ravished me; I had seen her before in the habit of a slave, but now of a Princess. I stood rather like an *inanimate Statua* than a moving soul, and like

like one that could not tell whether I were moved with Admiration or Love; impoſſible indeed it will be to relate the paſſions of either of us at this meeting, or for any to gueſs what they were, but thoſe that feel them; we ſoon renewed our former Loves, and I remember amongſt other Diſcourſe ſhe told me, that though I had uſed ſuch perſwaſive Arguments to make her change her Religion, as had overcome her, yet ſhe feared I had now for momentary Honor, changed mine for a worſe than that which ſhe before profeſſed: But I aſſured her, and made her eaſily believe the contrary. In ſumme, we concluded to invent ſome way of getting both into *Chriſtendom*, which yet we reſolved to deferre, till thoſe Gallies appointed for me to ſcour the Seas were in readineſs, for they were then preparing; and indeed I ſhould have embarqued with my Brother on his *Negro*, rather than have made him run ſo deep a refigo of his life, but that I ſhould then have left behinde me my Dear *Joſina*.

At laſt the Gallies being ready, I put to Sea, having privately got *Joſina* aboard, and could I have found an opportunity, would often have ſtole from the reſt of the Fleet, but there was ſo much danger in it, that it was a deſperation to attempt it. At length hearing that your Highneſs Fleet was out at Sea, I had ſo tampered with Nine of the Captains, that they promiſed to yield (and turn Chriſtians)

at the first sight of your Fleet, which I long sought out for, and at length fortunately found; and lest you should wonder why my self made resistance, know that a boysterous soldier laying violent hands upon my beloved *Josina*, I could do no less then give him the due reward of his insolence, which others of his fellows endeavoring to revenge, I was forced to defend my self.

Here the *Bassa* ended, and the Princes began their admirations of the strange adventures of his Story, when a messenger brought word, that the guard of soldiers who had the charge of the Captives, was arrived; whereupon the Grand Duke gave command, that they should immediately be brought before him; but in the mean time those Captives who had been taken in other Christian ships, and were now released by *Pedro de Venturo*, came to give thanks to the Duke: amongst these *Josina* presented her self so excellent in beauty, that her presence no less amazed the whole Court, then her Story had done: The Grand Duke of *Florence* rising from his Throne, saluted her, the like did the Dukes of *Ferrara* and *Mantua*, the last of which seemed to eye her with a strange kinde of affection, and withall so much troubled in his thoughts, that he was observed by the whole presence; but at length not able longer to smother them, he descended again from his seat, and taking her by the hand, Madam, said he, if I may not seem rude, or uncivil, to be thus inquisitive

quisitive into your fortunes at first sight, I would willingly beg the favor to know of what Country you are. You have Sir, (replied she) put a riddle to me, which I am not able to resolve, for I never yet could learn of my Father what Country I was a Native of; but this I know, that he was an *Hebrew* by Nation. An *Hebrew*, replied the Duke of *Mantoua*, shall I yet be so much farther bold as to desire his name, if your slavery and other miseries have not made you forget it? He was Sir, answered she, called *Signior Gioseppe*, and had many years been a Merchant in *Italy*, till his fortunes there somewhat decaying, he resolved to remove from thence into the *Levant*, but in our way we were taken by some Pyrates of *Tunis*, where he after three years died a slave; but I continued so till fortune instructed that noble *Bassa*, and my self, to conspire our liberty. It is most true (said the Duke of *Mantua* to himself with the tears standing in his eyes) but fair Virgin, continued he, I once lost a daughter, who must be now about your years and feature, and if the Cherry your dead mother affirmed you had upon your right Breast, agree with the Mold upon your Chin, I must of force claim you for her; give me then leave to see that infallible testimony. She immediately showed it to him, to the wonder of them all: And the Duke no longer able to contain himself, embracing her with a fatherly affection, the tears trickling down his cheeks for joy: Is it then possible, said he, (my dear *Julietta*)

ſietta) that after fourteen years abſence I ſhould again be bleſſed with the ſight of thee! Oh my dear girl! to what ſorrow did that treacherous Jew betray me, and what miſeries did his theft involve thee into! Oh! Noble *Florence*, this is that childe of mine, this is my dear and onely *Julietta*, whom that perfidious and treacherous Jew *Gioſeppe* ſtole from me at four years of age, depriving not onely me of a childe, but my Dukedom of an Heir: Oh! moſt worthy *Baſſa*, by whoſe means I am again bleſſed with an Iſſue, ſince thou haſt before gained her love, [illegible]e her now again at my hands, and with her after my deceaſe, my Name and Dukedom: in this extaſie did the good Duke run on for near half an hour, to the admiration of the whole preſence.

But to make this day wholy repleat with wonders, the valiant *Goodlake* met with an accident, which pleaſed him no leſs then could the gaining of a whole Dukedom; for being eſpyed by one of the redeemed Captives, though not altogether ſo fair, yet not much yielding to the beauty of *Julietta*; ſhe ſuddenly accoſted him, and to his great amazement, ſtraitly embracing him, cried out, And are the gods yet ſo favorable to the afflicted *Mariana*, to permit her again the ſight of her beloved *Goodlake*! now am I fully requited for all the miſeries I have undergone, for all the cruelties of my Uncle, for all my dangers at Land, and captivity at Sea. Captain *Goodlake* was ſo ſtrangely tranſported with

with this ſudden accident, that he knew not well what to anſwer, he beheld the viſage, the carriage, the ſpeech, and the accent of his beloved *Mariana*, yet could not but believe her dead, and that all that he heard, or ſaw, was a meer fantaſm: But ſhe ſeeing him in that paſſion, my dear *Goodlake*, ſaid ſhe, from whence proceeds this ſtrange perplexity in thy minde? have I ventured all dangers imaginable, and endured all miſeries to finde thee out, and wilt thou not now own me for thy *Mariana*? how many times haſt thou ſolemnly ſworn that without me thou couldſt not live? how many times haſt thou proteſted that I was the very eſſence of thy ſoul? Away falſe man, if nothing will convince thee, yet let this Ring, the laſt pledge I received of thy Love, be a teſtimony againſt thee, for thy perjuries, which the gods will without doubt ſeverely vindicate. *Goodlake* was yet more aſtoniſhed at the ſtrangeneſs of the adventure, but at length recollecting himſelf, if thou be'eſt, (ſaid he,) the ſhade of my dear *Mariana*, as I cannot but think thou art, what worth was there in me that could call thee from the eternal Manſion of reſt, to theſe earthly miſeries? I am, ſaid ſhe, neither ſhade nor Ghoſt, but thy real living *Mariana*, cloyſtered up from thee by the cruelty of my Uncle, who to preſerve to himſelf my Eſtate, and to put thee into deſpair, gave out I was dead, and made a ſolemn burial of an empty Coffin; but his real death had no ſooner freed me from his Tyranny, but I put in

execution that vow, which during my confinement I made to search thee through the world, and now I have found thee, wilt thou forsake me? Forsake thee, my dear *Maria*, said *Goodlake*, the gods must first relinquish their eternal powers; Alas! those years I have lived since thy supposed death, have been but a continual death to me, and had not the friendship of the Noble *Spencer* kept me alive, and his love buoy'd up my Spirits, I had assuredly long since been a concomitant with those wandring spirits in the eternal shades. Here the Generous *Spencer* came to salute the fair *Mariana*, and to joy with her both for her safety, and her happy meeting of her long lost Lover.

But all these strange adventures rather increased the worthy *Spencers* melancholy, then allayed it; others joy put him in minde of his grief, for the loss of his beloved Spouse; which the Grand Duke perceiving, and willing to make fully compleat the joys of this day retiring for a short time, soon returned leading his Fair Guest vailed in his hand, he addressed himself to Mr. *Spencer*: Noble *Englishman*, said he, the resentment I have to see you alone discontent of all this Noble Company, and in a day so fraught with wonders, makes me present you this Lady, in whom I dare presume you will finde as ample content as any here; Herewith *Besse Bridges* (for so she was till then thought to be) taking off her vail, the amazed *Spencer* ran joyfully to salute her, embra-

embracing her with all that affection which could be expected from so constant and loving a pair, whose frequent adversities had both tried their love, and confirmed their constancy.

But whilst they were thus embracing each other, an antient gentleman who had stood all this while mute and melancholly, amongst the released captives, stepped forth, and addressing himself to the generous *Spencer*'s fair Spouse. Madam (said he) both of the names, and the excellency of your beauty, I am confirmed that you are the Lady, I have so long been in search for to deliver this letter to from your noble Father. Certainly (Sir) said she, you are extreamly mistaken, for neither was my father noble, nor hath he this many years been amongst the living. True Madam (replyed he,) your supposed father is long since dead, but she whom you and the world likewise esteemed your Mother, hath upon her Death-Bed declared that the Countess of *Sherborn*, your real Mother dying in Childe-bed, you were put to her to Nurse, but her own and onely Infant soon after dying, she loath to be childless, sent word to my Lord, that you were dead; so that you have ever since meanly lived, as childe to your Foster-father, which yet could not obscure those noble vertues inherent to your birth, and which declare you to be, as indeed you are, the worthy Lady *Isabella*, sole daughter and heiress to my thrice noble Master the Earl of *Sherborn*. You tell me, said she, strange Paradoxes, and therewith breaking

open

open her Letter, and having read it to her self, see here, said she, my *Spencer*, the same this gentleman tells us, is confirmed by that worthy Lord, nor will I in the least doubt it.

This joy was added to the rest of those great adventures which had before happened, which so rejoyced the grand Duke, that he resolved to portion his entertainment equal to the strangeness of them; and therefore earnestly pressing that the marriages between the Illustrious *Bassa*, and the *Infanta* of *Mantona*, and the gallant Captain *Goodlake*, and his beloved *Mariana*, might be celebrated in his Court, which was readily assented to, nor wanted there a third Marriage to make full the joy for *Ruffman*, having the same day found out Mrs. *Forcet* who was likewise cast away in the *Negro*: it was concluded that he, and *Maria*, should now likewise consummate their loves.

The Revels, Dancings, Justs, Masques, and other Triumphs performed at the Marriage of these worthy personages was such, that there wanted nothing of that state and magnificence, which the Riches of the grand Duke, or the famous City of *Florence* could afford, to the far renowned and deserved splendor of such a ceremony, the solemnity of which lasted forty days.

At the end of which time the beauteous Lady *Isabella*, put her *Spencer* in mind of the earnest pressings of the Earl of *Sherborn* her father, for her return home, and he begging leave of the grand Duke, had it, though somewhat unwillingly

ly granted, whereupon the generous *Spencer*, and the noble *Isabella*, *Goodlake* and *Mariana*, *Forcet* and *Maria*, together with *Ruffman*, prepared for their voyage, and accompanied by the three Dukes, with many other persons of quality, came to *Pisa* where they imbarqued, and fortune being now weary of buffetting such worthy personages, gave them a prosperous Gale for *England*.

As for the worthy *Bassa*, having now the possession of his beloved *Julietta*, *Infanta* of *Mantua*, he resolved to keep his vow of never more returning into his native Country.

FINIS.

Courteous Reader, these Books following are printed for, and are to be sold by *Francis Kirkman* at the Sign of *John Fletchers head*, over against the *Angel Inn* on the back side of *St. Clements* without *Temple bar*.

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